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ART. I. — 1. *Robin Hood: a Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw; to which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life.* Carefully reprinted from RITSON. 1840.

2. *The Robin Hood Garlands and Ballads, with the Tale of the Lytell Geste: a Collection of all the Poems, Songs, and Ballads relating to this celebrated Yeoman; to which is prefixed his History and Character, deduced from Documents hitherto unrevised.* Edited by JOHN MATTHEW GUTCH, F. S. A. In 2 vols. 1850.

3. MR. HUNTER'S *Critical and Historical Tracts.* No. IV. *The Ballad Hero, Robin Hood.* 1852.

ROBIN HOOD! all over England it is a name of affection, heroism, and gladness. It is so even where the ballads about him have been long forgotten, and where no recollection of his history survives. But how is this? His history quite forgotten, why should his name excite such feeling? It is because of the past; because of its having become a name of feeling. Just as *love* means *affection*, even with persons ignorant of the Saxon word of a thousand years ago, whence it is derived, so it is with the name of Robin Hood. Among the poor, at least, it has been repeated from father to son, with such deep

emotion that its import could be more truly divined from the tones in which it is pronounced, than from any information preserved by historians. A robber he has been called, and so has been dismissed from all consideration by writers, who yet have been enthusiastic for "William Walleys, that mayster was of thieves." An outlaw! as such he has been overlooked as unworthy of notice by historical writers, as though there could be no outlaw of any other character than a fugitive from some such warrant as might be issued against him in the name of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who might secrete himself in some cellar from a man called a constable, dressed in scarlet plush, with a three-cornered hat. A very different outlaw from this was Robin Hood, and one who put himself beyond the reach of very different laws from those administered under Queen Victoria, and who showed himself hostile to very different usages from any which exist now, either between castle and cottage or monarch and subject, — a man whom we can understand at all only by seeing him with his bow in his hand, and his enemies about him, — only by our seeing who the persons were whom he helped, and who the men were whom he might have been willing to shoot, — only by knowing what was aristocracy, and what was serfdom, what the Church was, and what the court was, and what was forest law under the first Edwards.

It is very singular how silent history has been on Robin Hood, considering how great a name, how wide a place, and how abiding a reputation he has had in England. History in England has not been of the people, or in the fourteenth century it would have been of Robin Hood. Indeed, it has not been of the people so much as it has been of geography and shifting boundaries, of royal families, their cruelties and imbecilities, and of old dates that have become almost void of meaning. Even Turner and Hallam have held Robin Hood beneath their mention. Yet really there was no man more important to their purpose; for to understand him was to understand the people of his day. During a long era, Robin Hood was, as it were, the English people, — was their hero, — a man who writhed with their sufferings, hated with their hatreds, and whose motives in strife were feelings like

their own, — a man who, by skill and power, did very nearly such things as they would all of them have wished to do.

The writer who seems first to have discerned any historical significance in the life of Robin Hood was Thierry, in his History of the Norman Conquest. In the volumes of Mr. Gutch are gathered together all the ballads on Robin Hood, together with a large amount of matter, pictorial and antiquarian, illustrative of the life and locality of the famous outlaw. In Mr. Hunter's Critical and Historical Tract on the "Ballad Hero" we have some very precise and singular information about him, published now for the first time; and, with this guidance, we are enabled to identify Robin Hood at the court of Edward II., and also at a manorial court held at Wakefield we can hear a name called which sounds like Robin's. This tract is worthy of the author's learning and sagacity, and of the opportunities which he enjoys for research among ancient documents.

Let us now examine some of the ballads for information as to Robin Hood. But if it should be thought that, on account of their poetical form, they must be worthless as history, then let it be understood that perhaps their character is altogether misconceived; for they may not at all have been intended as poetry, in our sense of the word. Anciently ballads were often literal narratives; and if rhymes and verses seem a strange form for history, then let it be considered that ballads were narratives designed for the use of those who could not read, — histories published among the ignorant in such a way as was possible. Nor yet did a man become a subject for ballads only after he was long dead. About a living man, ballads went among his contemporaries from mouth to mouth, and from county to county, in something like the manner of a weekly newspaper. No doubt, through the oral way in which they were published, these old ballads were liable to corruption; but also, for the same cause, they were easily capable of correction, and subject to it; and certainly for some of these poems on Robin Hood there may be claimed all that Selden meant when he said that there are ballads which are of better authority than many histories.

Of the Robin Hood poems the longest and the most important is "The Lytell Geste in Eight Fyttes." The oldest copy

of it in existence is in black-letter, and was printed by Wynken de Worde, about the year 1520. It is in the language of the fourteenth century, and it sounds as though it might be an authentic account. In all probability, as a history of occurrences, it is worthy of entire trust, corroborated as it now is, after five hundred years, in the most important particulars, from the Royal Journals of the Chamber, the Fœdera, and other documents. The main part of the ballad concerns Robin Hood and a knight, who proves to be Sir Richard at the Lee in Lancashire. At the beginning of it, it is said that

"Robyn was a proude outlawe,
Whyles he walked on grounde;
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was never none y-founde."

It is stated to be Robin Hood's custom never to dine without company. Also it is told,—

"A good maner than had Robyn
In londe where that he were,
Every daye or he woulde dyne
Thre messes wolde he here:

"The one in the worshyp of the fader,
The other of the holy goost,
The thyrde was of our dere lady,
That he loved of all other moste.

"Robyn loved our dere lady;
For doute of dedely synne,
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne."

Little John asks his master for directions for their conduct.

"Ther of no fors, sayd Robyn,
We shall do well ynough;
But loke ye do no housbonde harme
That tylleth with his plough;

"No more ye shall no good yeman,
That walketh by grene wode shawe,
Ne no knyght, ne no squyer,
That wolde be a good felawe.

"These bysshoppes, and these archebysshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hye sheryfe of Notynghame,
Hym holde in your mynde."

So Little John, Much the miller's son, and William Scathelock, go out to look for a guest for Robin. At last, in a gloomy spot, near the old Watling Street, they meet a knight of no proud look, with his hood hanging over his eyes, and riding with one foot in the stirrup and with the other waving loose. Little John kneels to him, and invites him into the woods, to dine with his master. When he is brought to Robin Hood, they wash and wipe themselves, and sit till dinner; when they have plenty of bread and wine, and deer's umbles, swans, pheasants, and every little bird of the brier. After he has dined, the knight remarks that he has not had such a dinner for three weeks; and he promises that, if ever he should come into that neighborhood again, he will return his host's kindness. "Grammercy," says Robin, "when I have had one dinner, I was never so greedy as to be already craving another. But pay for your dinner now before you go. Pay for you I cannot, because I am only a yeoman, and you are a knight." The knight answers, that he has nothing which he can offer for shame, and that indeed he has only ten shillings in his coffer. Little John spreads his mantle on the ground, and finds in his coffer only half a pound. Then Robin remarks about the knight, that his clothes are very thin, and he asks him to drink more wine and tell his history. The knight explains, that he has been at great expense on account of his son, who has had the misfortune to slay a knight of Lancashire and his squire; that he has therefore been obliged to mortgage his lands to the Abbot of St. Mary's at York; and that the next day he must lose his estate unless he can pay to the abbot four hundred pounds. Here the knight sheds tears, and turns to go away. Little John, Scathelock, and Much the miller's son, weep along with him for pity. But Robin orders them to fill with the best wine, and swears

"By hym that me made,
And shope both sonne and mone."

Then the knight has a loan made to him of four hundred pounds, by his host; and also has given to him cloth of every color, and a horse to carry his presents, likewise a pair of boots. Little John adds a pair of gilt spurs, and accompanies the knight on his journey. Thus ends the first fytte. In the second fytte, the abbot tells his convent that twelve months ago he made a loan to a knight of four hundred pounds on his land; and that now he expects to have the land forfeited to him. And he seems to have provided himself with legal means for hastening and securing the forfeiture. The prior hopes the abbot will not exact it, and be so light of conscience. The abbot answers the prior, that he is always in his beard. A fat-headed monk, the high-cellarer, swears that the knight is either dead or hung, and that they shall have his four hundred pounds a year to spend in their abbey. The High Justice of England is in waiting as a legal officer, and avers that he will undertake to say that the knight will not come yet. Just at this moment he does arrive, meanly dressed, and looking very sad. He entreats the abbot for a little longer time for payment, but is refused. He prays the Justice for his assistance, to prevent his being wronged; but the Justice is in some complicity with the abbot, and so refuses him, on which the knight starts up, and on a round table shakes four hundred pounds out of a bag.

"The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall chere;
He cast his hede on his sholder,
And fast began to stare."

Then the knight went out of the abbey; and in the gateway probably he put on his good clothes, and left his old ones there. He was very merry on his return home, to Uttersdale. At the gate, in the evening, his lady met him, and asked him if his goods were all lost.

"Be mery, dame, sayd the knyght,
And praye for Robyn Hode,

"That ever his soule be in Ilysse,
He holpe me out of my tene;
Ne had not be his kyndenesse,
Beggers had we ben."

In the third fytte is told, with many humorous details of the management of Little John, how there was brought into Robin Hood's power his great enemy, the Viscount of Nottingham, or, as the Saxons called him, the High Sheriff. He was soon set down to supper, and Robin bids him be cheerful, because his life will be spared for the sake of Little John. He orders the sheriff to be divested of his hose, shoes, kirtle, and coat, and to be wrapped in a green mantle. And then all night he has to lie under the trees, — that proud sheriff. His sides smart; and no wonder, although it is in the greenwood. Robin bids his guest be glad, because this is their order of life in the forest. The sheriff replies, that it is a harder order than any friar's or anchorite's. But Robin tells the proud sheriff that he must learn to be an outlaw, as he will have to stay with his host in the woods twelve months. The sheriff is much frightened at this announcement, asks to have his head cut off, and says even that he will forgive his executioner. He proposes also that he should be released, and promises that he will be the best friend that Robin ever had. And ultimately he takes an oath that he will never lie in wait for Robin; and that if ever he finds any of his men, he will help them all he can.

"Now have the sheryf sworne his othe,
And home he began to gone;
He was as full of grene wode
As ever was hepe of stone."

In the fourth fytte, Robin Hood is expecting the knight to come and repay the loan of twelve months ago; and at the Sayles, near Barnsdale, Little John with two others is on the outlook for him. A large company comes in sight. It proves to be a monk with seven sumpter horses and a great escort. The men of the escort are soon put to flight; and the monk is carried to Robin Hood. Robin puts his hood down, but his prisoner is not so courteous. However, very soon the monk is made to wash and wipe himself, and to sit down to dinner. And now the monk is asked who he is, and where he belongs.

"'aynt Mary abbay, sayd the monke,
Though I be symple here.
In what offyce? sayd Robyn.
Syr, the hye selerer."

It was for love of the Virgin and with faith in her that Robin had loaned the money to the knight; and now he professes to believe that he is about to be repaid by the monk, as her messenger. The monk avers that he has no more money than twenty marks. Robin answers, that if it is so, he will not take even a penny from him, and that if he has need of more, he will lend him money; but that if there be found in his possession more than the twenty marks, then he will have to forego it. Eight hundred pounds are found in his box; which, indeed, he was carrying with him to London, to a great court which was about to be held there, and at which he hoped to be able to get under foot the knight who had been his abbot's debtor. Hardly was the monk gone when the knight appeared, bringing four hundred pounds for the repayment of the loan, twenty marks as an acknowledgment to Robin Hood, and also, as a present to Little John, a hundred bows, and a hundred sheaves of arrows, of which every one was an ell long, feathered with peacock feathers, and notched with silver. But Robin says that the Virgin Mary had been accepted by him as security for the repayment of the loan, at the time when he made it; and that now, indeed, the four hundred pounds had been repaid to him twice over, and not without the concurrence of Our Lady, through one of her officers, whom she had made her messenger from York. The bows and arrows are accepted; but in return for them Robin orders Little John to give the knight the four hundred pounds which he reckons that he was overpaid by the high-cellarer of St. Mary's. He wishes the knight to provide himself with horses and good harness, and also to have his spurs gilt anew. And if ever he should need money again, Robin invites the knight to apply to him; but he advises him never to make himself so bare again.

In the fifth fytte, it is told that Robin Hood and his men were living quietly, when the sheriff of Nottingham proclaimed "a full fayre play," at which all the best archers of the

North were invited to contend for a prize, — an arrow, of which the shaft was white silver, and the head and feathers rich red gold. Robin hears of this shooting-match, and tells his men that he will attend it, and will test the faith of the sheriff. At Nottingham stands the proud sheriff by the butts. The prize of the arrow is adjudged to Robin Hood, who receives it very courteously. But when he turns round towards the woods, there is an outcry against him; great horns are blown, and an ambush is disclosed. Then ensues a close fight. Little John is wounded in the knee, and begs his master to kill him outright, and so prevent his falling into the hands of the sheriff. However, he is taken up on the shoulders of Much. At last, fighting and retreating, they reach a castle, double ditched and walled.

"And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee,
That Robyn had lent his good,
Under the grene wode tree."

The knight receives Robin and his men into the castle, defies the sheriff, and says that he will answer to the king for the matter, whereupon the sheriff withdraws and goes to London.

"I woll be at Notyngham, sayd the kynge,
Within this fourtynyght,
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,
And so I wyll that knyght."

Robin Hood returned to the forest. One day, as he was hawking, the knight was captured by the sheriff. Immediately his lady resorts to Robin Hood, and entreats him to save her husband, now in danger of life for love of him. Robin runs with his men, faster than he has before for seven years, straight into Nottingham. He meets the sheriff, and kills him in the street.

"Lye thou there, thou proud sheryf;
Evyll mote thou thryve;
There myght no man to the trust,
The whyles thou were alyve."

After the death of the sheriff and the rout of his men,

Robin proceeds to release the knight, and tells him that he must learn to run, and must accompany him, without any talk, through mire and fen, into the greenwood, and there wait till they can get grace from King Edward.

In the seventh and eighth fyttes it is told how the king came to Nottingham, and how during six months he could not get either sight or sound of Robin Hood. At last, on the advice of a forester, the king disguises himself and five attendants as monks. They then go into the woods, and soon find themselves in the presence of Robin Hood. Speedily the king has a good dinner, and not a little amusement. In a little while, he is recognized in his monkish habit, and is duly reverenced. He invites Robin Hood and his young men into his service at the court. Robin Hood assents to the king's proposal, perhaps with some view to the good of the fugitive knight. The king and his followers dress themselves in green, and return to Nottingham with Robin Hood and his men, in great glee. The knight was pardoned, and reinstated in his castle and lands. Robin maintained his connection with the court fifteen months. With his generosity to every one he found himself growing poor; and by the desertion of his men he was becoming lonely. One day he saw some young men shooting skilfully; and then he was reminded of his former self.

"Somtyme I was an archere good,
A styffe and eke a stronge,
I was commytted the best archere
That was in mery Englonde.

"Alas! then sayd good Robyn,
Alas and well a woo!
Yf I dwelle longer with the kynge,
Sorowe wyll me sloo.

"Forth than went Robyn Hode
Tyll he came to our kynge:
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Graunte me myn askynge.

"'I made a chapell in Bernysdale,
That semely is to se,
It is of Mary Magdalene,
And thereto wolde I be.

"'I myght never in this seven nyght
No time to slepe ne wynke,
Nother all these seven dayes,
Nother ete ne drynke.

"'Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,
I may not be therfro,
Barefote and wolwarde I have hyght
Thyder for to go.'"

He obtains leave of absence from the king, and

"When he came to grene wode
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge.

"It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here,
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere."

Soon he was surrounded by seven score of young men; and, notwithstanding the fear of the king, he would not again return to the court. Twenty years more he lived in the woods. At the end of this time, needing to be bled, he went to Kirkesley Convent, the prioress of which was his relative. But she sacrificed her kinsman to her paramour, Sir Roger of Doncaster.

"And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr false playe.

"Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode!
For he was a good outlawe,
And dyde pore men moch gode."

Thus ends "The Lyttell Gest." The other poems on Robin Hood are ancient, nearly all of them, yet not all of them equally so. Some of them have probably been altered in language from their originals, and perhaps also in sentiment and incidents. The one entitled "A Tale of Robin Hood" undoubtedly is ancient. And there is a copy of it now in existence, which is probably of the age of Robin Hood himself, and certainly is very closely connected with that time. It begins in a way which shows what a feeling there was for the country, in their poet at least, if not in the outlaws themselves.

"In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song.

"To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Under the grene wode tre."

It is a May morning, and also it is Whitsuntide.

"This is a mery mornyng, said litulle Johne,
Be hym that dyed on tre,
A more mery man than I am one
Lyves not in cristiantè."

But though reminded of the joyful season, and the fine morning, and urged to pluck up heart, —

"Ze on thynge greves me, seid Robyne,
And does my hert myche woo,
That I may not so solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.

"Hit is a fourtnet and more, seyd hee,
Syn I my sauyour see."

Robin determines to adventure himself in Nottingham; and Little John accompanies him on the road. But as they walk along together, they quarrel; and Little John leaves his

master, as he says, for ever. While Robin Hood is kneeling at mass in St. Mary's church, there stands beside him a great-headed monk, who suddenly rushes out of the church, has every gate in Nottingham fastened, and then alarms the sheriff. Robin is attacked, has his sword broken in his hand, and is captured. Little John is the friend to rescue him, with much ingenuity, some fighting, and some humorous tricks, in one of which the king himself is involved.

In a ballad entitled "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," on account of some quarrel, Little John is said to have left his master; and he very soon fell into the power of the sheriff. But, as it happened, on that very day Guy of Gisborne was searching for Robin Hood, with a view probably to some reward as his captor. He encounters Robin, but is himself slain. Robin dresses himself in the clothes of his enemy, and disguises the body of Guy with his own gown of green. The sheriff promises any reward that can be asked to the conqueror of Robin Hood. But Robin asks only that he may be allowed to be the executioner of Little John. Soon he has admission to him; and having loosed him, hand and foot, he gave him Guy's bow.

"Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

"Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
He fled full fast away,
And soe did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay."

In other ballads are narrated other adventures of Robin Hood, with the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield; with a Bishop; with a Tinker, by whom he was beaten; with a Shepherd, by whom also he was worsted; with the Curtal Friar of Fountain's Abbey; with Queen Catherine; with Four Beggars; with the Bishop of Hereford; with a Butcher; with a Knight; with a Ranger; and with King Edward. There are also accounts of his rescuing three squires, who were about to be

hung for deer-stealing, and also the three sons of a widow, and of his setting Will Stutley free, even at the gallows, surrounded by the sheriff and his men.

In "Robin Hood's Death and Burial" is told the manner of his end more fully than in "The Little Gest." Robin was ill in the neighborhood of Kirklees; and speaking with Little John, he said:—

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

On his coming to the convent door, his cousin is the first to meet him.

"'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

"'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see;
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

"She took him by the lily-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

"She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And lock'd him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon."

At last he bethinks him of a casement door, and he blows at it three weak blasts on his bugle. Little John hears him, and breaks his way through two or three doors to his master, of whom he begs that he may be allowed to burn Kirkley Hall with the nunnery.

"'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I 'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I 'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

"'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

"These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys."

Such are the ancient poems and ballads, which are still extant, concerning Robin Hood. And judging of the original by these echoes of its making, among the hills and against the castle walls of England, — estimating the person by the tone of what was written about him, he must have been a man for whom enthusiasm was far from disgraceful in the English people, the commonalty, — notwithstanding they were so often reproached by scholars with their fondness for tales of Robin Hood. Judging the barons of England by the verses written for them and their vassals, and the burghers by their ballads, — those at least which have Robin Hood for their subject, — it may be said that there was a much sounder heart, much more generosity of character, and a much purer

moral taste, in the houses of the yeomen and traders, and even of the serfs, than in the castles of the lords.

Our modern scepticism is more credulous of the non-existence of persons than even the easiest faith ever was of there being giants and wizards; and in its estimate Robin Hood has been a myth, and something less, — a reputation which began of itself. And although throughout the Little Gest one can feel the beating of a pulse, and hear voices as though from among leaves, and almost perceive how the archer's muscles swell as he bends his bow for fight, yet, notwithstanding all these signs, it has been doubted whether there was a living man behind. A scepticism this is of that foolish sort which does not know that there may be better proofs of a man's existence than even some momentary glimpse of him, such as history might perhaps give, and in which he might appear labelled with his name and his proper dates, and yet be seen only as a stiff, unanimated figure. In the belief of the English peasantry in Robin Hood, in the things which they believe about him, and in the tone of voice with which they speak of him, there is good proof of his having lived, just as whether we actually see the sun or not, yet we know of him, and by the laws of light are sure of his place, even though we infer it only from the rainbow, — that thing which never can be touched, — a thing merely of distance and beauty.

It is singular how inadequately Robin Hood has been estimated by writers under whose cognizance he ought to have come; for, very obviously, he never could have been the idol of the English people merely as a robber, — and their idol, their hero, he was for hundreds of years, and in a way most extraordinary and quite unaccountable on the supposition that he was merely one out of the thousands of highwaymen by whom, in the course of ten centuries, the English roads have been infested. A robber, with something of the character of Dick Turpin, is the idea of Robin Hood common with persons who disregard not only the traditions, but also the feelings, of the peasantry concerning him. And truly enough, his actions are those of a mere thief, if they are viewed apart from all historical connections. His life, however, was not an isolated, disconnected existence, but a page in the history of

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England, — a page which, in order to be rightly understood, must be read in connection with at least those few preceding pages which tell of the conquest of England by the Normans, and of the depressed condition of the Saxons, — of the maladministration of church property by foreign incumbents and lordly abbots, — of large tracts of land afforested, emptied of their inhabitants, and stocked with deer, — of yeomen suffering from baronial lawlessness, and of peasants who were slaves, — of struggles against the king by the barons, such as occurred at Runnymede and Evesham, — and of longings for liberty by the serfs, such as in the course of time found utterance from the lips and the pen of John Ball of Norwich. But the era of Robin Hood has now been long forgotten; and so has his connection with his times. Hence has arisen the singular discrepancy between the way in which he has been estimated by the peasantry and the manner in which he has been regarded by historians; by some of whom he has been accounted unworthy of notice, while by others he has been reckoned only a very lucky thief. Even those historians who have been most favorable in their mention of him have yet not done him justice, from their not knowing when it was he lived, and from their not considering what his circumstances were. Camden could only describe him as "the gentlest of thieves." Fuller also writes of him as "rather a merry than a mischievous thief, complimenting passengers out of their purses." And in the same manner, Major, an old Scotch chronicler, says of him: "I disapprove of the rapine of the man. But he was the most humane and the prince of all robbers."

But it was not only in the songs of the people, that Robin Hood was commemorated, but also in their games, their festival-days, and their dramas. He was introduced into the old May games, remnants in England of the Roman worship of Flora. He was incorporated among the morris-men, in that dance which the Crusaders probably learned from the Moors. He and his companions were the frequent subjects of the parish interludes which in Catholic times were played under the auspices of the church-wardens. Always and everywhere he was remembered, when young men exercised themselves in archery

at the town-butts. In many parts of the country are places which are called by his name, — wells, rocks, hills, bays, fields, — some of them as having been resorted to by him, and others of them as having been appropriated to archery, in the practice of which the young men would often elect one of their number to impersonate Robin Hood.

As a still further evidence of a fame which was once universal, from Robin Hood many proverbs have their beginning; and they will witness of his skill with the bow perhaps long after guns have been superseded. To the great multitude in England, Fairfax is a forgotten name, and so is Marlborough. The people know not who they were, or what they were, or whether it was with the sword or the pen they were great, or whether it was in courts, in campaigns, or among books. But still the great outlaw is remembered with some correctness; and when boasters are to be rebuked, it is said: "Many men talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow." And when the excessive civility of fear is to be laughed at, it is said: "*Good* even, *good* Robin Hood." When large measure is given by a reckless salesman, the purchaser congratulates himself on a "Robin Hood's pennyworth." And when exploits are too much vaunted, they are derided as having "overshot Robin Hood."

Plays and chap-books almost innumerable show what a popular subject Robin Hood was, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is an unfinished drama by Ben Jonson, with the title of "The Sad Shepherd, a Tale of Robin Hood." In Shakespeare, there is mention of him; and so there is in Coke's Commentaries, in Holland's Plutarch, in Harrington's Ariosto, in the Paston Letters, in Chaucer, and at some greater length in Albion's England by Warner. Also in Drayton's Polyolbion is a fine description of the career of Robin Hood and of his life in the forest; and it is said: —

"In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George à Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.

An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew."

In the Memoirs of Henry VIII., written by a chronicler contemporary with him, it is narrated, that, soon after the coronation, the king and queen were at Westminster with all their train; that the king, with the Earls of Wiltshire and Essex and other noblemen to the number of twelve, suddenly in the morning entered the queen's chamber, dressed in short coats of Kentish Kendal, and with hoods and hose of the same, and armed each one of them with a bow and arrows, sword and buckler; and after dancing awhile they withdrew, leaving the queen and her ladies much abashed both at the strange sight and their sudden coming. Seven years later in the same chronicles we are told that the king and queen were riding on Shooter's Hill, on May morning, when they encountered a company of two hundred archers, one of whom called himself Robin Hood, and invited the king and queen to see his men shoot, and also to come into the woods and see how the outlaws lived.

"Then sayd Robyn Hood, Sir, outlawes brekefastes is venyson; and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the kyng and quene sat doune, and were served with venyson and vyne, by Robyn Hood and his men, to their great contentacion. Then the kyng departed and his company, and Robyn Hood and his men them conduicted; and as they were returnyng, there met with them two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawen with V. horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written, ... and in the chayre sat the lady May, accompanied with lady Flora, richely appareled; and they saluted the kyng with diverse goodly songes, and so brought hym to Grenewyche. At this maiying was a greate number of people to beholde, to their great solace and comfort."

Thirty years later than this, in a sermon before Edward VI., Bishop Latimer tells of his experience at some church, one morning, probably on a May-day.

"I came once myselfe to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town, that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holyday, and methought it was

a holydayes worke: the churche stode in my way; and I took my horsse and my companye and went thither: I thought I should have found a great companye in the churche, and when I came there, the churche dore was faste locked. I tarried there half an houre and more; at last the keye was founde; and one of the parishe commes to me, and sayes, Syr, thys ys a busye day with us, we cannot heare you: it is Robyn Hoode's Daye. The parishe are gone abroad to gather for Robyn Hoode: I pray you, let them not. I was fayne there to geve place to Robyn Hoode. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, thoughe I were not: but it woulde not serve, it was fayne to geve place to Robyn Hoodes men."

That Latimer could tell this of himself shows the intensity of that passion, which there once was all over England, for celebrating Robin Hood. It is a great instance of the popularity of the man, and of the way in which he was kept in memory.

Whence now was this great interest in Robin Hood? Did the memoirs of his life — did those ballads — make him popular? Or rather was it not interest in him which occasioned the popularity of the ballads? It may be said confidently, that these ballads could never of themselves have become very popular, and that still less could they have raised for an outlaw enthusiasm, for many generations greater than was ever felt for any king in England, and perhaps for any saint. They were not the only songs of the people in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries. They were only a few out of the great numbers which the gleemen sang, and probably by no means the most laughable or exciting. Evidently they are not so much themselves famous songs, as they are songs about a famous man. And they are not so much the life of a man, as they are incidents in a life otherwise well known as to its character. Let us ascertain the time when this character was well known; and then perhaps, when we have placed ourselves under the same sun with the outlaw and his men, we shall be able to discern things about them which now we cannot see.

Thierry, in his History of the Norman Conquest, conjectures that Robin Hood was an outlaw by birth, and the last of the Saxons who refused to recognize the Norman rule;

and he supposes him to have been an opponent of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Mr. Spencer Hall, in his Forester's Offering, imagines him to have been one of the followers of Simon de Montfort, and a fugitive from the battle of Evesham. A still later author, Mr. Wright, in his Essay on the Middle Ages, argues that, because the legends of the peasantry are the shadows of a remote antiquity, therefore they may be confidently trusted, as enabling us with tolerable certainty to place Robin Hood among the personages of the early Teutonic people.

The first mention of Robin Hood by any author whose name is now known, is to be found in the Vision of Pierce Plowman, where an ignorant priest confesses that he knows more of Robin Hood than he does of the personages of his religion :—

> "I cannot parfitli mi paternoster, as the preist it singeth,
> But I can ryms of Roben Hode, and Randolf erl of Chester,
> But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all."

These lines probably were written soon after the year 1360. The most ancient manuscript of any one of the ballads, there is good reason for believing, either is itself of about the year 1330, or else is an exact copy made from a writing of that date. Ought we not, then, to suppose that not improbably Robin Hood is of that century in which we first find him named? In the poems about him, which are of any authority on the subject, there is nothing whatever of history, language, or sentiment, which is necessarily of an earlier period than the fourteenth century. Why, then, is it not proper to conclude that it is to the fourteenth century that the earliest of these ballads belong? Apart from any further evidence on the subject, it would accordingly seem that it ought to be inferred, from the language and incidents of the poems which relate to Robin Hood, and from the earliest mention of him by any writer, that he belongs to the first half of the fourteenth century. But there exists direct evidence which can be adduced on the subject.

In the Court Rolls of the Manor of Wakefield for the year 1315, there is mention of Robertus Hood as respondent in a suit brought by Anabel Brodehegh. Also in the records of

the same court in the year 1316, there is mention made of Robertus Hood; and he is described as being of Wakefield, and as having a wife of the name of Matilda. Now Wakefield is the name of a place much associated with Robin Hood, and is near Barnsley Dale, where Robin the outlaw lived. Moreover, although, in the more important poems relating to Robin Hood, there is no mention of his wife, yet in the traditions about the outlaw, and in some of the ballads, much is made of his relation to a personage called Maid Marian; and there is one of the ballads, not however in its present form one of the oldest, which states that the original name of Maid Marian was Matilda, — a name which she changed when she accompanied Robin into the forest, on his becoming an outlaw.

Now on the supposition that Robin Hood was once an inhabitant of Wakefield, the question is, What event was there by which we can suppose that he might have become an outlaw, and yet retained for himself respect and even honor? Murder, theft, — certainly these never could have been the beginning of a career by which he was almost canonized. How was it, too, that there were as many as a hundred men or more living with him in the greenwood? Of mere outlaws, who had become so by being cried in a court of justice, there hardly could have been so many in one district. It would seem as though so many men together must have betaken themselves to the woods through some great act of outlawry, covering a wide space of country, and implicating a large number of persons. It is also to be accounted for, how these companions of Robin in his outlawry, being so numerous, should all of them have been such skilful bowmen, and persons inured apparently to something of military obedience.

Now there did happen in the year 1322 an event by which men to this number, and of this character, might have become outlaws, and also in a way by which they would have drawn to themselves great interest and regard from all the Saxon population of England. In the year 1322 occurred the insurrection of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. Though he was of Norman origin, yet he attracted to himself much sympathy

from the Saxon population, partly for his character, and still more on account of the reasons for his rebellion. There was something Anti-Norman in his outbreak. In his cause there was some matter with which Robin Hood could sympathize. And also in the feeling on behalf of the Earl, which prevailed over the West Riding of Yorkshire, there was a strong tendency to carry a man like Robin Hood into the army of the Earl's retainers. It is possible, as Robin Hood appears to have been a landholder, that he may have followed the standard of the Earl of Lancaster, not merely from his own feeling, and the public feeling of Wakefield, but also in conformity with some feudal claim upon him. In March, 1322, was fought the battle of Boroughbridge, and with it ended the rebellion of the Earl of Lancaster. His army was routed, and he himself, with many others, was executed. It was not far from Wakefield to Boroughbridge; and it was not far from Boroughbridge to the forest of Barnsdale. Now there is good evidence that Robin was in the woods as an outlaw in the year 1324, together with a great company of archers, who owned him as their leader. Is it not, then, a probable supposition that they were living in the forest as fugitives from the battle of Boroughbridge, and that they had incurred their outlawry as rebels against Edward II.?

In the Little Gest are some statements which are corroborated in a very singular manner by papers in the possession of the English government. In that poem it is said that King Edward went to Nottingham, and that then during a space of six months he traversed all Lancashire and the surrounding region, till he came to Plumpton Park; and that finding everywhere a great scarcity of deer, —

"The kynge was wonder wroth withall,
And swore by the trynytè,
I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
With eyen I might him see;

"And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtes hede,
And brynge it to me,
He shall have the knyghtes londes,
Syr Rycharde at the Le.

"I gyve it hym with my charter,
And sele it with my honde,
To have and holde for evermore
In all mery Englonde."

Also in the poem, as we have already seen, it is said that the king got sight of Robin Hood, and carried him and some of his men to London, to the court, where Robin remained eighteen months; at the end of which time he took his leave, alleging the plea of ill health.

Now Edward I. never was in Lancashire, after he became king. Edward III. probably was never in Lancashire at all, certainly not during the earlier part of his reign. This visit of a King Edward to Lancashire and the neighboring districts must then have been made by Edward II. Now that king did make a progress into Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the adjoining districts; and from existing documents, it is ascertained to have been made in the year 1323. Altogether, at this time the king was eight months in the North of England, and among other places he was at York, at Pickering, at Jervaulx Abbey, at Haia Park, not far from the Plumpton mentioned in the ballads, at Blackburn, at Liverpool, where he sailed upon the Mersey, at Wharlton Castle, where he paid Eleanor Reed and Alice Wharlton four shillings for singing him songs on Simon de Montfort and other subjects, at the monastery of Dale Royal, at Sandbach, and, on the 9th day of November, at Nottingham. Now all this is a very satisfactory corroboration of the Little Gest, in the account which it contains of the king's having visited Nottingham, and inspected Lancashire and Yorkshire.

In the Little Gest, it is said that when the king returned to London, after his Northern progress was completed, he had Robin Hood and some of his men with him, in his service at the court. Now the king spent the Christmas at Kenilworth Castle, and did not return to London till the beginning of 1324. Therefore, according to the ballad, Robin Hood must have reached London, as an attendant on the king, at the beginning of the year 1324. And in an original authentic document still in existence occurs the name of Robyn Hode as having earned wages in the royal service, and been paid in April of

that year. It does not appear that there was any person of the name of Robin Hood in the service of the king before his visit to Nottingham. Thus the name of Robin appears, and it also disappears, from the Journal of the Chamber, in a manner which completely corroborates the account of Robin Hood contained in the Little Gest. The Journal of the Chamber is a record of the royal expenses, and it is still preserved in one of the public offices in London; and in the volumes for the seventeenth and eighteenth years of the reign of Edward II. occur several entries of the name of Robyn Hode, as a "vadlet, porteur de la chambre." The last time that he was paid his wages there was deducted the pay of seven days; being the exact time during which, in the ballad, he tells the king he has been unable either to eat or sleep. Also from the Journal it appears, that, two days before the monthly payment of his wages had become due, five shillings were paid him, as a gift by order, because he could no longer work. This again agrees exactly with the Little Gest, when it tells that Robin went to the king and begged that he might be allowed to go down to Barnsdale, as being in ill health.

"Yf it be so, than sayd our kynge,
It may no better be;
Seven nyght I gyve the leve,
No lengre, to dwell fro me.

"Gramercy, lorde, then sayd Robyn,
And set hym on his kne;
He toke his leve full courteysly,
To grene wode then went he."

And now with full confidence it may be concluded that the Robin Hood of the poems and the Robyn Hode of the court are the same person. With high probability, it may also be supposed that this same person, who was an outlaw in the woods, and afterwards an attendant at court, came into the woods as a fugitive from the battle of Boroughbridge; and also was the same person with the yeoman, Robertus Hood, whose name was called in the Manor Court at Wakefield, on two different occasions, a few years previously.

At the end of the Tale of Robin Hood, the king says that Little John loves Robin better than any of the persons at the court, which would be a very feeble remark, if Little John had never known them. No doubt he was at court with his master, as the Little Gest relates. What the name of Little John really was is not known; so that, even if it exist in any record, it would not be recognized. Probably it was not entered on the same page with Robin Hood's, because from the ballad he would appear to have held a different office from a "vadlet, porteur de la chambre." After Robin's return to the forest, he fell into the custody of the sheriff, and was likely to lose his life; but Little John released him by an artifice, in which the king was one of his victims.

"Litulle Johne has begyled us bothe,
And that fulle wel I se,
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shud he be.

"I mad hem zemen of the crowne,
And gaf hem fee with my hond,
I gaf hem grithe, seid oure kyng,
Thorowout all mery Inglond.

"I gaf hem grithe, then seide oure kyng,
I say, so mot I the,
For sothe soche a zeman as he is on
In all Ingland are not thre."

Little John had been made a yeoman of the crown by the king; and from this appointment we may infer the esteem in which he was held, although he had been first known to the king as an outlaw; because in the Curialia the yeomen of the crown are described as "twenty-four most seemly persons, cleanly, and strongest archers, honest of conditions and of behavior, bold men, chosen and tried."

What the real reasons were for which Robin Hood abandoned the court, — and, if he wished to retire from the court, why he did not return to Wakefield, and whether his forfeited position in his former dwelling-place was impossible to be recovered, — all these are questions to which there are no an-

swers. It is possible only to reason about his conduct from such feelings as may, or rather must, have been excited in him by the nature of his times. It is not likely that he was at all reconciled to the institutions and social practices of his age by a residence at court; — by witnessing how shamelessly the king sold justice for bribes, how ruthlessly he seized upon free laborers when he needed their services, and how lavishly the barons wasted the wealth of Saxon sinews and what had been Saxon lands; by experiencing how contemptible at court was a Saxon man, and Saxon speech, and a Saxon name; and by seeing something of the profligacy of the great churchmen, dissolute, avaricious, oppressive, — men so unchristian as to have made Roger Bacon think, a few years before, that the time of Antichrist was near.

But whatever may have been his feelings about any of the personages at the court, he abandoned it, and, clothed in woollen and on foot, travelling like a pilgrim, he returned to Barnsdale. And if we could only see England as he saw it, if we could only see the country as it was when he acted in it, then his actions in it we should be better able to estimate. On his journey from London to Barnsdale, he passed one castle after another, every one of them, like a hostile camp, the terror of the surrounding country. He passed stately abbeys, and saw things for which better speech than his own hot words would soon be found; for Wiclif was just born. He passed through forests, — great districts, in which churches and houses had been demolished, and from which every human creature had been extirpated, to make way for deer and wild-boars.

At the time of Robin Hood, nearly half of all England was in the possession of churchmen. Almost all the remainder of the land belonged to the king and the barons; and a full tenth part of the country was afforested, — the owners and occupants having been expelled, without any compensation, merely that the king might have room in which to solace himself, when wearied by his royal duties. For the maintenance of these forests there were laws of the most inhuman character, enforced by rangers, foresters, and verderers, in a manner almost more tyrannical than the laws themselves. Of

the inhabitants of the country, the larger part were in a state of slavery more or less complete, and a great proportion of them were serfs, — persons for whom there was no law but the will of their owners, — men so far off from the possession of rights, that even in Magna Charta there had been no mention of them except as aggrandizing their owners. And even the yeomen were subject to such oppressions from their feudal superiors, as made necessary a law by which persons were even forbidden to forfeit or quit their holdings of land.

Also in Robin Hood's age the distinction between Norman and Saxon was very great. The Normans were contemptuous and oppressive, and treated the Saxons, and especially their serfs, in a manner which astonished Froissart, from its being so much worse than any conduct which he had ever witnessed on the Continent. And the Saxons hated the Normans, some of them as inhuman masters, and others as robbers in possession of land which ought to have been their own patrimony. These hostilities and grievances must have been immensely aggravated by the circumstance that the sufferers spoke one language and the tyrants another. The laws were in the French language, and in the courts of justice the proceedings were in French. All orders from the castle for execution among the adjacent cottages and farm-houses were in French. The cruelty of the laws, the oppressiveness of hard usages, the caprice and insolence of greatness, were in French; and to it all the sufferer could only bend himself and be dumb, or else utter himself in a language, the unintelligible sounds of which would sink him before his persecutor lower still than the lowliness of a serf.

A king who was a tyrant, and all the more intolerable from his sitting on the throne of the Saxon Alfred, prelates grown to be lords in the name of the lowly Jesus, houses that were called God's built and decorated by the toil of serfs, wealth that had been given to the Church and the poor perverted by churchmen to their ambitious projects, forests and forest laws, barons with their privileges and powers so terrible, so horrible, — ah! about these men and things Robin Hood, on his journey from London to Barnsdale, may well have had thoughts to disquiet him, and through which he could never again be content to become a member of society.

And so into the woods went Robin Hood again, intending to become their permanent denizen. A robber was he? So he was, — a man who robbed robbers. An outlaw was he? So he was; but it was chiefly by being outside of the king's law, for all the laws of charity and courtesy he kept. And was he probably excommunicate? So he was, by bishops and archbishops; and yet also he was very religious, feeling God in the woods, and seeking him sometimes in churches at his deadly peril.

Robin Hood, in his age, was a great reformer, — or rather, perhaps, a great opponent of abuses. In religion he may be regarded as having been a forerunner of Wiclif; though it was in such a manner as was natural to a person who could not write, but who was the best archer of his day. As to the oppression of the poor Saxons by their Norman lords, the iniquitous confiscation by the king of broad lands for his mere pleasure, the wrongs of women in an age of universal violence, — as regards all these things he was a reformer in his way. And his way was very practical. He did not declaim against the Pope for what was wrong in England, nor concentrate all his efforts on a man in Rome for grievances in Nottinghamshire or Yorkshire. Nor did he think that nothing could be accomplished for himself and his friends in the West Riding unless through the king, — a man hard to approach, and, when reached, perhaps hardly worth persuading. Nor yet, knowing how full of oppressors England was, did he think that resistance to them was quite useless. But he argued with himself very differently from this, and, being a man neither of speech nor pen, he uttered himself by his life. If the restoration of land to its just owners and right uses were a hopeless attempt, then he himself would go into the forest, and, in such a way as he could, he would live on the land, some of which perhaps ought to have been his own inheritance. And as for the Church and the social state of England, — these he would correct about Barnsdale; and if not the Church, then a few things ecclesiastical and a few churchmen, even though only for a few minutes; and if not laws and usages, then a few cases of ill-usage and a few instances of legal injustice. And so he maintained himself

and his friends on the king's deer. And if churchmen came his way, rich with funds belonging to the poor, then he constituted himself their almoner. If, under the rule of Norman chivalry, everywhere women were wronged, then he himself, though a Saxon, would treat them with that deference which should be an example over all England. And if unjust institutions were higher than his reach, then at least he would succor the oppressed and intimidate the oppressors in the neighborhood of Barnsley.

Robin Hood was very much of an Englishman; or perhaps it might be said that in him there was much on which the English character was modelled. For he must have had great influence on the people of England, celebrated as he was by them for several hundred years so passionately, — the yeoman who was independent of king and sheriff by his strong and quick wit, — the archer who, year after year, turned the oppressor into a jest, — the man who could both reverence law and resist it, — the denizen of the woods whose life was poetry.

Even apart from any interest in Robin Hood himself, the poems on the outlaw are worthy of attention. If in the British firmament Chaucer be the morning star of poetry, as he has been called, then in these ballads we have something of the gray dawn. They are important as having been once a large part of the literature of the people, and the most popular of all writings. They are songs to some of which probably Chaucer listened, while they were yet quite fresh, and he himself a schoolboy in London. They are of that period when the language of England was ceasing to be Anglo-Norman, and was becoming what now is called English. And it was mainly in the composition and use of these ballads that the idioms and words of the fourteenth century were tried. In the earlier part of that century the French of the Norman invasion was still spoken by the barons in their castles and at court; while in monastic cells, in churches, and by the clergy and among scholars, Latin was the spoken language. As yet English was only just forming, and, through the means of gleemen and minstrels, was shaping its idioms and words to meet the apprehension of laborers at their ales,

of old men sitting under trees on the village green, and of crowds assembled at fairs and wakes. In singing of Robin Hood the English language was preparing to be that tongue with which Chaucer so easily made men weep, and so readily made them laugh, — that utterance by which Shakespeare rendered kings and peasants, scholars, soldiers, and women, intelligible to one another and to all time, — that speech which afterwards was to sound from Milton's lips, as "musical as is Apollo's lute."

In the study of history it is curious and instructive to remark, in regard to the growth of national character, that very much more is concerned with it than is supplied by the laws or obedience to them; that it is fed apparently from some inner, pervading spirit, and especially that it is strengthened by sympathy with eminent persons, the heroes of their age. Integrity and manliness are characteristics of the middle classes of England, not through any nurturing by the law, nor exclusively through implicit obedience to the government, but even, to some great extent, through law-breaking, and through their reverence for such men as Milton, Sidney, and Hampden. As to the serfs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the peasantry of the sixteenth, what majesty was there in the law for them to reverence? What justice was there by conforming to which they might themselves grow more just? And what righteousness was there in their law-makers, or in the way in which laws were made, that they could ever feel that parliamentary legislation was to be listened to like the voice of virtue? Enactments have power to repress, but even the best of them, merely as statutes, are almost powerless to foster; they can bow the mind to slavery, but they never can lift it up to freedom. In the fourteenth century, when a serf was an object of sale, as the law said, "with all his consequences," and when by law a man was hanged for feeding his hungry family on the deer which ran wild over a large part of the country, and even over the fields which his ancestors had ploughed, — which would have been the more hopeful as a prognostic to be noticed in the peasantry, a ready obedience to the statutes of their tyrants, or their glory in Robin Hood?

A simple yeoman armed with a bow, and leading the life

of an outlaw, yet how much he has been to the English nation, and in so many ways! — indeed, in all the ways by which men are strengthened in courage, in heart, and by the imagination. He has been more to the people of England than many a statesman of great fame, than many a general entombed in Westminster Abbey, and than many a poet whose name rises gratefully to the lips. By having been taken into the heart of the people, how has he been immortalized! And how much already has his fame outlasted! Sherwood is not what it was; Barnsdale is a forest no longer; of Kirklees nunnery there is nothing now to be seen but the old gate-house; and of St. Mary's Abbey, on the banks of the Ouse, there now remain only a few arches, over the tops of which elm-trees stretch their long arms. But to the English mind Robin Hood is still almost as real a personage as he was when the first Edwards were kings. He has survived many an evil institution of his day, — serfdom, and many a Norman usage, — much that was Vandal, tyrannical, beastly, in feudalism, — and much of the low estimate in which once everything but rank was held. His spirit, though working unperceived, will yet help to correct many a miserable result of baronial privilege in England. And he himself will be a name and a power in that future, however remote it may still be, when aristocracy shall be of nature, and not of Normanism, — of character, and not simply of station, — of man as God distinguishes him, and not of man merely as the monarch labels him viscount, earl, or duke.

Robin Hood will last with the English language, and will be a living name as long as the heart shall thrill at heroism, or May morning be fragrant with flowers, or the yew-tree be remembered for what it was in the times of archery, and as long as those shall be looked back upon with gratitude by whom liberty was vindicated in slavish days.

And now is it asked, Who wrote these poems? This inquiry cannot be answered; for there is nothing whatever to be recorded on the subject. But from the character of the ballads themselves, it may be said confidently that the Lytell Geste, and some others, must have been the productions of a person well acquainted with the region between Notting-

ham and Wakefield, and familiar with country life. Also this same person, who lived between Nottingham and Wakefield, must have been a contemporary with Robin Hood, and must indeed have been even a neighbor of his; for in the portrait of the outlawed yeoman which is given in the ballads, there are many traits which must have been painted from life. A contemporary with Robin Hood, a neighbor, a poet! Dimly through the past is discernible the figure of such a man, living at the entrance of Barnsdale, not far from the monastery of Hampole, and perhaps connected with it. His name is Richard Rolle. In his day he was a popular versifier. And he may very well have been the author of the Robin Hood ballads, although to us he is known in connection exclusively with poems of a religious character. But whoever the man was with whom these ballads on Robin Hood originated, happy was he in his subject. A nameless person and not reckoned among authors, yet he is one of the greatest for the influence which he has had. The Lytell Geste of Robin Hood, — the delight of the peasantry when they were serfs, the glory of the yeomen whilst struggling against feudal wickedness, sung age after age with enthusiasm for three hundred years and more, and even now, after five hundred years, quite popular in the Yorkshire cottages, — perhaps a poem cannot be named to equal it for the power which it must have exercised on the character of the English people. For influence it is equalled not by the Canterbury Tales, though Chaucer be the mimic to make us laugh and weep; nor by the dramas of Shakespeare, from the knowledge of which the larger half of the people have always been excluded by their inability to read; nor by the Faerie Queene, an allegory which courtiers were the first to peruse, and which almost only students can understand; nor yet by Paradise Lost, the solemn joy chiefly of Puritans and of scholars.

Of these poems the yew-tree is the emblem, aged, gnarled, and strong, — once the yeoman's armory. And through the branches of this yew-tree always will men hear the huntsman's horn, and smell the cool, sweet air of May mornings, and see glittering in the dew the splendor of suns which have long since set, and descry walking in forests which have long

ago fallen the form of Robin Hood, the outlawed yeoman, the ballad-hero, the friend of the poor and weak, and the joyous, triumphant enemy of oppressors.

ART. II. — *Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College.* By EDWARD T. CHANNING. With a Biographical Notice by R. H. DANA, JR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

THE office of the Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University is undoubtedly one of the most important in that institution. It was remarked with truth by an ancient writer, that the proper use of language is a leading test of intellectual culture. Clearness of thought and purity of taste are chiefly manifested through the medium of words, and can hardly exist without the aid of words. Among the ancient Greeks the rhetorical teachers to a considerable extent identified themselves with the Sophists, who corrupted the youth of the Hellenic republic, while they amassed great private fortunes by teaching the art of making the worse appear the better cause, for the purpose of gaining selfish political ends with the popular bodies. To the best thinkers and wisest men of Athens, — to Socrates and Plato, — this art appeared to be, as indeed it was, a pernicious system of mental trickery, which struck at the fundamental distinctions between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, virtue and vice. The dialogues of Plato, and especially the noblest of them all, the Gorgias, contain the most masterly exposures of the mischiefs done by this immoral art, and some of the most pungent passages in the Aristophanic comedy have the same general bearing.

In modern times, no doubt, there reigns among controversialists much of the same unconscientious dealing with truth, the same system of disguises, by which the real features of a question in dispute are attempted to be hidden under the veil of deceptive words and phrases; but the art of rhetoric, treated by systematic writers, and taught in the schools and colleges,

is founded on principles of truth; that is, it aims to render the expression the true representative of the thought. In the ancient treatises, — in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in Aristotle, and most especially in the precious and admirable work of Quintilian, — the subject is handled with masterly ability. The "Institutes" of the last-named author should be carefully studied, not only by every teacher, but by every man who wishes to understand the power of speech, as a means of public communication.

No teacher within our knowledge, whether of ancient or modern times, understood this matter better, we think, than the late Professor Edward T. Channing. In various departments of American literature, the family bearing this name have greatly distinguished themselves. In pulpit eloquence, the voice of Dr. William E. Channing — that voice so penetrating, so persuasive, so mild, and yet so powerful — has but lately died away; while his written speech, still breathing in its immortal periods the vivid genius of the living man, charms, instructs, purifies, convinces, the readers of the English language in both hemispheres, and is translated into most of the cultivated languages of the European continent. Others of that honored name continue the spell, and show that the source whence the inspiration was drawn has not ceased to pour it forth. Professor Channing was not so prominently before the public as his brother; but the channels by which his influence flowed through the literary community were perhaps deeper, and the effects of that influence more personal to those who felt it, and more permanent.

Edward Tyrrel Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 12th of December, 1790. He entered Harvard University in 1804; but having been involved in some way in a college rebellion, he did not receive his degree until several years after the regular period. We have no means of knowing the particulars of the affair, nor to what extent he was implicated in the proceeding. College rebellions seem to have died out, with other curious and unintelligible practices of the past; and it is hardly worth while to recall those foolish proceedings of petulant boys, even for the purpose of showing that some particular victim was personally innocent of the follies in which his fellows were engaged.

Mr. Channing studied law with his elder brother, Francis Dana Channing, whose early death was a great loss to the bar. In these studies he distinguished himself; but his tastes were strongly literary, and he took an active part in the discussions held by some of the leading scholars, which issued in the establishment of the North American Review, in 1815. It was edited first by Mr. William Tudor, in whose hands it remained two years; next by Mr. Sparks, with the assistance of a club; then by Mr. Channing and Mr. Richard H. Dana.

In 1819 Mr. Channing received the appointment of Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the University at Cambridge. His well-known literary habits, his pure taste and exquisite critical judgment, the power and beauty of his style, his extensive reading in the best parts of English literature, and his familiarity with the great masters of the classical languages, made the appointment eminently suitable; and the long period of thirty-two years, during which he discharged its duties with an assiduity never surpassed, and a success seldom equalled, justified in a most brilliant manner the wisdom with which the selection was made. As a college officer, Mr. Channing was punctual and exact in the performance of every duty. Some of our readers perhaps know by experience that academic life, in its best forms, and under the most favorable circumstances, is not a pathway always strewn with flowers. The support of college discipline, ever irksome, yet ever needful, because study and teaching are impossible without it, in an American college at least, is sometimes a severe trial to men of culture and sensibility. The gratifications are many; but they are sometimes offset by annoyances and provocations, which make the college officer sigh for a larger and freer career, in the competition with ripened intellects on the stage of the world. Professor Channing — and we speak of what we know — bore his full share in the minute details of college administration, and did it cheerfully, as well as efficiently. On committees, he was laborious and wise, careful and cool. As a teacher, his method was exact and thorough. He never aimed to make a show of learning, or to startle his pupils by brilliant paradox. His questions went straight to the centre of the subject, and

there was no evading them by wordy and unmeaning generalities. The student must answer to the point, or not at all. The remarks by which he was accustomed to unfold the subject of the lesson were drawn from wide reading and careful reflection; and the illustrations which he often added sometimes did more than the text of the author to fix a rule or a principle in the scholar's mind. Mr. Channing was not, in the usual sense of the word, an orator. He was not much in the habit of appearing before the public. His tastes were quiet, and averse to display. But he did sometimes read lectures before lyceums and other popular institutions, on literary subjects, and never failed to command the interested attention of his audience. His services in this way were always highly valued by those who had the good fortune to secure them. We remember well an admirable lecture he gave on Walter Scott, many years ago; and we have no hesitation in saying that the illustrious master of fiction never had a more genial and appreciating critic. But though Mr. Channing was not much addicted to public speaking, he often delighted the circle of his friends by his exquisite readings, especially from Shakespeare. His voice was clear and pleasant, his enunciation distinct, his emphasis admirable, so that no part of the rhythmical beauty, no shade of forcible or sublime thought, was lost to his hearers. His reading was at once interpretation and commentary, and conveyed the full meaning of the author to the mind.

We have spoken of some of Mr. Channing's characteristics as a teacher. These were most strongly displayed in his mode of dealing with the exercises in writing — the compositions or themes — of the college students. This is a difficult part of the duty of a rhetorical professor, and requires, perhaps, more tact and judgment than any other branch of public instruction. The sensitiveness of young persons to the comments of their elders upon their first essays in putting their thoughts on paper, is well known to all who have had any experience in teaching. Bashfulness, self-love, vanity, and modest distrust of self are alike alarmed, and the nerves are put to their utmost tension, while the Rhadamanthus of rhetoric sits in awful judgment on the piece, — the result of so

many trials, the product, it may be, of so many sleepless hours. Some are afraid to venture beyond the driest forms of expression, and find the wings of imagination utterly unable to lift them from the ground of commonplace, the thick-coming fancies that played about them in their meditation or talk flitting away before the point of the pen and the *mer de glace* of the barren sheet; others, seduced by sounding words and pompous phrases, that mean little or nothing, rush fearlessly on, dazzled by their own brilliancy, and dreaming that nothing half so fine was ever written before, yet afraid that the cool judgment of the teacher will not be equally impressed with the transcendent merits of the theme. How to encourage and call out the latent powers of those, without reducing them to despair by making them feel too deeply the poverty of the first attempt; how to take down the vanity of these, by making them see how frothy is all that fine writing, without giving a deadly stab to their natural and rightful self-appreciation, — is always a difficult problem, which it requires great delicacy and sympathy to solve in a satisfactory manner. We think Mr. Channing, in the earlier part of his career, lost something by making his judgment dreaded. His own taste was so pure and cultivated, his dislike of tawdry expression was so deep, his abhorrence of slang was so emphatic, his contempt for the fantastic novelties with which many popular writers have weakened and debased the language was so keen, that he sometimes excited a ludicrous terror in the trembling neophyte; but, for the most part, his criticism was so just and discriminating, his suggestions were so obviously sound, and the manner in which they were conveyed was so good-humored and witty, that the scholar was always benefited, generally pleased, and seldom pained, by the thorough ordeal which his writing passed. It is true, as we well remember, that his sparing but most effectual sarcasm cast a sudden blight upon many gairish flowers of rhetoric, which had been cherished through the agonies of cultivating a hard and barren soil, and they drooped and died, having no successors after their kind the following season; and they were resigned not without a sigh, by those whom they had cost so dear. A big word used where a small one would have been

better, a swelling phrase painfully wrought out to supply the place which were better filled by a simple and plain one, never escaped his skilful touch. By these minute labors, and by the influence which so keen and accomplished an intellect gradually gained in the society of the College, Mr. Channing succeeded in creating a purity and simplicity of taste in English style, which — we think we may say it without claiming undue honor for our literary mother — characterize in a remarkable degree the speaking and writing of those who have been educated at Harvard.

Mr. Channing was a man of remarkable social qualities and talents. He was a lover of home and its quiet enjoyments; but the delights of intelligent conversation, of the conversation of cultivated persons, were relished by none with a keener zest than by him. He was not monopolizing, sermonizing, dogmatic, nor dictatorial. He had the wit of Johnson, with the urbanity in which the great lexicographer was lamentably wanting. His literary knowledge was extensive, and furnished the most instructive matter to his talk, with no pedantic showing off. No man ever conversed with him without receiving so much of instruction and pleasure, that he would willingly have surrendered the reins to his hands entirely; but Mr. Channing always gave others every opportunity to take their fair share. He loved to receive as well as to give; so that conversation wandered on, through the pleasant paths of literature, or social life, or the news of the day, — each party contributing according to his means, — enlivened by the never-failing flow of good-humor, wit, satire without malice, amusing anecdote, polished criticism, and instructive teaching, on Mr. Channing's part. Some of his social tastes were old-fashioned, and in general the conservative tendency had its effect upon the forms of his social entertainment. He was fond of a quiet hand of whist, which he always cheered by his genial humor, and never grew impatient, as some old whist-players do, with the blunders of an inattentive partner. An excellent player himself, he did not, like Mrs. Battle, insist on "the rigor of the game," but made the changing fortunes of the war wholly subservient to the interests of conversation. Had any one, of Boswell's ready skill in recording conversations, noted down Mr. Channing's,

the good things he said, — the delicate irony, the just criticism, the happy comments, that dropped from his lips, at parties, during the social call, at the dinner-table, in walking, or in dealing the cards, — many a volume might have been preserved equal in wit, and superior in geniality, to those records of the great lexicographer, which still charm, and will for ever charm, the successive generations of readers.

Mr. Channing's lectures were always listened to with respect and interest. They were full of his peculiar spirit; in style clear, elegant, and racy; in thought, rich and delicate; marked by keenness of judgment, and always seeming to express just the right thing in just the right form and connection. When advancing years and decreasing strength induced him to resign the office he had so long held, it was hoped by the numerous sons of Harvard that he would be able to prepare for the press the written discourses which had been so instructive from the Professor's chair; and all wished he might pass a serene and happy old age, surrounded by his numerous friends, who still shared in the pleasures of his conversation, enjoying as of old the treasures of his wit and wisdom. But disease laid upon him a stronger and stronger hand, and his life was during the last winter brought to a close, quite unexpectedly, except to those of his household who were constantly with him. It was found, however, that he had prepared a portion of his writings for the press; and the admirable volume before us is the result of these labors of his invalid hours. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the literary merit of these exquisite compositions. Intrusted to the taste and affection of Richard H. Dana, Jr., his pupil and kinsman, and himself one of the best writers and most eloquent speakers of our times, the volume has been well edited and carefully printed. The Biographical Notice, which precedes the Lectures, is drawn with admirable truth and discrimination. We quote a few paragraphs, both for their elegance of style and justness of delineation.

"Mr. Channing held the office of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory for thirty-two years. The students who enjoyed the privilege of his instruction, now to be numbered by thousands rather than by hundreds, in all parts of our land, and in all occupations, unite in grateful acknowledgment of their obligations to him. His reputation for pure

style, and for exquisite taste and judgment in English literature, has been long established; and all who have been his pupils know how faithfully and successfully he brought these gifts and acquirements to bear upon the duties of his office. They acknowledge, too, his dignity, justice, and impartiality, and his insight into character. They recognize, almost daily, the benefits of his criticisms in composition and elocution. But these constitute by no means the sum of their obligations. He was their adviser and guide in their reading: that which develops the minds and so much forms the tastes and influences the opinions of the young. Not merely by his course of lectures, and by private interviews, but also in the voluntary reading classes that met at his study, he drew them from the fascinations of the superficial, brilliant favorites of the day, to the writers of deep thought, elevated sentiments, and pure style. During the term of his professorship, he outlived many fashions of opinion and taste in literature and elocution. For thirty years and more, he stood a breakwater against the tides and currents of false and misleading fashions; and under that lee, in calmer airs, and in smoother but not less deep waters, the student was protected in his feebler and less skilful early efforts. Many will recall the quiet, keen, epigrammatic satire that he used so sparingly and so well, with which he gave a death-wound to the popularity of some ill-deserving favorite in oratory or poetry. Yet, though severe in his tastes, he was, on the whole, a wide liker. He was not fond of fault-finding. He was no martinet. Wherever he saw sincerity, earnestness, and power, no man made larger allowances for faults. So it was, that, although decided in his convictions and exact in his tastes, yet, as is well known to his friends, those young men who early espoused and have since distinguished themselves in courses of doctrine and style most distasteful to him, still preserved intimate relations with him in college, and cordial friendships in after life. Thus he escaped the condition in which too many nice critics find themselves, — a condition marked rather by distastes than by tastes, and powerless for good influence over the tempers and feelings of the young. He was also much aided by his humor and wit, — qualities which so liberalize and make genial the mind. In the exercise of these gifts he was choice and reserved, but as his humor was of that kind which springs from and attaches itself to what is general in human nature, it was widely received and well remembered." — pp. xi – xiii.

Of his literary acquirements Mr. Dana says: —

"Mr. Channing was a good classical scholar, and at one time made a particularly careful study of the Greek and Latin orators, and continued to the last to read a few of the poets, and the De Officiis and

other essays of Cicero. But his reading lay chiefly in the works of his own tongue. It is needless to say that he was a thoughtful student of Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser, and a familiar reader of the prose-writers of Queen Anne's time, and of Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, and Scott. All this is of course. He was also a student of Chaucer and the earliest English writers, and of the old dramatists, and a lover of the unique and quaint, the novelists and humorists of all periods. The theologians, too, Barrow, Taylor, and South, were the friends of his more serious leisure, which they shared with Young, Cowper, and Bunyan. Of the writers of the Regency, and since, while he yielded most perhaps to the charm of Scott, yet he was among the earliest to recognize the genius and influences, in their various characters, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Campbell, and Lamb. With our own literature, he had grown up. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and Miss Sedgwick were his contemporaries; while Longfellow and our historians have gained their reputations since he came to maturity. In the productions of England, at the present time, he saw so much of vicious style, and of questionable usefulness of thought, that he suffered them mostly to glide by him; but to the humor and pathos of Dickens, with all his defects, he was fully alive." — pp. xiv, xv.

And of his conversational and social qualities, the following beautiful passage is as true as it is well expressed: —

"Of his conversational talent his friends need not be told, but it will be a pleasure to them to recall its charm. Natural, free, animating, humorous, and, when need be, using against any predominant folly or evil that classic, restrained, but effective satire, of which he was a master, his style in conversation was as pure and choice as in writing. But it was not a finish or choiceness which labored or embarrassed. It was as natural to him as awkwardness and solecisms are to many. Not a professed story-teller, in characteristic anecdote or graphic description of persons, classes, or neighborhoods, in portraying what was peculiar in character or manners, he was not easily to be surpassed. Still, his best conversation was his most thoughtful. While no man more readily fell into or more successfully sustained the humorous, it was strictly his recreation, and not his habit. His numerous friends and relatives, who enjoyed, at his house, the weekly Saturday dinner, at which, without special invitation, it was known they were always welcome, will take a sad pleasure in calling to mind, among the beauties and privileges of their lives, the attractions that presided at either end of the table, dividing their attention and doubling their delight.

"As he was not a professed wit, so he was not a controversialist. His powers were best seen in the contemplative, in the pursuit of serious thought, or of beauty in nature, art, or character. As a letter-writer, he was valued by his friends beyond price. Perhaps there was no field in which his talents played more naturally and fitly than in the light and shade, the affectionate, grave, and humorous of friendly letter-writing.

"Throughout life he retained the warmth of his affection for the young; and any one who had the claim upon him of blood, or of childhood or youth, must have been ill-deserving indeed not to have held an inner place in his heart.

"It has been remarked of him by one who knew him intimately from boyhood, that, although society or intercourse with a single friend always pleased and animated him, and his powers particularly displayed themselves in conversation, yet he was as fond of being alone as if he had been unsocial and morose. His preference for solitude arose from the cheerfulness and equanimity of his temper, and his great resources in himself for pleasure and improvement. A change to society was not unwelcome to him, but the return to solitude was even more congenial.

"All that we have here attempted to portray has gone from us. But it will live in the recollections of his friends; and when they too have passed away, it will still linger in the traditions of the university and city." — pp. xviii, xix.

The discourses begin with the address on "The Orator and his Times," delivered December 8, 1819, when Mr. Channing was inducted into office. The main part of this discourse is devoted to a consideration of the circumstances in the state of society which distinguish the modern from the ancient orator. It is a very ingenious and elegant oration. We take a brief passage towards the conclusion.

"If I were told that the heart and imagination had necessarily grown torpid, while society was becoming more regular and cultivated, that our best powers were sacrificed in order to our well-being, I should ask for the evidence of this much sooner than for the reason. I would even venture to ask how the fact was with regard to eloquence itself. I would take the best and most characteristic specimens of English eloquence in different ages, and learn from them if the imagination had perished under the chilling restraints of an improved society. Can you point to productions of ancient eloquence, where this power appears to

have had such perfect riot and joy, and to have been so peculiarly the warming and animating principle of the speaker's thoughts? It seems as if the effect of our increased knowledge had been to make men more contemplative, live less upon the public for excitement, feel the most deeply when alone, and suffer their imaginations to enter into and warm and illuminate their most serious thoughts. It is indeed true that the imagination and passions do not predominate in modern eloquence; they are not our turbulent masters. Still we think it a false philosophy which tells us that it can ever be the effect of general improvement to separate them from the judgment. We let them work with the judgment; and they work safely, forming and perfecting the character, enlivening the truth, and impressing it deeply, rendering our serious labors agreeable and efficient, making us love what we approve, and act earnestly after we have chosen wisely. We believe that the more perfect we are, the more intense will be our pleasures of taste, and that the more we cultivate the heart, the more thoroughly it will pervade and influence our opinions and characters.

"Our religion is certainly one of the great causes which have given to society that temperate, subdued character which is thought by some to be unfavorable to impassionate eloquence. And yet this religion constantly addresses the affections, not only as consisting perfectly with a sound mind, but as the very principles of our nature on which its moral provisions for human perfection and happiness are founded. It demands not the sacrifice of a single power, but that all should be cultivated to the utmost, and properly directed and balanced in order to our happiness. It sends neither fever nor lethargy to the heart, but sees men equally distant from their good, in the frenzy of savage passion and the hardened indifference of stoicism. It encourages the warmest sympathy, and the noblest and most persevering ambition. In offering its simplest precepts and sublimest promises, it has spared no language or beauty or imagery that could delight and refine our taste, and make our conception of its truths distinct and glowing. Take the Bible for its eloquence, appealing to all nations and classes in every age, — its power is as universal as the sun. The form and tone of society may change, but you cannot so change the heart, that this eloquence will not reach it, and be a model and help for the orator who would reach it.

"As another argument that the art has lost none of its dignity or honorable motives, and no worthy means of gaining a strong and wholesome influence over men, — I would mention the importance of character to all successful eloquence. It is his virtues, his consistency, his unquestioned sincerity, that must get the orator attention and confidence now. He must not rely too much upon the zeal or even the

soundness with which he treats a question under immediate discussion. His hearers must believe that his life is steadily influenced by the sentiments he is trying to impress on them, — that he is willing to abide by principle at any hazard, and give his opinions and professions the full authority of his actions. There are, indeed, accidents and artifices that may secure present success to the worst men; but it is the general effect of our improved society to give an influence to purity, firmness, and stability, on which every public speaker may rely for lasting consideration and weight.

"It would not be going too far to say, that it is not in all the graces of address, or sweetness and variety of tones, or beauty of illustration, — in all the outward and artificial accomplishments of the orator, — to equal or even approach the power conferred by a good character. Its still eloquence is felt in the commonest transactions of life. But it is in the administration of justice, in public deliberations upon the endangered interests of our country, and in the services that are to form us for this world and for heaven, that we feel its majesty and purity in all their power, and receive strength from its presence. No festival eloquence will do then, no vain mockery of art, no treacherous allurements from a close and sober inspection of the truths upon which we are to act. We want then the orator who feels and acts with us; in whom we can confide even better than in ourselves; who is filled with our cause, and looks at it with solemnity and wisdom. We want then the orator who is unmoved by the reproaches or threats that alarm us; who walks over the injurious as over the dust, unconscious even that he tramples on them; who fears nothing on earth but a bad action, and regards no considerations but those of good principle." — pp. 20 – 24.

A "General View of Rhetoric" is presented in the following discourse, and we commend it earnestly to all teachers and scholars. The discourse on "Elocution, a Study," contains the following excellent remarks, with a great deal more that is very instructive and important: —

"Many have a vague notion of art as opposed to or above nature; or at least as something very distinct from it. But in our present use of the term, — in the sense of a means or instrument, — art is drawn directly from all that we have learned of the perfect in man's nature, and is intended to develop and train what he already possesses. It is an experiment upon human power to know how far it may be extended, and what direction it needs. And whether he knows it or not, every man, in his particular calling, is subjected to this experiment. He

either tries it upon himself, or others try it for him. He is a pupil, more or less docile, of somebody. This is a necessity of his constitution and condition. There can be no qualification or dispensation to suit the faculties, tastes, or pursuits of any man. The very prodigies of genius, who seem to us short-sighted worshippers to find their way upward like the plant, — if they had the power to reveal the mystery of their growth, would probably show us a far more thorough course of education, a more strict though perhaps unconscious obedience to principles, than the most dependent of their brethren have ever been subjected to. The poet is called emphatically the child of nature. He is born to his vocation. Still he is and must be in the strictest sense a pupil of art, as in his triumph he is a master. To speak only of versification, — I admit that there is such a thing as a natural ear for melody; but I must go far beyond this simple perception and pleasure to account for all the received varieties of verse; its complication, its refinement, and power of endless adaptation. Sound is studied by the poet, till its hidden capacity of expression is understood, — till verse in its most finished state becomes a full exhibition of an inborn faculty, and serves to illuminate both thought and passion, however various or subtile.

"What should exempt the voice from the necessity imposed upon our powers generally? It is certainly capable of being affected in some way by experience or practice. It is not too aerial to be controlled and harmed by ourselves and by others. The proper view of it seems to be, that Nature gives her early lesson where no other can teach, and indicates that there is much in reserve which we ourselves must bring to light for the noblest services of speech. The natural voice, in order that its full compass of expression may be known, and that it may be capable of giving the best utterance, needs cultivation, vigilant study, and many experiments. No matter how great may be a man's natural gift, or whether his practice is the analysis and trial of vocal sounds, or an exercise at school, or solitary declamation in forests or on the sea-beach, or whether he studies the manner of other speakers as a means of discovering and improving his own faculty; — be the discipline what it may, so far forth as he is a good speaker, he has followed the true principles of rhetoric. Call him a natural or taught orator, it is all substantially the same, however true it may be that the few who can do nearly everything for themselves are greater men than the thousand who need help from others. Profiting by a wise education is trusting to Nature, in the only common-sense interpretation of the words. We then acknowledge her secret forces, and try to give her full play."— pp. 48 – 51.

The ancient rhetorical writers divided oratory into several departments, one of which was entitled *Epideictic*, or *Demonstrative*. This branch of eloquence is the subject of the next discourse in Professor Channing's volume, and it is a composition of great literary interest and merit. It is of considerable importance among us, because similarity of circumstances to those of the ancient Greek republics has produced a great variety of occasions for this species of address in our country. On the system of popular lectures, which has such an astonishing development among the American people, Mr. Channing makes the following judicious remarks: —

"It is on ground as broad as Milton has here taken in recommending a refining popular culture, a wisdom and an entertainment for a whole people, that demonstrative oratory may be well worthy of consideration and support at this time among ourselves. Our courses of public lectures in town and country accord very well with his idea; and though once a doubtful experiment, they are now regarded as a means of supplying a general want. Their uses are obvious. In a social view, the mere bringing people together to have their minds refreshed by truth, and their tastes gratified by simple, intellectual pleasures, is of itself civilizing. It is a very favorable sign of the times, that audiences can be collected evening after evening with no livelier temptation.

"The purpose of such lectures cannot be to furnish a great amount of exact knowledge, which will be retained and used like that which we amass in our private studies. Their object, I suppose, is partly to hold a sort of conversation with men upon what they are already to some extent acquainted with, in order that they may compare their ideas with those of a fellow-inquirer, and be assisted to take comprehensive views of subjects which they had examined by themselves very much in detail. Generally, no doubt, the effect is to stimulate those who are in the habit of thinking and inquiring, to wake up the less intellectual, and to make whole communities feel that they have other matters of common interest than the affairs of their towns and families." — pp. 67, 68.

In the discourses which succeed, the Professor handles the following subjects: "Deliberative Oratory"; "Judicial Oratory"; "The Advocate and the Debater"; "Eloquence of the Pulpit"; "Literary Tribunals"; "Forms of Criticism";

"A Writer's Preparation"; "Habits of Reading"; "A Writer's Habits"; "The Study of our own Language"; "Clearness of Expression and Thought"; "Using Words for Ornament"; and "Permanent Literary Fame." Upon every one of this attractive list of subjects Mr. Channing has written with equal care, thoughtfulness, and taste. These essays are, therefore, interesting and instructive in a very high degree, and deserve the close attention of every literary person.

We have thus called the attention of the readers of this journal to the matured and well-weighed thoughts of a mind which possessed a singular combination of abilities and resources. We trust other volumes will follow, embracing other portions of his public lectures, his contributions to periodical literature, and a selection of the letters to which Mr. Dana alludes in his introductory Notice. No doubt they would be welcomed by the community as a precious addition to our literature.

ART. III. — 1. *The Sound Dues of Denmark, and their Relations with the Commerce of the World.* By F. HESSENLAND, Stettin, Prussia. Translated in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, October, 1855.

2. *Message from the President of the United States, transmitting Correspondence in Relation to the Imposition of "Sound Dues" upon our Commerce to the Baltic.* May 30, 1854. 33d Congress, 1st Session, Executive Document No. 108.

3. *Annual Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, with Accompanying Documents.* Part I. 34th Congress, 1st Session, Executive Document No. 1.

THE questions relating to the Danish Sound Dues, overshadowed as they have been by other matters of more critical importance, both in our foreign and our domestic affairs, still present many interesting features, and involve considerations

at once delicate and perplexing. The dispute is a curious instance of conflicting rights, where claims, founded upon centuries of prescription and acquiescence, on the one hand, are opposed by the rigid equity of a commercial age, on the other. For as many as six hundred years the right to collect tolls from all vessels passing through the Sound or the Belts has been deemed one of the highest, and has been one of the most valuable, prerogatives of the Danish crown. For a considerable part of this time the sovereignty thus exercised over these straits has been used beneficially for the security of commerce, by the maintenance of lights, the removal of obstacles to navigation, and the suppression of piracy; and although the Danish jurists do not found the claim to tolls upon these services, but, as we have intimated, upon immemorial prescription, it may still be regarded as an open question, whether the tolls were originally paid in acknowledgment of benefits conferred upon commerce, or were collected, as many other taxes were collected in the feudal age, by the right of the strongest. As early as 1202 Waldemar the Victorious erected a light-house at the extremity of the Sound; but how early the collection of the Sound Dues began cannot be ascertained, although a charter is still extant regulating the duties paid by the Dutch, dated A. D. 1319, at which time the claim seems to have been converted into a fixed toll. But the demand did not pass altogether unquestioned. The Hanseatic League, upon whose commerce the tolls were a severe burden, frequently contested the right of Denmark to make this exaction, secured for themselves considerable immunities, and indeed, in the middle of the sixteenth century, seem to have been entirely exempt from all payments at the Sound.

When Charles V., acting in concert with Henry VIII. of England, formed his great combination against France, a combination so complete that Mahometan Turkey was the only ally that did not desert the French king, the emperor secured the good offices of Denmark by a treaty, concluded at Spires in 1544, in which the continued payment of the Sound Dues by the merchants of the Low Countries was solemnly stipulated. But as the Danish government some years later proceeded to increase the tariff of duties, with an eye to its own

necessities rather than to those of commerce, the Dutch formed defensive alliances with several of the nations interested in the navigation of the Sound, and war ensued, attended by such unfortunate results for Denmark, that she was forced in 1645 to release Sweden entirely from all further payments, and at the same time, by the treaty of Christianople, to determine definitely the duties to be paid by Dutch vessels. The tariff of duties then agreed upon was explained by another treaty in 1701, and, with this addition, continues at the present day to furnish the basis upon which the collection of the Sound Dues is regulated. The exemption obtained by Sweden lasted for three quarters of a century; but at the conclusion of the last war into which that country was plunged by the wild ambition of Charles XII., this immunity was surrendered as the price of peace, and has never been regained.

France and England found themselves under the same necessity of complying with the demands of Denmark as did their Northern neighbors. Immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of Christianople, France was glad to accept for her commerce the privileges accorded to the Dutch. As early as the close of the fifteenth century, Henry VII. of England recognized the Danish claim to the sovereignty of the Sound. The matter did not fail to attract also the attention of Cromwell, and shortly after the passage of the Navigation Act, which undermined the Dutch and built up the English commerce, he negotiated a treaty for the purpose of securing equal privileges with the Dutch in the payment of the Sound Dues, the chief stipulations of which were renewed under Charles II. A treaty placing France on the same footing with the most favored nations was concluded two years later, and this example was followed by most of the maritime powers.

The basis upon which the Sound Dues were finally established by these various treaties was somewhat peculiar. By the treaty of Christianople, a tariff of specific duties upon certain enumerated articles was adopted, and it was directed that other goods should be taxed according to the ancient usage. It was the intention of those who framed the tariff to make the specific duties equal to an *ad valorem* duty of one per cent, and this principle was in the treaty of 1701 extended

also to the non-enumerated articles. But no provision was made by the contracting parties for those changes of value which time and the progress of commerce inevitably produce, and the result was, that the duty upon many important articles of trade, by gradual decrease of price, was increased to three, four, and even seven per cent, while the duties upon articles not named in the tariff of 1645, though nominally amounting only to one per cent *ad valorem*, frequently exceeded that proportion, being assessed upon a valuation often arbitrary, and fluctuating at the caprice of the official charged with the computation.

No essential change seems to have been made, however, for the space of two centuries. The subject is said to have presented itself for examination at the Congress of Vienna; but in the general re-establishment of the European balance, it escaped without any modification either of system or details. This was undoubtedly in a measure the result of the unfortunate situation to which the war had reduced the kingdom of Denmark. The disasters beginning with the destruction of the fleet and the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English, and ending with the compulsory surrender of the entire kingdom of Norway, had so seriously affected the finances and political strength of Frederic VI., that it is even supposed by some that the Congress guaranteed him the enjoyment of the Sound Dues as an indemnity. If such was the case, the particulars of the arrangement were never made public; but we must add, that the conjecture seems to be corroborated by some expressions contained in a recent document issued by the Danish ministry, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer. The paper in question, communicated to the minister resident of the United States in October, 1855, alluding to "the part which these Dues have played in the politics of the North of Europe," deprecates the introduction of secondary questions, "which may do very well in a purely commercial and fiscal arrangement, but not in an arrangement intended to serve as a complement to treaties of peace, and to transactions by which the system of political equilibrium has been regulated." If the treaties and transactions here spoken of occurred during the present century, — a natural

and almost necessary supposition, — they can hardly be other than the arrangements made by the Congress of Vienna.

Finally settled upon this basis, the Sound Dues have proved to be an extremely important branch of the Danish revenue, the entire income of the government from this source having averaged during the last twenty-five years about 2,000,000 rix-dollars, and for the latter part of this period nearly 2,500,000. A small portion of this is made up of the light-money, a tax amounting to two and a quarter specie dollars upon vessels in ballast, and four and a half upon vessels which are laden; and there are also certain other slight incidental charges. By far the greater amount is, however, made up of the Sound Dues proper, — the duty upon merchandise claimed by authority of a supposed prescriptive sovereignty over the Sound. It is this duty alone which is the subject of the present discussion, the United States having consented, as late as 1855, to pay its share of any charges necessary for the maintenance of lights and beacons. The number of vessels annually passing through the Sound, and paying their duties for themselves and their cargoes, varies from fifteen to twenty thousand, sometimes exceeding the latter number. Of these, full one fourth are usually English, and as many Swedish and Norwegian, the number of American vessels being very small, and averaging not much more than a hundred *per annum*. But as our vessels are all obliged to cross the Atlantic, while for the English and Continental vessels a trip up the Baltic is hardly more than a coasting voyage, the American ships are usually of larger capacity than the others, so that the amount paid by us as Sound Dues is much greater than might be supposed from the number of vessels, averaging about $ 100,000.

We are not aware that the subject of the Sound Dues attracted any particular attention in the United States until the year 1826. On the 26th of April in that year, Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, concluded at Washington a convention of friendship, commerce, and navigation, which, together with the provisions usually found in such instruments, contains the following clause: —

"V. Neither the vessels of the United States, nor their cargoes,

shall, when they pass the Sound or Belts, pay higher or other duties than those which are or may be paid by the most favored nations."

It was also provided that this convention should remain in force for ten years, and further until the end of one year after either party should give to the other notice of its intention to terminate the same.

The convention thus agreed upon, aside from its value in other respects, secured for the commerce of the United States an important and substantial advantage, since, by the clause quoted above, the amount of the duties to be paid was reduced one fifth, that is, from one and a quarter to one per cent, the former being the nominal rate paid by nations not enjoying special privileges by treaty, and therefore paid up to that time by the United States, and the latter the rate established by the treaties of Christianople and Copenhagen. It does not appear that Mr. Clay, in negotiating this convention, attempted either to deny or to evade the claim of Denmark to the Sound Dues. Avoiding all acknowledgment of their justice, he seems to have acquiesced in their existence by ancient prescription, and to have wisely limited his efforts to securing a practical diminution of the burden upon our commerce. His success in this undertaking was at the time a subject of lively congratulation among those interested, and no change is known to have been sought by our government until the administration of Mr. Tyler.

In the years 1840 and 1841, public attention was drawn anew to the subject of the Sound Dues. The nations in the North of Europe and on the Baltic felt more severely than ever the increased burden upon their commerce, and began to grow restive under the infliction. In addition to the duties themselves, which, as we have already explained, the course of trade and decline in prices were gradually rendering more and more onerous, the collection of the tolls was accompanied by unnecessary delays and vexatious ceremonies, which made the tax still more odious. Vessels bound to or returning from ports in the Baltic were obliged to lower their topsails before the castle of Cronenberg, in token of respect; to stop at Elsinore, and thus become subject to unnecessary port charges; to submit to an examination of their cargoes, and frequently to

encounter a delay, arising from the limited number of hours during which the custom-house was open, which was tedious, and, in those seas, often dangerous. These evils were a serious check upon the growing trade of the Baltic, and accordingly, at the period which we have named, there seems to have been a general movement among the nations most interested for the purpose of obtaining such modification of the regulations of the Sound as would remove the grievances complained of.

In March, 1841, Mr. Webster entered the cabinet as Secretary of State, and the movement to which we allude early attracted his attention, alive as he ever was to all that in any degree concerned the commercial prosperity of the country. On the 24th of May he addressed to the President a paper, asking his consideration of the existing regulations in regard to the Sound Dues and their influence upon our Baltic trade, and advising negotiations with Denmark for the purpose of securing a full participation in the benefit of any new arrangement.

While Mr. Webster was thus engaged in bringing the subject before the American government, England, moved by the loud complaints of her merchants, had entered into a negotiation, which, eleven days after the date of Mr. Webster's communication to the President, was brought to a successful close. As the arrangements then made are almost the only important change which has taken place in the collection of the duties since 1701, they deserve a somewhat particular explanation. The specific duties assessed by the tariff of Christianople were to remain unchanged, but Mr. McGregor (the British consul at Elsinore) and the comptroller of the Danish custom-house at the Oeresund were commissioned to examine and revise the tariff for non-enumerated articles, charged by the treaty of 1701 with a duty of one per cent *ad valorem*, and also to adjust the method of collecting the duties. Now it must be observed, that, while it was undoubtedly the intention of those who framed the tariff of 1645 to enumerate in it the principal articles of trade which passed through the Sound and Belts, still, so great has been the change in commerce, in the requirements of art, and the entire list of wants of civilized life,

that many of the articles which are now most important are not so much as named. This is especially the case with some of the staple articles of American trade in the Baltic, so that the proposition to revise the duties charged upon articles not enumerated in the treaty of Christianople intimately affected the interests of the United States.

The commissioners, adopting the principle of an *ad valorem* duty of one per cent, proceeded, for certain reasons of convenience, to fix a valuation for a long list of articles, and, computing one per cent upon this valuation, established it as a specific duty. As considerable pains were taken to obtain a correct appraisal of the articles taxed, some important reductions were made. For example, the duty on coffee was reduced from twenty-four to six stivers* per hundred-weight, that on many kinds of dye-woods was diminished to less than one fourth its former amount, and that on cotton-yarns to about one half. But that the system, owing to radical defects, still operated unequally in many cases, will be seen by the following statement in regard to the toll upon raw sugar. The duty upon this article was reduced from nine to five stivers per hundred pounds. Complaint was made that even this amounted to about two per cent on the value of common sugar, which led Mr. Webster to inquire into the circumstances, when it appeared, that, Russia having equalized the duty upon all unrefined sugars, only the better kinds of white Havana were sent up the Baltic, so that the commissioners had fixed upon a valuation which nearly doubled the proportion to be paid by low-priced sugars. This would in turn contribute, even in case of a change of the Russian policy, to exclude from the trade all except the high-priced article.

The general result, however, of the labors of the commissioners was favorable, and the satisfaction was increased by the abolition of the rule requiring the lowering of topsails before the Cronenberg, by an important reduction in the port charges at Elsinore, and by the extension of the hours during which the officers were to be in attendance at the custom-

* The Danish stiver is about 2 cents, the rix-bank-dollar 52½ cents, and the specie rix-dollar $1.05 of our money.

house, all visitation of vessels being dispensed with, and their despatch being generally facilitated. Upon receiving official information of the new tariff and regulations, Mr. Webster expressed great satisfaction with all the arrangements, and the correspondence closed so far as he was concerned. He retired from the Cabinet in May, 1843, and his place was occupied a few weeks later by Mr. Upshur, who opened the subject afresh, upon a new and unusual basis.

Following the example of Mr. Webster, the new Secretary of State addressed to the President a communication giving a general view of our commercial relations with Denmark and the Zoll-Verein. He dwelt at some length upon the subject of the Sound Dues, and declared that the time had come for taking decisive steps towards freeing our commerce entirely from this burden; arguing that, as the tax was founded upon no services rendered to navigation, it could not be demanded with any show of right, and should no longer be submitted to. Whether Mr. Upshur took any further steps in the matter does not clearly appear. No correspondence has been published, and the Danish official journal, in March, 1844, stated that nothing had passed between the two governments in regard to this subject since the negotiations under Mr. Webster. But Mr. Irwin, the representative of the United States at Copenhagen, in a despatch dated February 10, 1844, remarks that Mr. Upshur's "observations with regard to the Sound Dues, and the treaties with the Northern powers, have given rise to much comment and speculation on the part of his diplomatic colleagues," and refers to a possible refusal on the part of this country to submit to the Sound tolls any longer. The "observations" here alluded to, which may have been no more than the letter to the President before spoken of, seem in fact to have occasioned no little excitement, both in Denmark and in the North of Europe generally. Reports were widely circulated that the American government contemplated a peremptory refusal of any further payments, and that a formidable squadron was to be fitted out to act as convoy to vessels passing through the Sound; and these rumors gained so much credit, that it was thought necessary to publish a formal contradiction of them in the ministerial journal

at Copenhagen. The unfortunate disaster on board the Princeton, by which Mr. Upshur lost his life, enabled those who had given currency to these stories to retreat gracefully, and furnish an explanation for the continuance of peace.

Mr. Calhoun, who succeeded to the post of Secretary of State upon Mr. Upshur's death, seems to have attempted nothing beyond the collection of information. But it had happened, meanwhile, that the Prussian government, regarding the Sound Dues as unfavorably as the United States, had commenced negotiations, to aid the prosecution of which the king of Prussia, in the course of the year 1845, visited in person the Danish court. These efforts were so far successful, that in the following spring a proclamation appeared, reducing the dues upon raw cotton from eighteen to ten stivers per hundred pounds, on spirits from four to three stivers per barrel, and on sugar from five to four stivers on the hundred pounds. The advantages gained to our Russian trade by this change, however, do not seem to have been as great as was anticipated. The imports of cotton into Russia up to the beginning of the late war had seldom greatly exceeded 10,000,000 pounds, and had sometimes fallen nearly to 4,000,000. Russia continued to import yarns and twist from England largely, although it must be observed that the gradual increase of her own manufactures considerably diminished her wants in this respect. It is hardly necessary to remark, that England has thus generally found the Sound Dues advantageous to her manufacturing interests, while Russia has equally strong reasons for opposing them, which family alliance and sympathy alone can overcome. As the case now stands, Russia refuses admission into her ports to any vessel which does not produce evidence of having discharged the Dues at Elsinore. Prussia, with less reason for acquiescence, and feeling severely the check upon her trade, has been anxious to use every opportunity for relieving herself.

In March, 1848, disturbances commenced in the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, followed by an obstinate struggle between Prussia and Denmark, which diminished the revenue and crippled the resources of the latter so far as to embarrass the action of all departments of her government. As it ap-

peared likely that, in arranging the terms of peace, the German negotiators might insist upon the entire abolition of the Sound Dues, Mr. Flenniken, the Chargé of the United States at Copenhagen, represented the case to Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, who in return transmitted instructions to which more recent events give an unusual degree of interest. Agreeing with Mr. Flenniken that the time was favorable for opening negotiations, Mr. Buchanan entered into an elaborate argument to show the injustice of the Danish claim, dwelling at some length upon the superior advantages derived by Denmark from the reciprocity of trade, and urging that the abolition of the Sound Dues would be no more than a fair equivalent for these advantages. He instructed Mr. Flenniken to negotiate for a new treaty of commerce, providing also for exemption from toll, the exemption to be perpetual if possible, and then authorized him to make the following somewhat singular offer. As there would be considerable delay in procuring an act of Congress giving notice for the termination of the existing convention, and as the instrument provided for twelve months' delay after notice should be given, while a new treaty going into effect immediately would thus cut off the Sound Dues certainly two years sooner than could be done otherwise, Mr. Flenniken was to offer to the Danish government $250,000 as an indemnity for the amount thus lost to the royal exchequer, in return for which liberality the exemption provided by the new treaty was to be perpetual.

In compliance with these instructions, Mr. Flenniken proceeded, on the 20th of November, 1848, to open a discussion with the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, informing that officer at the outset, that, unless there were a reasonable prospect of extinguishing the dues by treaty, Congress would proceed to terminate the existing convention, and that for this purpose he must have a reliable answer on or before the 15th of the following month. This overture, which at least had the merit of decision and vigor, he followed up by a statement in writing, embracing most of the points developed in Mr. Buchanan's instructions. But as the Danish Minister objected to negotiating until the questions between his country and Germany should be arranged, Mr. Flenniken agreed to postpone

the subject until the following year, and then, — we quote from his despatch, —

"To convince him of the generous and liberal disposition of the United States towards Denmark, I informed him that, in addition to my written proposition, I would stipulate on the part of my government for the payment of $250,000, not for the purchase of a *right* enjoyed by Denmark, but as an *equitable equivalent* for that branch of her revenue which she would thus give up, and mainly to furnish a liberal precedent on the part of a government who was strictly under no obligations to pay, in order that Denmark might be enabled profitably to settle with European nations, who were in fact under obligations to submit."

This proposition was received with great satisfaction by the Minister, Count Maltke, who undoubtedly regarded it as a thinly disguised offer to purchase the extinguishment of the dues, and Mr. Flenniken was assured that the king would be urged to accept it. Nothing further seems to have been done. The resumption of hostilities with Germany broke off the negotiations, and the matter rested, until it was again brought forward by the present administration.

Mr. Marcy, as early as July 18, 1853, instructed Mr. Bedinger, the new Chargé at Copenhagen, to press the subject as soon as possible to a conclusion, and, giving an accurate account of the history of the Sound Dues, took the broad ground that the United States "can recognize no immemorial usage as obligatory, when it conflicts with natural privileges and international law." Subsequently also, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Bedinger, the Secretary wrote that the President declined authorizing him "to offer to that power any compensation for the removal of that as a favor which we have demanded as a right." The interviews which, in pursuance of these instructions, Mr. Bedinger had with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, did not result in any practical measures. Some delay was occasioned by the pending crisis in European politics, and also, in Mr. Bedinger's opinion, by the sinister influence of Russia; and the Danish authorities solicited the postponement of the discussion until tranquillity should be restored to the political world, assuring the American representative that, as soon as possible, an effort would be made to enter into arrangements with all the powers interested to abandon

the Sound tolls upon receiving *a certain compensation*, — a settlement of the question which Mr. Bedinger replied could not be made by the United States. This intimation of an intended proposition for the adjustment of the question was given in March, 1854, and nothing more seems to have been done in any quarter until the President, in his annual message, December 4, 1854, recommended to Congress that notice should be given for terminating the convention of 1826. The Danish Chargé at Washington immediately received instructions from home to present to the government of the United States a statement of what was deemed the true nature of the right claimed by Denmark. The document in which this was done relied mainly upon the argument drawn from established custom, and presented that view of the question with no little force and ingenuity. The whole argument of the Danish statement was concisely expressed in the following words: —

"His Majesty's government holds that the right of Denmark to the Sound Dues is a right existing under the law of nations, by immemorial prescription, and therefore independent of all treaties."

Hence, it was argued, the abrogation of the convention would not restore anything to the United States, nor take anything from Denmark, while, it was added, the exemption claimed by this country could not be conceded without affording our commerce an undue advantage, which other nations would immediately demand to share, and our claim was therefore equivalent to a demand for the entire abolition of the Sound Dues.

Nevertheless, the Senate proceeded to pass a resolution for giving notice of the termination of the treaty, and after a final interview, in which the Danish Minister steadily refused to listen to any proposition for abandoning the Sound Dues without some equivalent, and Mr. Bedinger as steadily refused, in compliance with his instructions, to offer "any bribe for that which was clearly our right," the notice was at last given, April 14, 1855, that after the expiration of one year the convention of April 26, 1826, would be at an end.

In regard to this measure, which is the chief result attained

by the negotiations for the remission of the Dues, several questions arise. First in order comes the inquiry, Was this abrogation of the treaty, by a resolution of the Senate, instead of an act of Congress, constitutional? This question was raised in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, and was referred to a select committee, who reported favorably to the view already taken by the Senate. It was considered, that, as the treaty provided for its own termination, and was created by the will of the President and Senate, it implied an authority by which that will might be revoked, and that this revocation must necessarily proceed from the body exercising the will. As to treaties not containing any provision for termination by the act of either party, the committee made no inquiry, regarding the presence of such a stipulation as an essential condition. It must be observed that only one case similar to the present has ever occurred in our history, and in that, — the case of the treaty with England concerning the joint occupation of Oregon, — the action of both houses of Congress was deemed necessary in order to break off the treaty. And not only was this the sole precedent, but the opinions of the courts and of individuals, frequently expressed, had almost uniformly been, that, while the President and Senate might make a treaty, Congress alone could abrogate it. As to that clause of the Constitution which declares "all treaties made under the authority of the United States" to be "the supreme law of the land," and hence, by natural and almost necessary inference, repealable only by the legislative power, the committee contented themselves with a denial of its application, and evaded the direct argument. They also contended that

> "The President and Senate could certainly terminate this treaty, or any other, with the consent of the opposite contracting party, by the negotiation of a new treaty, in terms annulling it. And what is the present case but such consent, providing in advance for its termination on a contingency, and without negotiations?"

But, it must be replied, the consent here spoken of is a mere stipulation as to the mode of procedure in abrogating the treaty, and not by any means a consent to the abrogation

itself, like that implied in the adoption of a new treaty; and while the Constitution may give to the President and Senate a right to *supersede* a treaty, in such a manner as insures the continuance of friendly relations, it can hardly be argued that therefore it is intended to give them power to *break off* all treaty connections, — a step which in most cases would be deemed preliminary to hostilities. On the contrary, (most of the reasoning upon this question being general and inferential,) this power might be very properly sought for in the charge of that body which possesses the war-making power, that is, of Congress.

The question was practically settled for the present by a vote of the Senate, declaring its previous action to be proper and sufficient; but the legal question as to the limits of executive power in such cases is interesting, and can hardly be said to have received a satisfactory solution. We must add, however, that, as regards the treaty with Denmark, the question is merely a matter of domestic concern, and does not affect the validity of the notice given to that power.

But besides this constitutional question, a grave inquiry presents itself, whether the abrogation of the treaty was a judicious measure. It cannot be pretended that this step was necessary in order to place our government in a position to claim and negotiate for the complete remission of the Dues; for it was not admitted on either side that the convention of 1826 implied any obligation to continue the payment, or indeed had any effect at all upon the general question as regards this country. The convention merely regulated the payment while it should continue, the United States contending that the question as to the right of Denmark to the tolls was held in abeyance, Denmark claiming that her right existed prior to any treaty, and both denying that any new obligation was incurred by this country in 1826. The abrogation of the convention can, then, be construed only as a preliminary step towards a refusal to pay the tolls; and we must now inquire whether the time had arrived for such a measure.

It is of course understood that Denmark could not grant an immunity to ships sailing under one flag and deny it to

others. On the contrary, a concession of free passage to one nation would be a virtual surrender of the entire sovereignty claimed by her over the Sound. If, then, our vessels should attempt to enter the Baltic without paying the dues, it is certain that Denmark would enforce payment, and that hostilities would be the natural consequence of such an attempt. It is then fair to expect, that such measures for throwing off the imposition would be resorted to only in the last extremity, if at all; only after diplomacy had failed, conciliatory offers had been rejected, and all efforts to obtain a peaceful settlement of the question had proved unavailing. Now it appears that when Mr. Bedinger first opened negotiations under the present administration in December, 1853, nearly five years had elapsed since the last previous communication upon the subject had taken place. Mr. Bedinger had three interviews with the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, the last in March, 1854, when it appeared that the Danish government had certain propositions to offer as soon as there was an opportunity for a general arrangement, to which the Minister said "he had strong reasons for believing that we would assent." The time was certainly unpropitious for negotiation, and, even with the utmost alacrity on the part of Denmark, it is difficult to see how she could then have taken steps for adjusting a question of European interest. With a serious quarrel between the Diet and the Ministry, threatening a political if not an armed revolution, and paralyzing her energies, her finances exhausted by the recent struggle with Germany, — with a near prospect of a general European war in which she might be compelled to take an active part, the two nations most deeply interested in the question of the Sound Dues then actually engaged in hostilities, and each eager to thwart any arrangement beneficial to the commerce of the other, — it is not surprising that Denmark was reluctant to enter upon the discussion of this important subject, and not surprising that she should ask to have the matter deferred. And as our government had been willing to allow the question to slumber for five years, it was to be expected, that, under such circumstances, it would not hastily proceed to extremities.

These considerations, however, appear to have had no

weight at Washington. No further communication was held with the Danish government, and if any took place with the Danish Chargé in this country, it has not appeared in the published documents. Mr. Bedinger called the attention of the Secretary of State to the subject, but received no answer. Nothing more was heard of the matter until the President's recommendation, in December, 1854, to break off the existing convention. We believe that no argument is required to show that such a step as this was unwise and premature. Considering that for five years the question had been suffered to rest; that negotiations were finally opened at a time when it was manifestly impossible for Denmark to act promptly, and hardly honorable to ask her to act at all; that then negotiations were opened upon a basis notoriously impracticable, without any effort or apparent desire to learn upon what terms a settlement could be made; that they were abruptly closed four months later; and that, after eight months' silence, a measure was resorted to which was avowedly designed to settle the dispute in the most offensive manner, and in the way most likely to lead to interruption of peaceful relations, — we may fairly say that a policy was pursued such as would hardly have been adopted with an opponent of more formidable military or naval strength. If such duties had been levied for centuries at Tangier or Gibraltar, and constituted as important a part of the revenues of Great Britain as the Sound tolls do of the income of Denmark, we should hardly call so peremptorily upon England to abandon the whole, and, without seeking for any middle ground of agreement, proceed to resist all further payments, after an acquiescence of three quarters of a century.

Forced to act amid these unfavorable circumstances, the Danish government drew up a plan for a general congress of the powers interested, to meet at Copenhagen as early as possible. This document, communicated to our government early in October, 1855, after explaining the position in which Denmark found herself, and the necessity for action occasioned by the course of the United States, and premising that a mere revision of the tariff of Sound Dues would not satisfy the positive demands of this country, suggested the project of

capitalization, and proposed that the quota to be paid by each nation should be ascertained by the quantity of merchandise passing through the Sound and Belts, as far as the Sound Dues proper were concerned, and by the number of vessels of each flag as regarded the light-money and similar duties. It was of course indispensable that this arrangement should be concurred in simultaneously by all the powers interested.

"Besides this condition, there is yet another which the Danish government regards as essential: it is, that the affair in question should be treated, not as a commercial or money transaction, but as a political matter. This would correspond with the history of the Sound Dues, with the part which these dues have played in the politics of the North of Europe; otherwise it were impossible to give to the negotiation the necessary scope and character, in order that it may not be encumbered by questions of a secondary class, which may do very well in a purely commercial and fiscal arrangement, but not in an arrangement intended to serve as a complement to treaties of peace, and to transactions by which the system of political equilibrium has been regulated."

The condition thus introduced into the Danish project was alone sufficient to insure its rejection by the United States; and in his reply, dated November 3, 1855, Mr. Marcy very justly remarked: —

"Of the utility or wisdom of the political theory of the balance of power, in its application to the European family of nations, it is not proposed to express an opinion; but enough of its operations has been seen to impress upon this government a fixed determination to avoid being brought within its vortex. It has long been the cherished policy of this government to avoid such a dangerous complicity, and the President will not yield in any case to the slightest relaxation of it."

But prudent and judicious as was the course of our government in this respect, there are views set forth in its answer to the Danish proposal which seem to be of more doubtful propriety. It is objected by the Secretary, that the proposed congress was not authorized to pass upon the question as to the original rights of Denmark. But this objection is scarcely a reasonable one; for if Denmark had proposed to submit that question to a tribunal interested in the defeat of her claim, she might have saved herself the trouble of a formal

congress. The offer to arrange a plan, with the concurrence of the other powers, for the extinguishment of the Dues, without material detriment to her own prosperity, was as much as could reasonably be expected, and was certainly as much as we ourselves, in such a situation, should have offered. But the grand objection to the proposed congress undoubtedly arose from the fixed determination to consent to nothing short of a complete surrender of the tolls, — a position already laid down, as we have seen, in the most explicit terms, and now repeated in the remark that Denmark must expect no proposition to be "favorably entertained, if it should include, either expressly or impliedly, any compensation for the surrender of her pretended right to control the free use by our ships of the Sound and the Belts of the Baltic."

We have already shown that the right to levy dues in the Sound is held to exist by immemorial prescription, rather than by any specific principle of the law of nations. Denmark rests her claim upon that ancient and continued possession, which, by the municipal law of all countries, is held to confer a right of property, and not upon any express grant or general principle. This claim has been admitted for centuries by all the maritime powers of Europe, and acquiesced in by our own government for nearly the whole period of our national existence. The essential principle upon which it rests is one which could not by any possibility be adduced in support of a claim of recent origin, so that the parallel drawn between the Sound Dues and the tribute exacted by the Barbary powers, and the assertion that, if the Danish claim were admitted, similar demands might be made at the Straits of Gibraltar, or of Messina, or at the Dardanelles, are alike unfounded and preposterous. In each of these cases there would be wanting the fundamental idea of prescription, upon which alone Denmark founds her claim to the Sound Dues proper.

It is clear, then, that no precedent could be established in this case which would bind us to submit to the unfounded demands of any power in the future, and we may inquire whether, with reference to this single case alone, the policy of our government has been the most judicious that could be

adopted. So far as the question concerns our interest, the quota which this country would furnish for capitalizing the Sound Dues would not defray the charges of the smallest squadron which we should send to the Baltic as convoy, leaving out of view the possibility of a long naval contest. As to the point of honor, — the only other motive which can have influenced our course, — it is generally found that no individual is eager to distinguish himself above his fellows in the defence of his personal reputation, unless he is conscious that it requires more than ordinary support, and is peculiarly liable to be called in question. A settlement of this disputed claim which should be satisfactory to the European powers, whose pecuniary share in it is tenfold greater than our own, — powers as jealous in defence of their rights and as watchful over their interests as ourselves, whose naval force could by a single blow strike Denmark from her place among the independent nations of the Continent, — would not be unworthy of our acceptance. And it is also to be considered whether our national reputation would be most advanced by an over-scrupulous attention to our own rights, or by a generous deference to the situation and feelings of others. The claim preferred by Denmark is one which she has been encouraged to make by the world and by ourselves, and the position of this country, its wealth and its power, place it so far above all suspicion of timidity or constraint, that we can well afford to judge that claim with a liberal spirit of equity, rather than by a rigid and exacting estimate of our legal obligations. Without admitting any necessity which compels such a course, we can honorably concede something to the demands of a weaker nation, — demands not recent or of any ordinary nature. Without denying the justice of our own views, we can gracefully yield to the opinions of others, so far as to accept a middle ground of conciliation and harmony.

Notwithstanding the refusal of the United States, a congress assembled at Copenhagen, during the last winter, in which England, France, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, the Netherlands, Spain, Belgium, and Denmark were represented, and after consultation the Danish delegates made the following proposition. Setting the annual income of the Sound

Dues at 1,750,000 rix-dollars, — a considerable sacrifice, since, as we have seen, the average product of the tolls is over 2,000,000, — twenty years' purchase would give a capital of 35,000,000. This amount, which was to include all dues on ships as well as cargoes, was to be apportioned according to the merchandise imported and exported, Denmark paying her share with the others, and the arrangement was to be agreed to by all the powers represented, before it should become obligatory. Upon this basis the proportion to be paid by England would be more than 10,000,000 rix-dollars, nearly one third of the whole, that of Russia nearly as much, while the United States would be called upon for 2,100,000 or $ 1,050,000. While these negotiations were pending, the year's notice prescribed by the convention of 1826 came to an end, but our government agreed with the Danish to continue the operation of the treaty for two months longer. We believe that no official announcement has been made of the course finally adopted at the expiration of the treaty in June last, but it is understood that the question has been bequeathed to the next administration.

Sweden and Russia immediately gave in their adherence to the Danish proposition, and other powers are understood to be ready to take a similar step, if there should be a prospect of its general adoption. But the disposition of the British government to oppose the scheme of capitalization, for a time destroyed the hope of a speedy adjustment. Lord Palmerston's cabinet, contrary to the opinions of the press, and, it is believed, of the country, is said to have objected to the plan for entirely extinguishing the Sound Dues, and is understood to have submitted a proposition, intended to perpetuate the exactions, by simply providing that they shall be collected at the ports of entry and of departure in the Baltic, instead of Elsinore. But more recent advices give us reason to hope that this objection has been withdrawn, and that England has been induced to accede to the scheme of capitalization, while at the same time it is said that France, also following the lead of her great ally, is about to signify her compliance with the proposed arrangements. Certain it is, that, — leaving out of view all desire to check the commerce of Russia by imposing

indirectly import and export duties, and passing by all fears of diminishing the British exports to the Baltic by opening the trade fairly to the producers of raw material as well as to manufacturers, — no British statesman should be unmindful of the necessity of a speedy settlement of this question, not only to the true commercial interests of his own country, but to the peace of Europe, to which the continuance of the Sound Dues now offers a perpetual menace.

The United States are, then, the only important power whose consent to the Danish scheme has not been given; and taking into consideration therefore our independent position, — free as we are from all the complicities of European politics, — our unquestioned ability to enforce our will in a contest with Denmark alone, our ample means to pay the small sum required to free our commerce from these restrictions, without its being felt in the slightest degree by our national finances, the great importance of this concession to Denmark, and the fact that it can never by any possibility be distorted into a precedent, because no similar case can ever arise, we believe that the honor, dignity, and interest of this country will be far better sustained by yielding with an easy grace to this demand, than by the most successful war which might grow out of a determined adherence to an abstract principle.

And finally, it must be borne in mind that all our efforts to sustain our rights by assuming a belligerent attitude may easily be rendered nugatory by those Northern powers who have acceded to the Danish proposals, and whose interest impels them to seek the accession of all the nations concerned. We have already referred to the refusal of Russia to open her ports to vessels which have not paid the Dues at Elsinore. In the event of our refusal to unite in the compromise, that nation has only to extend this policy to vessels not released from payment by treaty, and our Baltic trade is cut off, without hope of redress or opportunity for complaint. The Northern powers may well refuse to receive into their ports vessels which have evaded or refused the payment of duties to which they willingly subject their own navigation; nor can we expect them, by giving a preference to our ships over theirs, voluntarily to place in our hands the carrying trade to and from their own ports.

From all these considerations, then, we believe that it is clearly the most certain, the most manly, and the simplest way of closing the affair on our part, to join with other nations in the amicable settlement of this question, and, by an inconsiderable sacrifice, to free our commerce for ever from this imposition, and from all danger of interference by the great Northern powers.

Art. IV. — *Provinces d' Origine Roumaine. Valachie, Moldavie, Bukovine, Transylvanie, Bessarabie.* Par M. A. Ubicini. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 1856. 8vo. pp. 226.

In that dullest quarter of Modern Rome which lies in the hollow between the Capitol and the Quirinal hills, where the stately gloom of the Torlonia and Valentini palaces throws a superfluous quiet upon chapels from which the beauty has faded and shops from which the trade has departed, stands a monument of ancient Rome which keeps a fresher and more youthful grace than shop or chapel or palace. Of all the remains of the Pagan Empire, none binds so well the Present with the Past, none restores so fully the customs and the glories of the realm of the Cæsars. The loungers of the city — not a small class — love to come after their morning "collazione" of crust and coffee, and decipher by the eastern sunlight the stirring narrative wreathed in marble around that slender shaft, — how Trajan bridged the great Northern river, and received the barbarian ambassadors, and vanquished with his steady legions their ferocious bands, and added that vast wild region to the Roman dominion. The greatest of modern conquerors, seeking to perpetuate a memorial of his victories, could find no better model than this Roman pillar. The column of the Place Vendome, the ornament of Paris, is only an imitation of the column which has remained almost unmutilated for seventeen centuries in the Forum of Trajan.

It is rumored that the present French Emperor intends to commemorate by another similar monument the victories of the late war in the East; — victories, some of them, gained in

the very region which was the theatre of Trajan's triumphs. Whether that monument be built or not, one of the incidental results of the war has been to bring into notice a region which more than any other in Europe has been neglected by travellers, of which the geography was but little known, and the historical interest almost lost. Few still are aware that these Danubian Principalities, the insignificant cause of so serious a conflict, are part of that Dacia which Trajan thought worth subduing at such a fearful cost of life and treasure. Until recently, this fertile and populous country, in the very heart of Europe, was almost as much separated from general interest as the steppes of Siberia or the islands of Japan. It has been taken for granted that there was nothing to see in its dirty towns and nothing to learn from its stupid peasantry. Having no remarkable ruins, it could of course have no history. And many an inquisitive voyager, who would not miss a fragment of Italian antiquity, has steamed comfortably down the Danube, quite unconscious that he was passing the greatest battle-field of races and religions in Europe, — a field on which for a score of ages civilization has fought with barbarism, the rough North with the polished South, the Scythian and the Hun with the Celt and the Teuton, the armies of Islam with the armies of the Cross.

If the late war has not improved the condition of these Danubian provinces, it has at least partially raised the veil which hid them. Tourists of a week or two have got near enough to see Bucharest and Galatz, and to write some generalities about the people. The exact works of some foreign writers, De Gérando, Anagnosti, Soutzo, and Lavallée, have been brought into notice, and the English public have been invited to judge concerning the territory which ought not to belong to Turkey, yet must not belong to Russia. The latest valuable publication on the subject of these provinces is the work of Ubicini. In a clear and spirited French style, he gives a thorough account of the provinces of Roumania, — topography, statistics, history, and biography, — all that one wants to know. His classification of topics is as admirable as his treatment of them. Chronological tables and accurate maps assist his description, and abundant references verify his

facts. Of all the geographical works which the firm of Didot has issued, there is no one more difficult or more successful; and this is high praise, when we remember how Pauthier has written about China, and how La Croix has written about Patagonia and the Southern Isles.

According to M. Ubicini, the proper limits of Roumania are the same as those of ancient Dacia, extending from the Dniester on the east to the Theiss on the west, from the Danube on the south to the parallel line of the Carpathian Mountains on the north, with a small sea-coast on the Euxine between the mouths of the Danube and the Dniester. Photino, in his Modern Greek history of Dacia, published at Vienna in 1818, makes the boundaries somewhat narrower, while ancient writers include in the limits of Dacia provinces which now belong to Illyria and the Adriatic coast. The name Roumania, which is a general name for this vast region, comes from its occupation by Roman colonists whom Trajan sent to replace the tribes which he scattered. Though the blood of the present inhabitants is mixed with that of many alien races, the aristocratic name is claimed by all. The name "Wallach" is only a translation into the Slavonic dialect of the Greek ῥωμαῖος, *strong*, and is the same boastful title.

In all this region of Roumania there is a general identity of language, customs, traditions, and religion. But its political relations are diverse. The western half, included between the Danube, the Carpathians, and the Theiss, is part of the Austrian Empire. It includes the provinces now known as Transylvania, Bukovina, and the Banat of Temesvar; an area of more than eleven hundred square miles, with a population of nearly 2,400,000 of different races. In one thing these races are harmonious, — hatred of their Austrian masters. The eastern strip of land, some three hundred miles long, with an average breadth of seventy miles, between the Dniester and the Pruth, is the Russian province of Bessarabia. Its population, Tartar in the south and Slavonic in the north, is not more than 800,000, very much scattered, with only a single important city, Kischenew. One third of the inhabitants of this city are Jews, and throughout the province they are numerous.

The remaining region of ancient Dacia, comprising nearly six thousand square leagues of territory, belongs politically to the Turkish empire. It is this which is now known by the name of the "Danubian Principalities." Its whole population is about four millions. It consists of two principal provinces, Wallachia and Moldavia, which, though quite distinct in their management and policy, are usually spoken of together as "Moldo-Wallachia." Wallachia, the larger, extends, in the form of an irregular parallelogram from east to west, about three hundred miles, with an average width of a hundred and fifty miles. It is separated from Transylvania by the Carpathian range, and from Turkey proper, Bulgaria, and Servia by the Danube, which makes nearly two thirds of its frontier. The river Sereth and a small stream called Milkow separate it from Moldavia. This latter province stretches from north to south about two hundred miles, having an average breadth of a hundred miles. Its eastern boundary is the Pruth, its western the Carpathians, and on the northwest is the small province of Bukovina. It is watered in its whole length by the river Sereth, which empties into the Danube about twelve miles above the mouth of the Pruth. In both provinces is there the same distinction of the Highland and Lowland. Wallachia is, moreover, divided by the Olto, its largest river, into Great and Little Wallachia.

Few regions of the world have been more favored by nature than these provinces. In a comparatively narrow space, they enclose all varieties of surface and landscape, all varieties of soil except barren soil. From the mountain rampart, which for half the year is crowned with shining snow, numberless rivers pour fertility upon the swelling plains; and some affirm that they bear sands like the sands of Pactolus. No laborious enriching is needed; but the easy toil of the sower is rewarded by twenty-fold of wheat, thirty-fold of rye, and of millet *three hundred* fold. The hills are full of mines. One has hardly to dig to come upon copper, iron, mercury, sulphur, and coal, and there are whole mountains of salt, which yet wait for some enterprising hand to remove the thin mantle of soil which conceals them. Fruit-trees grow in forests; and the mountains, girdled with woods of apricot, pear, and cherry,

might be mistaken, according to an enthusiastic writer, for the finest of French gardens. The luscious wines rival the famed Hungarian Tokay. On the slopes myriads of horses and cattle find inexhaustible pasture. In the thickets the abundance of game tantalizes and tires the sportsman. The honey of Tergowist perpetuates the memory of Hybla, and the parable of Job is repeated, — "I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil." This exceeding richness and productiveness is not an Oriental hyperbole, but is proved by prosaic figures. For the ten years from 1837 to 1847, the annual export of cattle and horses amounted to three millions of dollars, and the entire value of exports to nearly twelve millions. This amount is small as compared with the exports of England or France. But it must be remembered that the Moldo-Wallachians are not a commercial people, have no sea-board, have few wants, and raise little more than they consume. Their imports fall short of their exports, and, except in the cities, are next to nothing. They are less than three dollars per head for the whole population.

The climate of the provinces is marked by great extremes, yet great steadiness. From November to May are five months when the atmosphere and landscape are those of a Russian winter; the raiment is of fur, and the sledge is the carriage. From April to December are seven months of a genuine Grecian summer, — cloudless skies, balmy breezes, and out-of-door life. The local diseases are few, and the chief loss of life is from the epidemics, which visit the healthiest regions most fatally, and the catastrophes of war, to which this land seems for ever doomed. The number of mineral springs in Wallachia ought to make it the "Baden" of the Russian empire, when Russia gets civilized enough to covet such a luxury. More than forty, of various kinds, are reckoned.

The people of the Danubian provinces are not dwellers in cities. In the whole of Wallachia there are not more than half a dozen towns of more than ten thousand inhabitants, and only one city that would be called large by a Western nation. This city, Bucharest, if we should judge from its number of churches and convents, might be termed, like Athens

in Paul's day, "very religious." Its picturesque appearance as seen from the Dimbovitza, covering an immense plain, twelve miles in circuit, the dwellings embowered in trees and gardens, disappears when one walks through the dirty streets. Scarcely any of the hundred and sixty churches, synagogues, and convents are worth visiting, and there are no historical monuments except an old hospital. Braila and Giurgevo, formerly fortresses, commanding bends of the Danube, are now the great grain-depots of Wallachia. Tergowist, a small city in the upland region, has legends of heroism joined to its castle. The city of Krajowa, the capital of Little Wallachia, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants.

In Moldavia there are only two important cities, Jassy and Galatz. The former, on a hill near the Pruth, has a magnificent site, and is not wholly lacking in objects of interest. The palace of the Governor is less hideous than those shapeless masses which mark in the East the homes of royalty; there are some respectable churches, and every one will wish to see the tower of Basil, the Draco of Roumanian princes. Galatz, on the Danube, has become well known in the stories of the recent war. It has resident consuls of the principal European states, and as a centre of foreign trade has considerable importance. The wooden pavement of the old town, consisting of timbers laid across the street, is an object of curiosity to strangers. It is, however, common in the Wallachian towns.

The prevailing Roumain race, which forms about nine tenths of the whole population, is descended from the union of the Roman colonists with the native tribes of the land. But there are numerous other races. Greeks, brought in by the chances of commerce, of which they always want the handling, and by the Phanariot dynasty, which gave privilege to their stock; Bulgarians, driven by recent persecutions across the Danube to exercise their calling as herdsmen and farmers on the neutral ground where, more than ten centuries before, their ancestors found refuge; Armenians, whose numbers, considerable in the eleventh century, when a Persian invasion forced them out of their own country to find a retreat in Europe, have been swelled by repeated immigrations; Jews and Gypsies, — all make up an alien population, whose

influence is proportionally far greater than their numbers. In Wallachia, the hair and accent of the Hebrew race indicate their Spanish lineage, and recall that bitter exodus from the land of Isabella the Catholic to the freer realm of the Moslem infidel. In Moldavia, on the contrary, the cities and villages swarm with the yellow-haired Jews of Poland, who speak a nondescript dialect compounded of German and Russian, and engross many of the lucrative trades, change the money, run the expresses, keep the taverns, and distil the liquors. Their Oriental cast of feature has led some to believe that they are descendants of the Avares, that Tartar race which, in the ninth century, embraced the Jewish faith.

The curious race of Gypsies, so puzzling to the ethnologists, can be studied to better advantage in the Principalities than in any other part of Europe. They number one sixteenth of the whole population, — at least a quarter of a million. For four centuries, if no longer, they have been observed among the people, and their anomalous position has perplexed more than one shrewd ruler. They have always been regarded as an inferior race, the posterity of slaves, and fit only for the condition of servitude. Yet it is hard to make good slaves of them, or to hold them in even an easy subjection. Few are content to belong to the stationary class, the "Vatrachs," who labor in the field or serve in the house. The greater part prefer to be "Lajachs," leading the life of nomads, supported by the small manufactures which they can carry on in their wanderings, — wooden spoons and cups, and the like, — or to be "Nototsi," genuine vagabonds, with no occupation but that of plunder, and no home but the forest, the haystack, or the decks of river-boats. Three fifths are nominally slaves. The romance which such writers as Borrow have thrown around the Bohemian wanderers is dissipated for the Gypsies of the Danube. Here is no poetical side to their squalid degradation. The Zingaro bears no light guitar, nor does "la Gitana" read naïvely the riddle of the palm. They are truly what the honest Dutchmen name them, "Keidenez," *heathen*. They are as lazy and wicked as Caliban, and as fond of the bottle as Trinculo.

Considered as citizens, the people of Moldo-Wallachia may

be divided into two distinct classes, — those who do not pay taxes, and those who do. The first class, of course, is the smaller; but it is, nevertheless, redundantly large. It consists of all the nobles, all the officers of state and men in their employ, all the priests and monks, the lay-brethren in the religious establishments, soldiers, house-servants, and numerous others, near seven hundred thousand in all. This class of exempts have the power of the state in their hands, and exclusively manage what the rest contribute. The taxable class are the licensed manufacturers and traders, who are assessed according to the business which they do, and the farmers and shepherds, most of whom are peasants attached to the land, like the serfs of Russia. The connection, however, is reciprocal. If the peasant goes with the land, the land goes with the peasant, at least all of it which he needs for his support. Each peasant of the better class is entitled to nine *pogones*, or about eleven acres of arable land, for himself and his family, which the noble owner cannot take from him. In pay for this, he is bound to give the owner twenty-eight days of various sorts of labor, and the tithe of his harvest in every kind, and to pay an extra price on those articles which are the monopoly of the landholders, such as bread, wine, and brandy. This would make about twelve dollars of average annual rent. But the difficulty of getting products to market, the additional tax for military and road service, and numerous other exactions, swell the annual tax of the farming peasant to twenty per cent of his scanty income. The acres of the Wallach are more heavily burdened than the acres of the Welchman.

The licensed merchants of the Principalities are too few to be of much economical significance. The *bourgeoisie* of Bucharest and Jassy are mostly Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, and are not much considered in the matter of raising revenue. They scarcely obstruct the chasm which separates the adscript of the soil from the aristocratic Boyard. The title Boyard, in its origin, is rather less dignified than that of Cavalier. It meant "ox-driver," referring to the military cars which bore the warriors in battle, of which oxen were the steeds. In the fifteenth century this term became the badge

of nobility. It would be tedious to describe the ranks of this nobility, such as it was instituted by Rodolph IV., and such as it now exists in fragments, with the intrusion of an exotic aristocracy, which have wrested from it almost everything but its pride, its privilege, and its boast of ancestry. The genuine Boyards now are mostly poor, and must see with shame and sorrow the lands of their fathers in the hands of Greek adventurers. The great offices of state have passed from their control, and the functions of Hetman and Vornik and Postelnik are filled by men to whom the Roumain language is an unknown tongue. But the new nobility has borrowed the ancient titles, and the holders of power claim to be Boyards as much as the proud paupers, who hate them. In Moldavia the oligarchy numbers about three hundred in its higher class. In Wallachia it is more concentrated, and is confined to seventy.

The actual form of government in the Principalities is that of a semi-republican oligarchy. Each province has for its chief a *Hospodar*, or bey, chosen for life by a special assembly, consisting in Wallachia of 190, and in Moldavia of 132 members. The metropolitan, the bishops, Boyards of the first and second rank, deputies of the districts and deputies of corporations in a limited number, belong to this extraordinary assembly. The Hospodar has very extensive powers, the choice of the five heads of departments, and a civil list of $ 120,000. He nominates also all the officers of state. The legislative body, or chamber of deputies, is partly elected by the inferior nobility, and partly made up from the higher Boyards. It has in Wallachia forty-three, and in Moldavia thirty-eight members. The prelates in either country are members *ex officio*. The subdivisions of the country are like those of France, into districts, arrondissements, and communes. Each district has its capital. Twenty of the cities have municipal administration by a board of four or five selectmen, elected for three years by the suffrages of the voters. The chief of each district has the title of "Ispravnik."

The judicial administration is simple. Each province has its high Court of Cassation, its divans of appeal, its district courts, its courts of commerce, and, in every village, its justices

of the peace, a court of three persons annually elected by the commune. These last hold their sittings on Sunday, after the church service, at the house and under the direction of the parish priest. At the head of the department is the Minister of Justice, one of the Hospodar's cabinet.

The military organization of the Principalities is of three kinds. There is a regular army, in which all the taxable population are liable to serve, an army of mounted guards, to constitute the *gendarmerie* of the country, and a large force of frontier guards, who have the special charge of exposed points, and make a supplement to the movable force of the regular troops. The whole number of soldiers in both the provinces is somewhat less than thirty thousand. The ordinary term of service in the regular army is six years, during which the soldier is exempt from taxation. By continuing for three terms, or eighteen years, he may secure a permanent exemption. The commander-in-chief in Moldavia is called a Hetman, in Wallachia the Grand Spathar. This is the ordinary military service. But extraordinary occasions, in so exposed a country, are constantly arising, and it usually happens that a much larger proportion of the people is under arms and withdrawn from productive labor. The men make good soldiers, but the discipline is inferior to that of the armies of Western Europe. The artillery is inferior to the infantry.

The revenue of the government comes in large measure from direct taxation. But there are monopolies, customs, and public lands which yield a considerable sum. The two largest items of expense are the civil list of the Hospodars, and the annual tribute to the Porte, amounting for both provinces to three millions of piasters, or nearly $ 200,000. Though the administration is so simple, it rarely happens that there is any surplus revenue. Officials enough are found to make way with all that can be gathered, and the balance-sheet of the state too often shows a deficit. There is no danger, however, of a burdensome national debt, so long as the commerce with foreign nations goes on increasing. In five years it has gained one third. In the year 1853, from the single port of Galatz 859 vessels were despatched, loaded with upwards of 550,000 bushels of grain, one half at least for England. A

large addition to this foreign commerce will be one of the sure results of the late war, and more ports on the Danube will undoubtedly be opened.

The religion of the Principalities is that of the Greek Church. Some have supposed that the claim of protection over them, which Russia has so often put forth, proves an identity of faith and ritual. But the truth is otherwise. There are minor differences in the liturgy and the arrangement of the feasts, while the pretension of the Czar to spiritual lordship is vehemently rejected. Nothing puts an Athenian in a passion more quickly, than to hint that he has any ecclesiastical connection with Moscow, and the Wallach quite as wrathfully brands the whole realm of Russia as schismatic. His patriarch is anointed from Constantinople by the successor of Chrysostom, and not by the creature of any worldly Cæsar. His spiritual tribute is sent to the Bosporus, and not to the Baltic. The Russian choir is no better to the orthodox Greek than the Franciscan organ or the synagogue chant. The prelates of the provinces are not numerous. The metropolitan bishop of Bucharest has but three suffragans, and the metropolitan of Jassy only two. These prelates have overweening political influence, and more than once the temporal destinies of the people have been in the hands of the spiritual ruler. In the revolution of 1848, his Grace of Wallachia found himself in rather a tight place, between the enraged nobles and the excited peasants. No officer of state keeps such dignity, or is treated with so much deference, as he. There is even a greater contrast between the priest and the archbishop in this rude region, than between a Cornwall curate and my Lord of Canterbury.

The chief distinction between the priests of the Greek and the Roman Churches is in the wearing of hair and the permission of marriage. The "*papas*," or parish curates, of the Greek rite abhor the tonsure and love the ornament of flowing locks. They are family men, too; and being exempt from taxes, and sure of support, are usually blessed with a patriarchal progeny. They are generally ignorant in the extreme, unable to read the prayers which they whine through the nostrils as they have learned them by the ear, — unable to

write in their returns the receipts for which they must account. They have no hope of rising higher, for the chief offices of the Church are not recruited from their body, — no fear of falling lower, since they are already on the social level of the common peasantry. Their beard is their badge and their pride.

The aristocracy of the Church is in the convents, or is taken from them. Convent life, in the Greek Church, though fallen much from its ancient zeal, has yet far more of the spirit and fanaticism of the fourth century than anything to be found in the Latin communion. If the austerities are less than those of Antony, and the scholarship less than that of Basil, there is a large surplus of spiritual pride. If they observe the vow of chastity better than the old Benedictines, they are quite as lenient to the sin of simony, and their temper is quite as Erastian. The most perplexing question in every modern revolution in the Danubian provinces is, what to do with the monasteries. Half of them, by the possession of trust-funds, or by the force of circumstances, have come to be appendages of foreign powers and establishments, and their revenues are accordingly alienated. The perversion of legacies at Oxford and Cambridge is not worse than the use which the priors of Moldavian convents have made of their overgrown income. Some of it goes to Mount Athos, and some to Mount Sinai, some to Antioch, and more to Alexandria. Upwards of a hundred great farms pay tribute to the Holy Sepulchre. It was attempted in 1848 to check this perversion, and the provisional government decreed what the king of Sardinia has dared to do. But the mischief goes on. The "Hegoumeni" hide their title-deeds, cheat the people, and intrigue for office. Thousands of dollars, meant for the support of piety and the relief of suffering at home, go abroad, no one knows whither, and the bequests of the Wallachian Girards and Smithsons have not even been spent upon brick and mortar, or squandered in legislation.

The Roumanians are a religious people, if excessive devotion to the fasts and feasts, the symbols and ceremonies of their Church, is religion. They are to Greece proper what the Tyrol is to Italy, three centuries behind the religion of the age. One hundred and ten are their annual *meagre* days,

when the flesh is mortified. Scarcely a week is without its festival. The processions at Christmas, if not as splendid as those of Rome, are as grotesque as those of Malta. The Easter Feast lasts eight days, and is celebrated by as many calls as a New York New-Year's day, by riding and candy-throwing like a Catholic carnival, by an everlasting ringing of bells, and by universal stuffing, which makes harvest for the doctors in the succeeding week. The charming Feast of Flora, a baptized relic of Paganism, is kept on the first Sunday in May. The days for hiring houses and moving are the Feast of St. George in the spring, and of St. Demetrius in the autumn. The first day of the year is the Feast of St. Basil, the patron saint of the ascetics and pietists.

They have no culture worth mentioning, either in or out of the monasteries, yet they are, perhaps for this reason, soundly orthodox, boast of the Nicene Creed, the seven sacraments, and the antiquity of their prayer-book. Being so strong in the faith, they can afford to be tolerant. Jews and Romanists are endured, and have the same rights as Greeks. There are nearly a hundred Romish churches in the provinces. Islam, however, they cannot abide, and no mosque or Moslem prayer is suffered to profane their soil.

The ceremony of espousal and marriage, among the Roumanians, has a quaint and ludicrous stateliness. It begins with an embassy as formal as that of an English royal marriage, and ends with an imitation of the rape of the Sabines. Several lies are told, there is much playful equivocation and much fictitious wrath, pompous and pious speeches, drawn swords and pistol-shots, and a ride like the chase of "the young Lochinvar." The funeral ceremony, on the other hand, has much to remind one of the old classic stories. The dying man bears in his hand a lighted candle, while the priest recites the parting prayer, and the dead man bears in his hand a piece of money to pay his fare across the Styx. Above the bier of the dead is laid his dagger. The bearers, the horses, and the retinue go shrouded in black, like the "Misericordia" of Florence. Before the funeral-car is borne a basket of unleavened bread, to be eaten for the soul of the departed. Behind go the priests, and the kindred, all carrying torches. Many

times the procession is stopped, to gaze upon and praise and weep over the corpse. The grave is a shrine. Candles are burned there, consecrated bread is left there, and it is constantly visited. The portion that the dead would have used is given to the poor on the anniversary of his dying; and in many ways the idea of dissolution is evaded. After the third year, when some new death takes place in the family, the body is exhumed, washed with wine, and with its fellow-corpse is laid in a new tomb. The Greeks do not believe in purgatory, yet among the peasantry prayers for the dead are enjoined and offered.

No land is more rich in popular superstitions than Roumania. Fairies are as much an article of faith as saints. The ruins are all haunted, and vampires suck the blood of victims while they fan them with their wings. Witches abound in the shape of old women, and many dare not go out after sunset on Tuesday and Friday, which are the witches' evenings for walking. The charm which drives the devils away is a slip of paper dipped in consecrated water and fixed upon the cranium. The songs of the people are filled with the stories of dragons and fabulous monsters, whose jaws are the jaws of Leviathan, whose strength the strength of Titan. There are giants who dwell in caverns and hide their uncounted treasures, and there are serpents whose eggs are all of precious stones. But the serpent is not here, as elsewhere, the natural enemy of man. He is the good spirit of the house, and he coils by the family hearth, and is nourished with daily milk from the hands of the children. To crush the serpent's head is here regarded as an injury to be avenged, not as a service to be rewarded.

The Roumanians believe in lucky and unlucky days, good and bad stars, and are afraid to resist omens and presentiments. They watch the heavens from their hills, as the augurs watched from Aventine the signs of the sky. They give to every man his guiding star, which will be veiled when misfortune threatens, and will fall from the firmament when he dies. The girl at the fountain blows upon the surface of the water, and throws a few drops upon the ground when she fills her pitcher. When two persons meet after absence, and one

tells the other how well he is looking, the latter spits upon the ground and sets his foot on the saliva, to warn away the jealous gods.

The sports and songs of the people have something melancholy and romantic in them, and seem to be a reminiscence of the ancient age. The "chora" recalls in its languid and monotonous movement the dances of the Salian priests. The orchestra, like that of Egypt, is of three instruments, and the music which it discourses is wild and weird. The ballads of the people are praises of their heroes and rehearsals of their legends. They have been collected in a volume, and translated into other tongues. The *doina* is a strange, sad, irregular sort of chant, holding a tale of sorrow, misfortune, love, and despair. The women of the mountains delight to sing it, especially at the hour of evening. The *kolinda* is a religious melody, which the children sing beneath the windows of houses on the eves of the festivals. All the songs of the people testify to their descent from a Latin race, and contain marked traces of the classic mythology. Among the women, Pagan names are common. The present saints have likeness to the former gods, and the dividing Pruth, beyond which enemies dwell, and across which every curse has come, is the Cocytus of black waters which the Romans dreaded. The "Song of the Pruth," which all the people chant as their Marseillaise, tells how plague and pestilence, locusts and flood, have come from the waves of the "accursed river." "May its waters be borne on to the Danube, to the sea, and thence to the gate of the infernal world."

There is real poetry in the songs of Roumania; but there is fearful prose in its houses and its common life. The diet of the peasantry is a mess of flour, salt, radishes, and raw onions, as crude as that which so often disgusts voyagers on the Nile, with no delicacy to improve it but a bit of butter or a few drops of milk. The utensils of the table are fingers and a kettle. The cabin, of boards, if a little better than the holes in the earth in which for many centuries the people burrowed, like marmots or Esquimaux, is still many degrees meaner than the log-hut of Nebraska. With the exception of a rude bed, a chest, a bench, and one or two stools, the room is void

of furniture. Closets, chairs, and sideboards are luxuries which few of the nobles own. The vessels are earthen or wooden, and the lover of arrack rarely has a glass bottle to hold his fiery comfort. The receptacle for small articles is the space under the bed. The wash-tubs make baskets for the eggs and cradles for the children. "Yankee notions" have reached Vienna, but have not yet crossed the Carpathians, and the plough, the hoe, the shovel, and the wooden fork, the whole stock of the Wallachian farmer's tools, are as primitive as any described by Virgil or Hesiod. The harrow is made of a great roll of thorns, and, as in Syria, the feet of beasts tread out the grain. A few of the rich have imported carriages from Germany; but the national car or sledge is a unique affair, built without nails or any kind of iron, innocent of paint, and incredibly cheap. A sleigh of reliable strength sells for a dollar, and a four-wheeled chariot of the largest size, warranted to stand the tear of the roads and the strain of the buffaloes who lumber along with it, may be bought for an English pound.

The dress of the peasantry hardly corresponds with their scanty means and domestic rudeness. It is gay and jaunty, not to say neat and elegant. A Hydriot of Syra cannot sport his pendant cap more gracefully than the Roumain wears his bonnet of lamb-skin, garnished by its long, curled streamers, and the flowing hair which escapes beneath it. A maiden of the Marinella at Naples does not adjust her colors more picturesquely, or arrange her head-dress with a more bewitching charm, than the girls of this inland region. The stuffs are coarse and made at home, and of the sheep and goat skins the weather is the tanner. Yet on holidays the people are able to make in church such a show as might rouse the envy of the vainest of the dress-loving Slavonic race. Of jewels they are too poor to own many; but a woman must be very poor who has not some ornament of silver or gold, to bind in her necklace, or around her wrist, or on her forehead. The arms of the soldiers are not enriched, like those of the Turks, by jewelled hilts; yet in the stock of the gun some bit of ivory or precious wood will be set, and its curve will be relieved by curious carving. The aspect of the men, in their

dress of skins and their rakish cloaks, looking out with their great, melancholy eyes from under their arched and bushy eyebrows, has to a traveller an uncomfortable suggestion of the stories of Italian bandits. This first impression, however, is dissipated by the dull and apathetic look which most of their faces wear.

The Roumain peasant may well be pardoned for this air of apathy, which has been fastened as his national characteristic by long ages of misfortune, suffering, and fruitless strife. His memories are all of sorrow. He cannot remember the time when his land was the seat of a nation great and prosperous, or other than the prize and sport of rival nations around him. The vassal of an infidel despot, the tool of a rapacious nobility, the prey of armies who have ravaged the land with fire and sword, it is no wonder that his courage has yielded to a fatalist submission, and that his hope is lost. He dreads improvement, since that will make the fruits of his industry more attractive for plunder; he dreads war, since that brings to his race all the misery, none of the glory, of conflict. His care is only to live from day to day, and to draw enough from the soil to preserve the remnant of his degraded race. His virtues are passive, — he is too indolent to be intemperate, and too indifferent to the future to seek for knowledge. His fame is in the past, and his spirit is more in the national proverbs than in the national achievements. A Jew could not boast more of Abraham, than the Wallach who proudly repeats, "We have Trajan for our father." The race may suffer, but it cannot die, — for says not the proverb, "Rôman no péré," — "The Roumain never shall perish"? It is better in its shame than others in their glory, — for is it not said, "La un Rôman dece Sassi," — "A Roumain is worth ten Saxons"?

Few monuments remain of the earliest historic period, — of that Dacia whose people were a mixture of Gothic races, whose religion was the Paganism of Greece built upon the basis of Druidism, and whose invincible valor could defy the arms of Mithridates and Darius. The traces of a few ditches which surrounded the camps, the ruins of mines which seem to have belonged to an age anterior to that of

the Roman rule, a single statue, found a few years ago in a field, and now in the Bucharest museum, representing a sacrifice to the god Mithra, a head or two, and a moderate collection of coins and medals, are all that is left of that obscure nation. There are no tombs of heroes, no statues of philosophers and scholars, to supply the void of authentic annals.

Of the second period, on the contrary, the early years of vassalage to the empire and the conquerors which subdued it, there are very abundant remains. The course of the Roman roads may be traced in every direction. The fragments of the great bridge of Trajan, the masterpiece of the architect Apollodorus, built in twenty arches of sixty feet span and a hundred and fifty feet in height, may still be discerned on the banks of the Danube. The broken wall of the tower of Severinus, falsely ascribed to the Roman emperor; the ruins of the citadel of Theodora, built by Justinian, and famous in the long story of the Barbarian wars; the vestiges of Roman cities at the mouths of Wallachian rivers, from which ruins, coins, and relics are constantly exhumed; the treasures of art and the columns of temples which have been found on the sites of the old towns of Castra Nova and Caput Bovis, — all make the Wallachian bank of the Danube an interesting study for an antiquary. Even to the mountains, the enduring marks of Roman skill may be followed, like the pavement of the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi.

The boast of the Roumanians goes back to this epoch. But the real heroic age of the people dates from the thirteenth century, when the provinces became independent dukedoms. From that date to the present day no century has been without some famous name in the annals of the Roumain people. Rodolph the Black, the father of his country, as orthodox in faith as he was wise in legislation and skilful to restore ruined cities, is still remembered in the castle where he dwelt, in the church which he built, and in the grave dignity of his stiff portrait. Of "Vlad the Devil," the extraordinary crimes are perpetuated in household stories, as the cruelties of Cromwell in the cottages of Ireland. This Wallachian monster, who deserved with double force

the hideous surname which another before him had borne, surpassed Nero and Caligula in the refinements of his barbarity. To roast, boil, and hack enemies or friends, according to his whim, was his eccentric amusement. If relations asked for the pardon of some poor prisoner, he would compel them to make a feast upon their friend's body. *Impaling* was the punishment which he loved best, and nothing was more grateful to his eyes than a row of *spitted* heretics or Moslems. His reign was a reign of terror.

Contemporary with this Wallachian Nero was a Moldavian Aurelius, whose nobler qualities made with the crimes of the other a splendid contrast. The half-century of the reign of Stephen the Great is still celebrated as the golden age of his province. His severity in punishment was mitigated by his justice in judgment, his haughty scorn excused by his burning valor, his hatred of enemies by his success in battle. "Stephen, our Woywode, beat the Tartars, beat the Poles, beat the Turks, the Russians, the Magyars," was the refrain of their song. Few of the rulers, however, were like him, and to most of their names history has attached some epithet of contempt or hatred. We read of Bogdan the One-eyed, Basil the Despot, Ivan the Tyrant, John the Heretic, Aaron the Wicked, Basil the Wolf, Mihne the Apostate, and the like. The whole story is one of intrigue, ambition, restless striving, almost perpetual civil and foreign war. Good reigns are short episodes. The only steady tendency is that which subjects the provinces to the Turkish dominion, reducing the people to pitiful bondage, and making the rulers vassals of an infidel power. The picture of five centuries is sprinkled over with massacres and rebellions, shameful submission and fruitless struggle, treasons and assassinations, so thickly, that hardly a light spot can be seen. From the time of Rodolph the Black, to the time of Stephen Cantacuzene, the last native ruler of Wallachia, there is hardly a breathing-space in the catalogue of disasters which the wretched people were forced to suffer.

The monuments of the age of these native chiefs in the provinces are ecclesiastical rather than secular. Most of the castles have disappeared. But convents, four, five, or six centuries

old, still make a striking feature in the scenery of the country. They occupy the most romantic and commanding sites, and at a little distance might be mistaken for fortresses, into which, indeed, they might easily be changed. Some of them are fine specimens of Byzantine architecture, some contain remarkable frescos, some are noted as once the prisons of famous men, some still guard the tombs of the sacred dead. At Tismana, on the frontiers of Transylvania, they show the grotto of St. Nicodemus; at Cernica, the remarkable works of a self-taught painter; at Putna, the burial-place of Stephen the Great; at Agapia, the religious home of the poor daughters of the nobility. The most remarkable of all is the monastery of Niamtzo, which adds to the rare beauty of its position the glory of having ministered to the culture and literature of the people. The forest of aged oaks which surrounds it reminds one of the park of Fontainebleau. Tall pines stand sentinels at its gateway, and its background is a line of snow-crowned mountains. It has that place in the reverence of the peasantry which the abbey of Einseideln has in the reverence of the Swiss Cantons. Over against it rise the broken relics of that fortress which holds the saddest memories of the Moldavian land, and has inspired the genius of painter and poet. The chimes of its two chapels still make the evening musical. There is an industrial school within its precincts, a hospital for the sick, a press, and, what is rare in Roumania, a *library*. Next to this, the most remarkable monastery is that of Caldarusani, which, like the ancient communities of Pontus and the Lybian Desert, is never profaned by the neighborhood of the weaker sex.

The Phanariot dynasty, which lasted from the close of the seventeenth century to the year 1821, wrought many changes in the relations of the nobles to the people, and in the commercial and political connection with the neighboring empires. Russia gained while the Porte lost influence. The cession of the land between the Pruth and the Dniester deprived the Moldavians of half their ancient territory, and doubly exposed them to Russian invasion. They became accustomed to foreign interference and management, — to be put in pawn by the diplomacy of sovereigns who met to adjust

the balance of power, without any thought of the interests of the people whose territory they passed from hand to hand. The Phanariot princes, a foreign race, speaking another language and intimately dependent on the Sultan, were never popular, even when they labored wisely for the people. The excessive luxury of their court was as burdensome as it was offensive. The taxes were trebled, while the pride of the nation was mortified. The vices of the foreign nobility were scandalous in the extreme, and their habits were alike effeminate and servile. All offices were bought and sold, and the solemnity of an oath was set aside with Cretan faithlessness.

The artificial necessities caused by this luxurious government led to many specious plans of enfranchisement. The slaves were to be raised to the rank of freemen, only that the government might get from them a larger revenue. There was but little sincerity in the pretended disinterestedness of such men as the Racovizzas, Maurocordatos, and Ghicas. If trade was made brisker, the country grew no richer. Only the monks and clergy made anything out of this hateful rule. Confident in the assurance of the protection of Russia, the pretence of which was now constantly brought forward, they knew how to care for their own interests while the people were suffering. Even they could not escape the injury to which the ambitious projects of the Great Catharine subjected them. Their policy, dictated by Russian agents, brought them into frequent collisions with the secular powers. Their archbishops, nominated by the Czar, became instruments to fix the vassalage of the land. The liberal impulses given by the French Revolution, when a postal system, a press, and a woollen factory were established by the reigning prince, were lost when Alexander Hypsilantis, a tool of Russia, became viceroy. The oppressive tax of the "cazan" — ostensibly a tax on the distillation of spirits, but in reality a tax upon every peasant's kettle — took the place of salutary reforms. Intolerable oppressions drove multitudes to despair, and at the time of the Peace of Tilsit, in 1807, the taxable population of the provinces had been immensely reduced by emigration. More than a million of

a people above all others bound by love of home, had gone into voluntary exile.

It had been from the beginning the plan of the Phanariots to subjugate the people by annihilating their national language. Greek was the only tongue of educated men, and the native schools were shut. But a counter movement, instigated by the politic Emperor of Austria, was set on foot, and in the year 1816, Georges Lazar, a young Transylvanian of high education, opened at Bucharest a public course of mathematics and philosophy in the Roumain dialect. The influence of this teaching was naturally quickening to the dormant patriotism of his scholars, and in a few years he had trained missionaries for awakening all the land to revolt. The insurrection of 1821, with its horrid massacres and its fatal issue for the Phanariots, was due in great measure to the spirit thus aroused; and after a century and a quarter of Greek administration, the provinces came again to obey a ruler of their own race.

Not much was gained by the change. The plans of reform which the new hospodars promulgated, were nullified by Russian intrigues, the national newspapers were speedily suppressed, and, except in the removal of some restrictions upon trade, the people were no better off than under the Phanariots. The war between the Turks and Russians in 1828, brought to Moldo-Wallachia a season of terrible suffering. Not only was all the substance of the wretched peasantry confiscated to feed the Russian soldiers, but they were compelled to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the army of their self-constituted protectors. Famine and pestilence added to the horrors of that winter of sorrow. Hundreds escaped by suicide the fate which threatened them. The treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, seemed to release the provinces from subjection to the Sultan, and to restore their ancient rights; but in reality it only enslaved them to a harder master. The new constitution, to which the Porte was compelled to assent, was dictated by the Russian Count Kisseleff. The new hospodars owed their election to Russian influence. The investiture by the Grand Vizier became only a matter of form. The real control of the state was in St. Petersburg,

and not in Stamboul. There was a day of rejoicing when the voracious guests crossed the Pruth, and the peasant seemed likely to eat the fruit of his labor. Patriots were not wanting to foster the national spirit, and to create a party against the Cossacks. The theatre became a school of revolution, and the children of the nobility declaimed on the stage, in their native tongue, those works of French and German dramatists which taught hatred to tyrants, and the love of liberty. The slaves in the employment of the state were set free. For a while the liberal party seemed to be prosperous, and in the national assemblies some valiant reforms were attempted. But the party of the despots was stronger. The discussions of the deputies were silenced, and the theatre, after the performance of the Saul of Alfieri, was closed by authority.

Plots and counterplots followed. The patriot leaders were arrested and confined in dungeons, where they could not be won by flattery and bribes. Moldavia suffered less than Wallachia; yet here the rapacity of the prince more than balanced his enlightened policy. In the year 1839, the nobles barely escaped a general massacre. Year by year, French ideas gained ground in the provinces, while the anti-Russian feeling grew bolder. The fable of "The Gardener and the Bramble," circulated with incredible speed, helped to bring on the outbreak; and the French Revolution of 1848 was followed in Moldo-Wallachia by an insurrection which had the rare fortune to be wholly bloodless. A provisional government made large promises, and announced great designs. But reaction was too strong for patriotism. The history of the Roumains in that year of change is the history of the greater nations; — one by one all the reforms were crushed, and political exiles were summarily sent across the Danube. *Order was restored* by the treaty of Balta Liman, which took away from the Roumains every guaranty of freedom, suspended their assemblies, and gave them only the privilege of executing the joint orders of the Sultan and the Czar. To the patriot leaders was left naught but the mean amusement of mutual crimination. Their rancorous disputes revealed their unfitness to guide a great movement, and deprived them

of the fame of martyrdom. There were among them many enthusiasts, but no great man.

We need not dwell upon the recent events in the Principalities, with which the journals have made us familiar. One new element of trouble has been added by the war, in the Austrian occupation. Hostile as are the Roumains to their Slavonic protectors, they must be more hostile to a nation whose Church is the enemy of theirs. There is no point in common between them and the loyal tribes of the Hapsburg "paternal" rule. Any pretence of a protectorate at Vienna will be more sternly resisted than the most presumptuous claim of the heir of Nicholas. Roumania has suffered too much from vassalage in the past, to try another master.

The political question now most agitated in the Principalities is, like the Italian question, one of *union*. The real patriots see that there is no hope for the future, unless they can bind in one state brethren whose language, whose lineage, whose customs, and whose interests are nearly identical. They have suffered by their internal strifes, and been weakened by their jealousies. It is now time to become a united nation. The Russian government dreads this proposal, and seeks in every way to foment the old antipathies. A cunning device has been, in the various conferences, to join Servia to Moldavia and Wallachia. Now Servia, though adjacent and in its history not unlike the other provinces, is wholly Slavonic, and as alien to Roumania as Poland or Circassia. There can never be political union between races so unlike. And it is a misfortune of the position of Roumania, that it is so sandwiched between the two branches of the Slavonic race.

The recent treaty of peace has nominally secured to Moldo-Wallachia the strip of land on the Danube lying between Galatz and the Black Sea, with the fortress of Ismail. Russia has now no frontier on the Danube. The possession, however, is of small value, except as it gives to the commercial nations who dictate to Turkey freer control of the navigation of that important highway of trade. The best result of the war to the provinces will be the increased influence of England. This nation alone is likely by its

intercourse to benefit without burdening the people, to develop their resources without exhausting their energies. What the future of the Principalities may be, if the new state of things should continue, it is not easy to foretell. The work of regeneration, industrial not less than moral, will be slow for a people so long degraded. The helps to reform are few, and the hinderances are many and powerful. The country has no great men, and there are but scanty means of educating even a respectable aristocracy. The Church is a stumbling-block in the way of progress. All that sagacious observers have affirmed in regard to the hopelessness of improvement in Poland and Hungary may be affirmed far more strongly of Roumania, where the same obstacles exist in tenfold greater degree. The way of securing to free civilization this land so blessed by Nature, has not yet been revealed. We may dream of a union of all the tribes of the Roumain race, as men speculate now concerning a Panslavic empire. But together they are a handful against the masses of other races. Too numerous obstacles hinder the accomplishment of this dream. That many visitations of war and woe are yet in store for the land, is much more probable. Its people seems destined to dwindle, and some other race to take the task of opening its mines, building its cities, and realizing its legendary prophecies. It waits for the death of "the sick man," and the downfall of the Ottoman empire, which no propping of diplomacy can long postpone. No intelligent traveller can believe that the Turkish power will endure much longer. The descendants of the Asiatic conquerors must soon disappear from the continent of Europe, and then a chance may be given to the people whom they have held so long tributaries. The future of Roumania, however, is not more uncertain than the future of Greece and Italy, concerning which every review is expected to have an opinion. Our opinion is, that the ardent wish of M. Ubicini for the Pan-Roumanism of ancient Dacia is likely to be realized when the unity of Italy is restored, or when the Jews return in a body to Palestine; — then, perhaps, but not sooner.

ART. V.—1. *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, during the Years* 1853, '54, '55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1856. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *The Last of the Arctic Voyages; being a Narrative of the Expedition in H. M. S. Assistance, under the Command of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C. B., in Search of Sir John Franklin, during the Years* 1852, '53, '54. London: Lovell Reeve. 1855. 2 vols. Royal 8vo.

FOR years the attention of the civilized world has been directed to the subject of Arctic discovery. Of late, the interest has been heightened by the cordial sympathy which the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions in misfortune has excited among all classes of men. The subject itself has exhibited many phases in the course of its development. The search for a passage to the East Indies by way of the sea to the north of North America, begun by English ships in the first place, for the sake of finding a channel of communication with the East free from the interruption and encroachments of the Spaniards, and continued with divers objects in view, now fantastic and fanciful, now useful and beneficial, has at length been ended. Not without great expenditure of treasure and sacrifice of human life has it been carried on. From Cabot and Frobisher to Franklin, McClure, and Kane, it has enlisted a noble array of heroic seamen, whose labors, privations, and hardships will not soon be lost to the remembrance of mankind.

In a former number of this Review,* we presented a sketch of the different expeditions which had penetrated the waters of the Arctic Ocean, in the attempt to find a Northwest Passage. It is the design of the present paper to ascertain, if possible, the actual results accomplished through so many years of struggle with the fiercest forces of Nature, and to inquire whether these results have been such as to compensate for what they have cost.

* April, 1855.

Were we to calculate the results of these expeditions according to commercial rules, we should be constrained to acknowledge an almost entire failure. Commerce will never seek the American Polar Ocean and its islands, expecting to carry on on a profitable traffic with the scattered and impoverished inhabitants of those inhospitable and unproductive regions. Never will the Northwest Passage be used by American or English ships on the way to Japan, China, and the islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. No rich argosy,

> "From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
> From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,"

will ever sail along those ice-bound coasts, to gather in the gains of trade. So far as these matters are concerned, the expeditions have been fruitless. The Arctic Sea is impassable to commerce. It is no better for military and naval purposes. In case of a future war between Russia and England, neither would have much cause to fear attack from this quarter. Siberia would not be threatened by the descent of a fleet through Behring's Straits, nor would Canada have cause to provide against invasion by way of the Mackenzie's and the Copper-mine.

Nor can it be said that this region of the earth presents a very promising field for Christian enterprise to work out its beneficial results. True, the self-denial and self-devotion of the Moravian and Danish missionaries are above all praise, and they have accomplished much for the material and spiritual welfare of the Esquimaux tribes, with whom they have had intercourse. Yet it can hardly be expected that, beyond the isolated Danish settlements on the western coast of Greenland, much improvement will take place. It does not seem probable that Akkolee, Igloolik, Boothia, Baring Island, Victoria and Wollaston Lands, will ever become prominent missionary stations. Christian civilization will never boast of great conquests among the sparse and migratory population of the shores and islands of the Polar Sea. Yet one thing, at least, the Esquimaux are spared. If they are deprived of the benefits, they are exempt from many of the vices, which ordinarily belong to civilized life. It is not thus that

they will be swept, like other savage tribes, from the face of the earth. If their numbers are constantly diminishing, it is not because of any destructive indulgence, so much as through constant exposure and peril. What Providence may have designed that they should accomplish for humanity we cannot tell. Let us, at least, trust that they contribute their mite, under providential direction, to the sum of the world's good.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that England has taken the lead, and almost alone has done the work, in the enterprise of Arctic discovery. She has been called a nation of shopkeepers, yet she has expended no less than one million pounds sterling in searching out regions which never have yielded her a farthing's profit. She has been censured for her selfish spirit of conquest and aggrandizement, yet some of the best ships and officers of her navy have been sent to remote lands, whose annexation can add no strength to her empire. Foremost of European nations in civilization, she has employed her forces among a people to whom civilization in any high degree is impossible. It has not been cupidity, or ambition, or the desire to carry out an impracticable theory, that has been the impelling motive to such continued and persevering attempts to find a way through the Arctic seas. There is somewhat more than a selfish passion for gain and conquest within the Anglo-Saxon heart. There is a chivalrous love of triumph over difficulties, which is the essence of heroism. And Englishmen and Americans derive from the intensity of this feeling the actuating power for many a worthy enterprise. There is also a laudable desire to extend the bounds of human knowledge, and to augment the amount of scientific attainment. Humanity too has its claims, among which even Esquimaux have a place. Let us give full credit to those noble elements of character which English and American history amply proves to exist — however overlaid they may sometimes seem to be by meaner qualities — in the constitution of the Teutonic races.

A curious writing is extant, the production of John Davis, an English seaman and Arctic voyager of no common note, which, fanciful as it may appear, is an evidence of the power of pure and heroic purpose over the English mind. It is en-

titled "The World's Hydrographical Description," and was published in the year 1595. Fanciful as it may now appear, it may be regarded as representing the opinions of more than one of the daring and humane Englishmen of those times. The object of the work was to show that the world was "inhabited, and inhabitable," and that there was "a short and speedie passage into ye South Seas, by northerly navigation." The worthy sailor decided that America was an island, and brought forward the opinions of such travellers as Anthony Jenkinson, Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake, with his own experience, to prove that this island could be circumnavigated. Then to show that the "sea fryseth not," he adduced the facts, as he had found them, that the "ayer in cold regions was tollerable," that "Groynland and Iceland were inhabited," and that the icebergs which he met were "great pieces of snow" that had fallen from the "high mountains on the coast of Desolation." He concludes that "under the pole is the place of greatest dignitie," — "the whole year is but one day and one night," — "therefore, no doubt but those people have a wonderfull excellencie, and an exceeding prerogative above all nations of the earth. If they have the notice of their eternitie by the comfortable light of ye gospell, then are they blessed, and of all nations most blessed." He accordingly urges the prosecution of a voyage to the Arctic seas, and adds, as an inducement, the "benefits of ye Discoverie." These he declares would be, spiritually, "to multiply and increase the flock of ye faithful, by teaching ye people Christianity, and preaching ye peace of ye Lord," — and temporally, the "Indian trade and ye glory thereof," which would be "a deed of horror to her Majestie's enemies," would "procure stately and perpetuall peace, increase friendly love, and make her Majestie's empire to all nations most dreadfull." The brave seaman did not succeed in verifying his statements by actual discovery, but he has left the memorial of the courage of his endeavor in the straits that bear his name.

The slight notice of this singular work which we have been able to give, indicates somewhat the character of the motives which impelled the early Arctic voyagers to make the attempt to find the Northwest Passage. It was, in part,

to secure for England the trade with India; but it was also to benefit the natives of the Northern lands, by teaching them the truths of the Gospel. There was excitement in the dangers of the passage, there was glory for England to be acquired, there was a lasting good to be done to the ignorant and the weak among the North American barbarians. The objects for the recent voyages to accomplish have been widely different. The excitement still remained to stimulate the hearts of the bold navigators; there was still glory enough for England, to render the enterprise particularly honorable; there were discoveries to be made, which would be valuable additions to science; but other, safer, and more expeditious passages have been found to India, and but little good can be accomplished in the casual and interrupted intercourse between the natives and their visitants. England does not now expect to find under the Pole the place of greatest dignity, nor does she think that the Northwest Passage will make her dreadful to her enemies. Yet she has won immortal honor in her Arctic expeditions, and has been a valued contributor to the knowledge of the world. The development of character is, we think, as valuable a result as the increase of the material wealth of mankind, and the attainments of science are of somewhat more importance than the gains of trade. It is a noteworthy fact, and one of which we are proud, that such revenues as these, our own country shares with her honorable and friendly ally.

The volumes whose titles we have placed at the beginning of this article, are records of two very important expeditions, the one despatched by the combined munificence of Messrs. George Peabody of London and Henry Grinnell of New York, with the assistance of the government of the United States, the other sent by the government of Great Britain. Sir Edward Belcher's expedition was first in point of time, and by far the most imposing in numbers and appearance. We have already alluded to these expeditions in our former article, and it is not necessary to repeat what we there have said. Sir Edward's book has a magnificence of aspect, in singular contrast with the paucity of the results which his expedition accomplished. He was evidently weary of his undertaking after

the first winter, and the subsequent season entirely took away his courage. He had able subordinates, as his narrative amply shows, but it as amply shows that he was an inefficient, querulous, and feeble chief. We cannot, it is true, calculate precisely the situation of affairs, or determine the necessities of the case, removed as we are to so great a distance from the scene of operations. We acknowledge that it is easy to criticise, even when in partial ignorance of the subject upon which we animadvert. But, judging from Belcher's narrative itself, we cannot feel otherwise than that his incompetency to lead such an expedition under such perilous circumstances manifests itself through almost the entire voyage. However brave a man and good a seaman in other respects, he was not equal to a command in the Arctic seas. He was prepared to abandon his vessels, almost before the second winter of his confinement set in, and as soon as he could with propriety give the necessary orders, he was ready for an inglorious retreat. As early as February 1, 1854, he sent orders to Captain Kellett, who was wintering in the pack with the Resolute, at some distance to the eastward of Melville Island, to be ready to abandon her in season to be at Beechy Island with her crew and that of the Investigator before the middle of June. These orders were written on the *15th day of October*, 1853. Without waiting to know what would be the chances of escape in the following summer, he made all his arrangements to quit his vessels, and return to England, as soon as a favorable opportunity offered. When the summer came, Sir Edward Belcher was ready to move. Captain Kellett had his orders, and of course was obliged to obey them. On the 15th of May, 1854, the Resolute, with her tender, the Intrepid, was deserted by her crew, who, under the leading of their brave commander, arrived in due season at Beechy. We can imagine what a lonely time the poor old Resolute had of it, frozen hard and fast in the Polar ice, till the summer of 1855 released her, when she drifted into Baffin's Bay, and, picked up by the crew of an American whaler, was navigated safely into New London. The Assistance, with her tender, the Pioneer, was abandoned on the 25th of August, 1854. A few days afterward, the crews of the abandoned vessels were put on board the

North Star, the Phœnix, and the Talbot, (the two last-mentioned having just arrived from England,) and the three vessels started on their homeward way. They reached England without further detention, about the 1st of October. Sir Edward Belcher left his ship at Cork, on the 28th of September, and, "accompanied by Captains Kellett and McClure, proceeded by rail for London."

The American expedition, though far less imposing in its appearance, and ending in the same way, by abandonment of the vessel, was far more prolific of results. The little brig Advance left the harbor of New York on the 31st of May, 1853. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was her commander, supported by a company of seventeen officers and men. At the time of her departure the fate of Sir John Franklin had not been ascertained, and Dr. Kane and his chivalric band confidently expected to find some traces of the brave navigator, if they could not carry to him the means of rescue, upon the shores of the ocean that surrounds the Pole. Full of hope and energy, the expedition started. The 20th of July found the party at Proven, and thenceforward for two years and more they were lost to the civilized world. Our government was not unmindful of what was due to the daring adventurers. Congress authorized the equipment of a searching expedition. The necessary vessels were purchased and manned, and on the 31st of May, 1855, the barque Release and the propeller Arctic, under the command of Lieutenant H. J. Hartstene, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. On the 5th of July, the vessels reached Lievely, and on the 16th of the same month, Upernavik. They pushed through Melville Bay with the usual fortune of Arctic navigators, and passed Capes Alexander and Hatherton without finding the expected traces of the party which they sought. In the neighborhood of these places, however, they found an Esquimaux village; and the presence of articles of unmistakably American manufacture among the natives satisfied Lieutenant Hartstene that he had at last reached the trail of his missing countrymen. A few imperfectly pronounced English words, and the constant repetition of "Dokto Kayen" by the inhabitants of the village, confirmed the opinions of the commander. Through the medium of paper, pencil, and a

few rough drawings of boats, dogs, and sledges, the natives gave the party information that "Dokto Kayen" and his men had gone south, and that the brig had been crushed and abandoned. The manner of communicating this last piece of intelligence is thus described by a writer in Putnam's Magazine for May, 1856. A young Esquimaux, Mayouk by name, "ran down to the beach and got two white stones; laid them on the ground, and, pointing to the floating masses of ice in the bay, signified to us that these represented the ice. Next, he took a common clay pipe of Mr. Lovell's, and, pointing to the north, said, 'Vomiak sooak,' or big ship, 'vomiak sooak, Dokto Kayen.' He next pushed the pipe up between the pebbles, and then pressed them together, till the pipe was crushed. Lastly, he pointed to the south, and began imitating the rowing of a boat, the cracking of whips, and the hup-hupping of a dog-driver, vociferating at intervals, 'Dokto Kayen, he! he! he!'" Acting upon this information, Lieutenant Hartstene retraced his way, but, before going directly to a Greenland port, thought it best to cross to the western side of the bay, lest the lost party should, by any negligence in the search, be missed. He found no traces, however, in that direction, and so bore up for Upernavik. Overtaken by a gale, he was fortunately forced out of his course, and resolved to put into Lievely. As the vessels were making up to the anchorage, a brig in the harbor was descried, with an American flag floating at the mast-head. Soon after, the old flag of the missing Advance was hoisted, and the searching expedition knew that its task had been successfully completed. Dr. Kane and his party had been found, and were safe, on board the good Danish brig Mariane, bound, in a day or two, for Copenhagen. The passengers very gladly transferred themselves to the American vessels, and, in a few days setting sail from Lievely, arrived at New York on Thursday, October 11, 1855. The intelligence of their safe return sent a thrill of joy through the whole country.

Dr. Kane, in his graphic and interesting narrative, gives us the results of his chivalrous attempt to find the missing English navigators. Though unsuccessful in this endeavor, he yet accomplished a vast amount of labor, and added materially to

the knowledge of the world, in respect to the hitherto unknown regions of North America. Following a new and untried route through Smith's Sound, he reached a higher latitude than that of any previous navigator in those waters. Frozen in, on the 10th of September, in latitude 78° 37′ north, the expedition found its winter quarters in a small bay, between two headlands, which furnished a secure harbor. The winter which followed was excessively severe, even for the Arctic regions. The thermometer indicated —60°; whiskey froze; and several of the men were, at different times, in imminent peril of losing their lives through the intensity of the cold. The following winter was hardly less severe. The brig was frozen in so completely, as to prevent any attempt to move her from her position, and at the commencement of the spring of 1855, it was found necessary to abandon her. Scarcity of provisions and fuel made it impossible to remain with safety in those inhospitable regions. Meanwhile, Dr. Kane and his men had not been idle. The travelling parties, well organized and equipped, had surveyed the coast of Greenland and its adjoining land as far north as latitude 82° 30′, and an open sea had been discovered, whose waves wash the entire northern coast of this continent. An area of three thousand square miles had been seen free from ice. In the course of the exploration along its shores, an immense glacier protruding from the land stopped the way of the advancing party. Nothing daunted, the brave men rafted themselves along its base, on masses of ice, for eighty miles and more, till they came to a land cemented to Greenland by this stupendous frozen belt. To this land they gave the name of Washington.

As the winter of 1854–55 passed away, the leader of the expedition found that nothing more could be done in the work of Arctic discovery, and prepared to turn his face homeward. The brig was fast in the ice, the severity of the weather had made sad inroads upon the stock of fuel, and rations were running low. To preserve the lives of the men, a retreat was absolutely necessary. Advanced parties having been sent to make deposits of provisions, and all things being now ready for flitting, on the 17th of May, 1855, the hatches of the brig were battened down, the colors hoisted, and the Advance was left

to her fate. With the temperature at —5°, the disabled party took its departure. Four of the men were sick, and the remainder, putting them on board dog-sledges, and dragging the boats after them, toiled along their wearisome road. Thirty-one days' travel, of constant exposure, brought them to Cape Alexander, a distance of three hundred and sixteen miles. There they embarked in open water, and travelled southward, sometimes over ice, sometimes over water, till they reached Cape York, where they broke up their spare boats and sledges for fuel, put boldly out into Melville Bay, and shaped their course for the Danish settlements. Through the most dangerous thoroughfare of Arctic travel the little party safely passed, and reached the borders of civilized life on the 6th of August, having travelled in eighty-one days a distance of more than one thousand three hundred miles. At Upernavik, passage was taken on board the Danish brig Mariane. By great good fortune the brig touched at Disco Island, and here our missing American explorers were found by the searching expedition. During the time of his absence, Dr. Kane lost three of his men, two of whom died of tetanus, the other of an abscess following the amputation of a frozen limb. The surviving members of the party returned in strong and vigorous health.

We cannot forbear expressing our gratification at the manner in which these volumes have been prepared. No expense has been spared in making the book worthy of its subject. Its typography is excellent. Its copious illustrations are engraved in the best manner, and the exceedingly clear, manly, and forcible style of the narrative itself shows that, while Dr. Kane stands in the front rank of Arctic adventurers, his equally eminent success as an author is beyond dispute. In manner and matter, the American book far surpasses its English companion. We can be justly proud of it, as in all respects a worthy specimen of American literature.

What now has the Arctic search done? The student of science finds, in its results, objects of the greatest interest and value; the student of human nature recognizes, in the knowledge of the strange people which it has revealed to the world, a rich contribution to anthropology; the student

of human character discovers, in the bearing and conduct of men who have been long removed from intercourse with civilized life, the capacities and resources of the human mind, in the midst of disheartening and appalling circumstances. But little light has been thrown upon the fate of Sir John Franklin. That brave man has passed away, with his companions, and the civilized world vainly seeks the traces of his painful course.

We think it is well for man to know what he cannot do, as well as what he can. There is a limit to enterprise and adventure, and Nature has her impregnable fortresses. It is well also to remove error from the human mind, even though it be upon so chimerical a project as that of the discovery of the Northwest Passage. Practical progress is made mostly by experiment, and even failure itself is by no means lost. It is some gain to the world, when relentless experience proves an erroneous judgment to be erroneous. Long years of toil were spent in the pursuit of alchemy and the search for the philosopher's stone, but not altogether without purpose or result. The science of chemistry is largely indebted to the unwearied workers of its nonage and infancy. Arabian stargazers and Persian astrologers, though what they thought was a science has been long exploded, have not left astronomy without indebtedness to their inquisitive researches. The attempt to find the country of the Amazons, and the fabled city of Manoa, disclosed to the world the noblest river of the globe. Ponce de Leon, in his search for the fountain of eternal youth, discovered somewhat more substantial, and helped in giving a new world to the knowledge of mankind. Not that we would, by any means, place the enterprise of Arctic discovery in the same category with these visionary pursuits. The achievements of which it has been the occasion make it deserving of a place among the best performances of human endeavor. Indisposed as we are to overrate its importance, we yet would be equally unwilling to underrate its value.

What it has given to science cannot well be lost. The geographical conclusions which have been reached in the course of its pursuit, are not without their interest and worth

to the practical worker, as well as to the scientific man. It is a fact of no small magnitude, that, by means of the most persevering research, and the most heroic and self-sacrificing labors, the entire geography of the northern portion of the American continent has been determined. The coasts may be ice-bound, the seas may for ever be innavigable; but the coasts are there, and the seas are there: it is something to know that. The Northwest Passage may never be used as a highway for civilized man, but the heroism of McClure and his gallant company will never be forgotten. The open sea around the Pole, whose surf-beat upon its icy shores was witnessed and heard by our American sailors, may never be ploughed by the keel of the mariner, and may toss its waves for ever in the solitude of the Polar darkness; but Dr. Kane is not the less a benefactor to the knowledge of mankind. The huge ice-river of Greenland will probably never be seen again by a civilized being; but the fact of its existence, and the method of its action, are by no means valueless, in determining interesting and difficult problems in geology. The magnetic pole of either hemisphere may never again be visited; but the definition of its place has been of immense importance to the interests of navigation and commerce. We are disposed to hail with rejoicing every fresh addition to our knowledge of the geography of the globe. We believe that it is of the highest utility to ascertain, if it can be ascertained, in what way the plastic hand of Almighty Power formed this world of ours, and prepared it for conquest and habitation by man, — how the channels of its rivers have been scooped out, how its mountains have been lifted up, how its proud seas have been stayed, how the bound has been set "that they may not pass over, that they turn not again to cover the earth." No operation of the Divine hand can be neglected by the human mind without injury. If there is interest in tracing the pathways of the stars, or value in understanding the movements of the universe, there certainly must be interest and value in knowing the character of our own planet. Infinite wisdom has not set the currents of the sea in their courses round the Pole, without some design of good for man. Every discovery serves to make that design more clearly known.

The Arctic search has been a school for the study of all the sciences. The British government, with its accustomed liberality, has furnished its expeditions with all the necessary apparatus, and the officers in command have in general faithfully obeyed their instructions in this respect. Every Arctic ship has been a scientific observatory. The temperature, the phenomena of the heavens, the processes of chemical combinations, the effects of electricity and magnetism, the varieties of natural history, have all been strictly noticed. There is something of sublimity in the position of the scientific student, quietly pursuing his investigations into the secrets of Nature, amidst the howling of the tempests which an endless winter sends, cut off from intercourse with civilization, deprived of its comforts, and braving every peril, for the sake of adding, by his patient toil, to the knowledge of the world. What fascination must there be in the pursuit of knowledge, thus to allure men away from home and friends and the kindly converse of love, to spend amid the desolations of Arctic wastes the best years of life! The narratives of these voyages are a rich storehouse for Nature's pupil. One almost wonders at the patience and the endurance which could elaborate such exact and minute information. Nothing escapes the keen eye of the Arctic voyager. The play of the electric current, the aberrations of the magnetic needle, the variation of the unstable mercury, the fantastic shapes of the aurora, the curious phenomena of refraction, the symmetrical beauty of the snow-crystal, the strange forms and habits of life, in bird and fish and vegetable, the mighty force of Polar winds, the irresistible upheaving of whole fields of ice, the majestic march of the stately berg, — all are seen by the Argus-eyed observer, and noted down, to serve as the materials from which the studious naturalist at home constructs the system of scientific truth. The fur-clad explorer sets a hundred brains at work, all over the civilized world.

The discovery of the open sea around the North Pole we regard as a very important addition to our knowledge. Dr. Kane, in an Appendix to his narrative of the first American expedition, expressed the opinion, that an open sea existed, of vast extent, beyond the head-waters of Baffin's Bay. Other

Arctic voyagers, before his day, had held the same opinion. Lieutenant Maury, in his admirable work on the Physical Geography of the Sea, has a brief but interesting chapter upon the probable existence and climate of this Polynia. It has been left, however, for Dr. Kane to verify his own opinion, and the theories of others, by actual observation. He has stood upon the shores of this iceless ocean, and gazed in wonder over its vast extent. He has witnessed the dashing of its billows, and felt the movement of its ceaseless currents. Such a discovery is not vain or useless. What has been but theory, has now been shown to be fact, and the system of oceanic currents, which has been a matter of conjecture, is now very nearly perfected. Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait are undoubtedly one great outlet of the Polar Sea, as is shown by the drift of De Haven's expedition in the winter of 1850–51, and the drift also of the Resolute in the winter and spring of 1854–55. Smith's Sound is another, and perhaps the principal outlet, into Baffin's Bay. Thence, through Davis's Strait, the current flows into the Atlantic Ocean, till, meeting the Gulf Stream off the coast of Newfoundland, its drift forms the fishing-ground of Newfoundland, — the Grand Banks, — and itself, deflected from its course, flows southward along the American coast, and, passing underneath the Gulf Stream, is lost in the waters of the open Atlantic Ocean. It is not within our province to treat of the effect of this current upon the climate of North America. The thoughtful reader will at once perceive the reason why, in a great measure, our own coasts are much colder than the countries of Europe within the same or higher parallels of latitude.

The discovery of the Polar Ocean was made on the 24th of June, 1854, by a small travelling party consisting of only two persons, — William Morton, one of the crew, and Hans Cristian, an Esquimaux. Morton, on reaching the summit of a promontory, to which Dr. Kane gave the name of Cape Constitution, and from which the sailor looked out upon the Arctic Sea,

"fastened to his walking-pole the Grinnell flag of the *Antarctic*, — a well-cherished little relic, which had now followed me on two Polar voyages. This flag had been saved from the wreck of the United

States sloop-of-war Peacock, when she stranded off the Columbia River; it had accompanied Commodore Wilkes in his far-southern discovery of an Antarctic continent. It was now its strange destiny to float over the highest northern land, not only of America, but of our globe. Side by side with this were our Masonic emblems of the compass and the square. He let them fly for an hour and a half from the black cliff over the dark rock-shadowed waters, which rolled up and broke in white caps at its base."

"It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at this termination of his journey, looking out upon the great waste of waters before him. Not a 'speck of ice,' to use his own words, could be seen. There, from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his farther progress."

Dr. Kane does not attempt to "discuss the causes or conditions of this phenomenon." He simply records what he and his companions saw.

"Coming as it did, a mysterious fluidity in the midst of vast plains of solid ice, it was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order; and I do not believe there was a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters."

If our limits permitted, we should be glad to consider the subject of temperature somewhat at length.

"Sir David Brewster," says Dr. Kane, in his Appendix, "determined the existence of two poles of cold, one for either hemisphere, and both holding fixed relation to the magnetic poles. These two seats of maximum cold are situated respectively in Asia and America, in longitudes 100° west and 95° east, and on the parallel of 80°. They differ about five degrees in their mean annual temperature; the American, which is the lower, giving three degrees and a half below zero. The isothermals surround the two points, in a system of returning curves, yet to be confirmed by observation; but the inference which I present is, that to the north of 80°, and at any points intermediate between these American and Siberian centres of intensity, the climate must be milder, or, more properly speaking, the mean annual temperature must be more elevated."

Sir Edward Belcher, in an Appendix to his volumes, furnishes us with a system of carefully prepared tables of tem-

perature, as observed by different navigators from 1819 to 1853, during the months intervening between October and July, inclusive. The places of observation were not more than one or two degrees of latitude apart, the lowest being at Port Bowen, in latitude 73° 14′ north, the highest being Northumberland Sound, 76° 52′ north. There was more difference in the longitude of the different places, the most easterly being Port Bowen, 89° west, the most westerly, Melville Island, 111° west. The month of February was found to be the coldest month of the season, the thermometer marking a minimum, at Melville Island, in 1820, of —50°; at Port Bowen, in 1825, of —45°; at Port Leopold, in 1849, of —60°; at Griffith Island, in 1851, of —46°; in Northumberland Sound, in 1853, of —47°; in Wellington Channel, in 1854, of —55.75°; at Melville Island, in 1854, of —56°. The mean for the month at these places was, respectively, —32°, —27°, —35°, —32½°, —29½°, —40°, —40.8°. The month of February, in these regions, is certainly "a cold term."

The information given us respecting the Esquimaux makes known the existence of a very curious tribe of people. Speculation fails to give a satisfactory solution of their origin, while their destiny and probable fate can be only matters of conjecture. They seem to be a migratory race, generally inoffensive and good-natured, but improvident and thriftless to the last degree. Dr. Kane always speaks of them in terms of good-will. In writing of a family of half-breeds at Proven, whom he saw upon his first voyage, he uses the following language: —

"The large family is a happy one; so small a home could not tolerate a quarrelsome mess. The sons, brave and stalwart fellows, practised in the kayack, the sledge, and the whale-net, adroit with the harpoon, and expert with the rifle, are constant at the chase, and bring home their spoil, with the honest pride becoming good providers of their household. And the women, in their nursing, cooking, tailoring, and housekeeping, are, I suppose, faithful enough. But what favorable impression that the mind gets through other channels can contend against the information of the nose! Organ of the aristocracy, critic and *magister morum* of all civilization, censor that heeds neither argument nor remonstrance, — the nose, alas! it bids me record, that,

to all their possible godliness, cleanliness is not superadded. Cristiansen — the head — is a simple and shrewd old Dane, hale and vigorous, thirty-one of whose sixty-four winters have been spent within the Arctic Circle, north of 70°. His habits are three fourths Esquimaux, one eighth Danish, and the remainder Provenish, or peculiarly his own. His wife is a half-breed, and his family, in language and aspect, completely Esquimaux. The case is curious, as exhibiting the ease with which civilized persons can adopt the habits of the ignorant and uncivilized."

"During the short summer of daylight, the whole family gather joyously in the summer's lodge, a tent of seal or reindeer skin, pitched out of doors. Then the room has its annual ventilation, and its cooking and chamber furniture are less liable to be confounded. For the winter the arrangement is this: on three sides of the room, close by a ledge or shelf — which runs round these three sides, and which is used for sofa, bed, and the receptacle of an infinite variety of articles — stand as many large pans of porous steatite or serpentine, elevated on wooden tripods. These, filled with seal-blubber, and garnished with moss to serve as a wick, unite the functions of chandelier and stove. They who quarrel with an ill-trimmed lamp at home should be disciplined by one of these. Each boils its half-gallon kettle of coffee in twenty minutes, and smokes — like a small chimney on fire; and the three burn together. There is no flue, or fire-place, or opening of escape."

The Esquimaux, under their own unassisted auspices, are far from living in the enjoyment of anything like the comfort of this household, if comfort indeed it can be called. All Arctic explorers speak of the wretchedness of these people in their abodes, and their habits of life. They are exceedingly filthy and exceedingly poor. Indeed, what could wealth be among a race, whose main labor is performed for the sole purpose of supplying an immediate want, — of food, or dress, or habitation? What could stimulate ambition, in a region whose excessive severity of climate precludes effort through the greater portion of the year? What degree of civilization could be expected among tribes of men whom necessity as well as inclination has made nomadic? By no means, however, are they devoid of skill and ability in the use of the materials which fortune throws in their way, for the satisfaction of the wants of life. The seal-skin or deer-skin furnishes them with a tent in summer; the snow gives them a warm dwelling in winter. With their light kayacks they skim the most

boisterous seas, in search of game and fish; with their strong spears they strike unerringly the destined prey. Dr. Kane gives a detailed account of the articles used by the Esquimaux in hunting and fishing. It is too long to incorporate into the present paper. Suffice it to say, that it presents abundant evidence of the dexterity, courage, and power of this strange people, while in the construction of their houses they show themselves possessed of considerable ingenuity. Indeed, in this latter respect the English sailors were glad to learn of the ignorant natives how to substitute for their canvas or India-rubber tents the warm and tight snow-houses of the Esquimaux. Mr. Kennedy, in his narrative of the second voyage of the Prince Albert, gives a very clear account of this novel species of architecture.

"First, a number of square blocks are cut out of any hard-drifted bank of snow you can meet with, adapted for the purpose, of the dimensions of two feet in length by fourteen inches in height and nine inches in breadth. A layer of these blocks is laid on the ground nearly in the form of a square, and then another layer on this, cut so as to incline slightly inward, and the corner blocks laid diagonally over those underneath, so as to cut off the angles. Other layers follow in the same way, until you have gradually a dome-shaped structure rising before you, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking beehive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside. As these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole house is as air-tight as an egg."

This style of architecture, if so it may be called, is adopted by the Esquimaux for building other houses beside those of snow for temporary convenience. Structures of stone, in the same shape, have been occasionally found by travelling parties in the Arctic regions. Lieutenant Sherard Osborn thus describes a ruin which he discovered while travelling on Cornwallis Island in the autumn of 1850: —

"The ruin proved to be a conical-shaped building, the apex of which had fallen in. Its circumference, at the base, was about twenty feet,

and the height of the remaining wall was five feet six inches. Those who had constructed it appeared well acquainted with the strength of an arched roof to withstand the pressure of the heavy falls of snow of these regions; and much skill and nicety were displayed in the arrangement of the slabs of slaty limestone, in order that the conical form of the building might be preserved throughout."

Sir Edward Belcher's parties found several complete structures of this kind, in the islands which they traversed north of Wellington Channel. Upon the land near Northumberland Sound the remains, as was supposed, of an Esquimaux encampment were found.

"This village, or encampment, was of the most substantial construction..... Great ingenuity and labor had been exerted in their construction. They were not superficial, but their foundations were laid at least three feet below the ground, — a matter most difficult to execute, even with our own tools, at any season! These foundations were of stone, in double walls, with the interval filled in with fine clay and gravel. The doors faced to the east, and evidently had the long passages usually appertaining to those of settled habitations in Greenland. Further, as noticed at Cape Riley, all the stones were larger, and different from any others noticed on the point."

In the spring of 1853, Sir Edward Belcher, with a travelling party, found upon some of the lands washed by the Polar Sea erections still more curious in their construction.

"One was a double cone, being about eight feet on the axis, and about the same at its greatest diameter; the rough computation at the time gave about forty courses of stone, varying from two to four inches, all parallel, selected slabs, and some appeared too heavy for any pair of our men to transport even for a few yards. These stones were not similar to those in the immediate vicinity, but were evidently obtained from a lower sandstone level; how they could have been brought up to this position was perplexing. The internal height, excepting in the centre, was not above four feet; and the interior appeared, as each slab was removed, to have been carefully filled in with small flat stones and moss, and yet no moss was to be found growing near it in any direction! It was marsh moss, and must have been brought from below."

No clew was found within or around it to denote the purpose of this singular structure. "The general impression was that it was of recent construction; but all was mystery, — no

document, European or Esquimaux." Soon after this, the party met with what appeared to be graves, and "to my senses," says Belcher, "raised by European hands." Upon opening these, however, "not a vestige of anything but black, dead moss was discovered." Neither the rocks nor the moss were like any other rocks or vegetable growth in the vicinity. No natives were found upon any of the lands visited by the Belcher expedition, west of Pond's Bay. If these curious works were built by the Esquimaux, they certainly furnish evidence of considerable intelligence.

As respects character, all accounts agree in calling the Esquimaux generally harmless, kind, generous, and hospitable. The intercourse held by Sir John Ross with the natives of Boothia and King William Land, in 1829 – 32, was of the very friendliest nature. The distinction between *meum* and *tuum* among them was not, indeed, very strictly observed, and the only feeling of shame which they seemed conscious of possessing was in the fact of detection; as though they thought that the discovery of their thieving propensities was a reflection upon their dexterity in appropriating what was not their own. But their petty pilferings appear pardonable beside the great defalcations and thefts of civilized life, and their shamelessness is not at all a characteristic peculiarly their own. Sir John Franklin, in his painful land journey in the years 1819 – 22, was, in almost all cases, well and kindly treated by the natives of British America. He found them, for the most part, trusty and faithful. Both these commanders in their extremity knew the value of a friend, and could gratefully appreciate it. Dr. Kane looks at the Esquimaux from no narrow and illiberal point of view. He is good-humoredly disposed to regard even their short-comings with considerable complacency, and though he would "nothing extenuate," he certainly would "set down naught in malice." Looking through his medium, we find many praiseworthy traits of character among them. Sir Edward Belcher characteristically speaks of them with supercilious disdain. He never saw such utter "filth and degradation" as were exhibited by these people.

In morals, the Esquimaux are described, with the exception

to which we have referred, as generally correct. For a barbarous people, though not above reproach, they are still to be commended. Sir Edward Parry, who was among them in 1824–25, speaks of them as affectionate and even self-sacrificing in their family relations, parents frequently refraining from food in time of want till their children have been supplied, and in case of necessity, likewise, giving up articles of clothing for the children's sake. Sir John Ross mentions the practice, which he alleges to be not infrequent among them, of the duplication of the matrimonial tie on both sides, women sometimes having two husbands and men having two wives. Notwithstanding this, they are said to be chaste and virtuous, and domestic life is as peaceful and happy as their circumstances permit. Sir John amusingly institutes a comparison, in this respect, between the Esquimaux and the people of our country, which is certainly not favorable to the latter.

"The Esquimaux treat their wives exceedingly well, different from the people of the United States, where the feelings of democracy, in necessarily rendering all men tyrants, have produced that neglect, at least, of the sex, which is as near an approach to oppression as could be practised in a country so far partaking of Europe as it does."

Upon another point, Sir John mentions a fact which is worth recording, as showing the ideas of these people respecting murder and its punishment.

"One of the Boothians stabbed another in a quarrel; his punishment was in being banished to perpetual solitude, or shunned by every individual of the tribe. When asked why his life was not taken in return, it was replied, that this would be to make themselves equally bad; that the loss of his life would not restore that of the other, and that he who should cause such loss would be equally guilty."

In regard to the religious opinions of the Esquimaux, our means of knowledge are limited. Undoubtedly their opinions have been somewhat modified by the presence and instructions of the Danish and Moravian missionaries. Franklin gives, in the narrative of his overland journey, some interesting statements respecting the natives of the regions through which he travelled, by which it appears that they believe in certain gods, representing good and evil, from whom come bless-

ings and persecutions, who are to be propitiated by offerings, and who have prepared a kind of Paradise for good Indians upon the summit of a high mountain. Bad Indians are thrown down the mountain's side, and infanticides are never allowed to reach the mountain at all. Some of the natives have traditions of having been taught by a man who came among them, many years ago, and possessed and exercised the power of healing the sick, raising the dead, and performing miracles of various kinds.

We do not propose to enter into a consideration of the ethnological question of the origin of these tribes. They themselves declare that their progenitors came from the moon. It is generally believed that they are of Asiatic origin, having crossed to America by way of Behring's Straits. Master Christopher Hall, in Frobisher's Narrative, declares that they "be like to Tartars, with long black hair, broad faces, and flat noses, and tawny in color, wearing seal-skins," — which is at once a brief and pithy description of their personal appearance. Lieutenant Osborn has some curious speculations, derived from the information which he has been able to obtain of the traces which still remain of the passage of some tribes of people at no distant day along the lands to the north of our continent. Such traces exist through the whole extent of these lands. McClure found Baring Island inhabited. Rae found Esquimaux on Victoria and Wollaston Land. Ross found them on King William Land and Boothia. Tokens of their progress have been seen at Melville Island and on the Parry Islands to the west, upon Cornwallis Island, and the new lands discovered by Sir Edward Belcher, indicating an emigration from the northeast of Asia, along the northern shores of North America, and the lands in a much higher latitude, to the coasts of Greenland, and even as far south as Labrador. It is hardly to be questioned that they are, as an English writer has remarked, "one of the most widely spread nations of the globe."

The Arctic search has been, in more respects than one, the school of character. It has shown what a charm there is in perilous adventure to the human mind. Its dangers have been great, its hardships severe. It is remarkable to see what

courage and capacity of calm endurance they have developed. The narratives of the different expeditions, made up as they mostly have been from journals kept upon the spot, are written, in general, in the most buoyant and cheerful spirit. Belcher's book is the only one we now have in mind as expressive of uneasiness and fault-finding. It is no slight trial to one's patience, it must be confessed, to be confined for months to a single spot, without any change of scene or companions. All the resources which a commander possesses are brought into requisition, to prevent his men from becoming despondent and gloomy. He that succeeds in teaching them to brave every peril with dauntless front, and to bear every privation with good-humor and elasticity of spirit, is certainly a brave and gallant man. A ship is, at all times, a school for manliness and generosity; much more must it be so when shut up in Arctic ice. Most of the officers and men who have been engaged in this service have been eminently fitted for it. No more gallant crew can be found than the company of Dr. Kane, and there could be no braver or better commander.

Those who are enjoying more genial climes can hardly appreciate the extreme peril of the Arctic voyager. The unstable ice, sometimes moving with resistless force in stupendous masses, the roaring tempest, the blinding snow, the excessive cold, the complete isolation, must all conspire to strike terror. Confined on board the ship from September to March, the officers can vary the monotony of their lives by their scientific pursuits, reading, and journalizing; the men, by their plays upon the ice, their school, and their theatre, — the mercury meanwhile running down to —30°, —40°, —50°, and even —60°. When the spring comes, the travelling parties start, six, eight, ten, or twelve men, with a sledge to drag over the rough and difficult road. They are gone for weeks together, and accomplish a distance of hundreds of miles. Sometimes the snow covers them up, and they must plunge out of it as best they can. Sometimes the storm drives them out of their course. They are subject to frost-bites, snow-blindness, scurvy, and other misfortunes, too numerous to mention, and yet they have a right merry time of it all.

A more light-hearted company is seldom to be found, if, as indeed has generally been the case, it is made up of men of the right stamp. The enjoyments of the Arctic search have been as vivid as its dangers have been great. Dr. Kane's account of the theatrical performances of the men, in his first narrative, shows the humorous character of the company, though somewhat broad and coarse in its manifestation. "The Blue Devils" was the title of the farce, on Christmas Eve, 1850.

"None knew their parts, and the prompter could not read glibly enough to do his office. Megrim, with a pair of seal-skin boots, bestowed his gold upon the gentle Annette; and Annette, nearly six feet high, received it with mastodonic grace. Annette was an Irishman named Daly; and I might defy human being to hear her, while balanced on the heel of her boot, exclaim, in rich masculine brogue, 'Och, feather!' without roaring."

At a later date, the crew celebrated the reappearance of the sun by a performance in a little better style. The play-bill announced, "No admittance to children; and no ladies admitted without an escort." All this with the mercury in the audience-room, namely, the upper deck, ranging from —7° to —15°. Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic theatre carried on its performances under the management of Commander Richards, — a most admirable officer, by the way, — with the mercury at —37°.

The Arctic school, on board, was also full of mirthfulness and glee, surpassed only, if possible, by the out-door cheerful humor of the evening halt — or rather the morning halt, for night travel in those regions is found most convenient — of the travelling parties, in which, says Osborn, "there was more hearty merriment than in many a palace, — dry witticisms, or caustic remarks, which made one's sides ache with laughter." Mr. Kennedy has a pleasant account of one of these "jolly times." What with song and story and joke, his travelling party often made "what Mr. Anderson calls 'a night of it.'"

"No management, however, can make one solitary candle last out beyond twelve o'clock or thereabout. Notwithstanding this extinguisher

to the entertainments of the evening, Mr. Anderson — while some are dozing and hob-a-nobbing in their dreams — may still be heard, keeping it up with unabated spirit in the dark, wakening every sleeper every now and then with some tremendous chorus he has contrived to get up among his friends, for the 'Bay of Biscay,' or some favorite Greenland melody, with its inspiriting burden of 'cheerily, ah! cheerily.'"

We would not have the reader suppose that Arctic life is a scene of hilarious enjoyment. Far from it. There are perils to make the stoutest heart quake. But it is pleasant to know that in the midst

> "Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes,"

there was still so much light-heartedness and jovial cheer.

The Arctic search has served for the test of physical endurance, as well as the trial of character. The experiences of the various expeditions have shown how readily the human frame can become inured to the lowest temperature, and still retain its general health and vigor. Such temperatures as —50° and —60° were not of unfrequent occurrence, yet the hardy sailors bore them well. Nay, to so remarkable a degree had they become acclimated, as to deem temperatures which would cause us to flee to shelter as for our lives oppressively warm, or at least comfortable. Parry, Ross, Franklin, Belcher, and Kane, with other writers, furnish full proof of this singular fact. Almost fabulous stories are told in relation to this matter. Dr. Kane declares, that "no natural cold as yet known can arrest travel." He had "both sledged and walked sixty and seventy miles over the roughest ice, in repeated journeys, at fifty degrees below zero," and two parties that had gone out and returned to the brig, had "been exposed, in the dead of winter, for three hundred miles, to the same horrible cold." The experience of other travelling parties fully corroborates this statement. The Esquimaux are fat, healthy, and comfortable in the midst of such severe weather, while their visitors soon become accustomed to it. Says our author: —

"The mysterious compensations by which we adapt ourselves to climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the Polar zone

the assault is immediate and sudden, and, unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its results rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to tell who are to be the heat-making and acclimatized men. Petersen, for instance, who has resided for two years at Upernavik, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Riley, with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so inured himself to the cold, that he sleeps on our sledge-journeys without a blanket or any other covering than his walking-suit, while the outside temperature is thirty degrees below zero."

Not only for the endurance of cold does the human frame show its capability, but also for the endurance of hunger. Franklin's terrible sufferings in his overland journey to the Mackenzie River, and his narrow escape from starvation, are not unfamiliar to our knowledge. The sufferings of Kane and his escaping party almost furnish a parallel. While on board the brig, indeed, their food was not uncommonly composed of those animals not usually considered clean and wholesome. Raw walrus-meat was a delicacy, and a *ragout* of rat or dog a savory dish. Yet under these circumstances the men's health, though not vigorous, was certainly not fatally undermined. Three men only were lost, two of them having been subjected to the incredible cold and the most wearisome travel, and the other having overstrained himself in a successful attempt to save one of the boats of the returning party from destruction. The remainder of the crew, upon their arrival at New York, were sound and vigorous, to a man. And this is the usual record of Arctic voyages. Barring the scurvy and other diseases incidental to long sea-voyages, there is very slight fatality among the crews of the searching ships. Sir John Ross during four years of imprisonment lost but three men, and these not wholly from the effects of the climate. Captain McClure's crew remained complete for three years, without the loss of a single man, though exposed to numerous hardships. The first death occurred after the certainty of rescue had been assured. It is needless to comment upon these remarkable facts. We are grateful to know that an all-wise God has "fearfully and wonderfully" made us, and that his providence watches over all our ways with paternal solicitude.

These last voyages have been singularly unsuccessful in finding any traces of the missing expedition of Franklin. Dr. Kane was, quite as unexpectedly to himself as to others, entirely off the proper track, and could find nothing. Sir Edward Belcher is very decidedly of the opinion, that Sir John Franklin met with some disaster in Barrow Strait, affirming that the articles found at Cape Riley are evidence that the place was used as a port of refuge. He believes that the Erebus and Terror were wrecked on the eastern side of Prince Regent Inlet, that the crews divided into three parties, one for Beechy Island, one for Pond's Bay, and one for the Hudson's Bay posts, and that some disaster occurred to one of these parties, — the others being still unaccounted for, — by which the Esquimaux came into possession of the articles found among them. But he does not believe that this disaster overtook the party within at least a distance of two hundred miles from the place mentioned by Dr. Rae. He supports these opinions by arguments certainly plausible and ingenious. He furthermore has the impression, that the natives at Pond's Bay know more about the whole matter than has yet been divulged, and still hopes that some manuscript journal of the voyage may be in possession of the Esquimaux. Mr. Kennedy's instructions for his voyage in the Prince Albert, in the years 1851–52, directed him to search the neighborhood of the very quarter where the relics were found. But, for some reason, Mr. Kennedy, after crossing Prince of Wales Land, went northward instead of southward, and thus missed the best opportunity yet given of finding out the truth upon this perplexing subject. It is singular to perceive what a combination of unfortunate circumstances prevented al. chance of rescue for Franklin, and has thus far kept from us the certain knowledge of his fate. Whether the mystery will ever be cleared up, is beyond the ken of man.

We believe that the results of the Arctic Search are both valuable and instructive. Much has been gained for science, the knowledge of an extraordinary people has been opened to the world, and the noblest faculties of human nature have found a sphere for their development, which makes us proud of its capacities. As long as devotion to duty, self-sacrifice

for the extension of knowledge, brotherly love, and heroism are capable of exciting admiration and reverence, so long will the Arctic voyages, and the brave voyagers, be held in grateful remembrance among men. The enterprises of commerce and the plans of humanity have indeed been baffled, but we are glad to feel that the world has not wholly lost the treasure and the precious lives, which have been expended in the SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

ART. VI. — *Beaumarchais et son Temps; Études sur la Société en France au XVIIIe Siècle d'après des Documens inédits.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1856. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xi., 522, 596.

AMONG the characters of a secondary importance which distinguish the most brilliant portion of the last century, there are few possessed of such universal attraction as that which attaches itself to the name of Beaumarchais. To the man of letters, he presents himself as the author of the two wittiest and most sparkling plays that the French stage has seen since the days of Molière. The advocate and the general reader will recall to mind those passages in the *Causes Célèbres* to which his talents have given almost an historical interest. The financier and the merchant recognize in him the man of business, whose transactions reached "from China to Peru," and who, from the most insignificant beginnings, brought his credit to be respected in every commercial mart in Christendom; while to the politician and the statesman, he figures as the subtle diplomatist, the hardy intriguer, whose machinations involved the whole European continent, more or less, in our Revolutionary contest, and embarked in the cause of a distant and an alien race, struggling to establish a democracy in the place of a constitutional monarchy, the most ancient of the despotic powers of the Old World. And yet, strange to say, the personal history of this man has hitherto remained in greater obscurity than

that of almost any public character of his day and generation. Even those scenes in his career which relate most immediately to American affairs are not yet completely unveiled; and in short, until assisted by the labors of M. de Loménie, the student was rather perplexed and tantalized than materially benefited by his consultation of the scanty and scattered memorials which existed in reference to his public and private life.

In the preparation of the volumes before us, their author appears to have enjoyed singular advantages. His style is agreeable, his information comprehensive and accurate, and the *matériel* placed at his disposal all that could be desired. The opening chapter describes M. de Loménie's admission, under the guidance of his hero's grandson, into the dusty and long-closed garret, where for five-and-fifty years had slumbered in undisturbed repose the vast magazine of papers and documents which Beaumarchais had left behind. Buried beneath the accumulated dust of half a century, hidden in chests or piled away on cobwebbed shelves, whole heaps of invaluable manuscripts met his delighted view. Here was a package of letters from dignitaries long since in the grave; there, files of documents relative to those famous lawsuits with which "all Europe rang from side to side." At the bottom of yonder trunk, whose key has long since been lost and forgotten, he finds the original autographs of the Barber of Seville and the Marriage of Figaro, lying side by side with the model of an escapement, carrying us back to the days of the humble watchmaker in the Rue St. Denys, and inscribed *Caron filius ætatis* 21 *annorum regulatorem invenit et fecit* 1753. The sight of these *chefs d'œuvre* of the humble mechanic and of the courtly dramatist, so carefully preserved together, reminds one of the Eastern king who was wont to display in the same coffer his original shepherd's robe and his gorgeous mantles of royalty.

From the arrangement and docketing of some of the papers thus discovered, it would seem that Beaumarchais had himself anticipated their future value for biographical purposes. But at his death, his family had good reasons for not giving them to the public. Hence it is that so little has hith-

erto been known, and that little not well, of his career. The sketch by La Harpe, vague as it is, was long the only authentic source of information about him, unless we include the scattered and isolated passages in which he incidentally figures in the memoirs of the times. At last, however, when family policy no longer compels the suppression of any of the voluminous documents that survive their author, it is fortunate indeed that circumstances should have thus happily concurred for the development of a history so intimately interwoven with that of the epoch in which he flourished. Sprung from the lower ranks of society, he has left the traces of his wanderings through every grade. As M. de Loménie himself remarks, the surprising variety of his *aptitudes* brought Beaumarchais into constant contact with the most opposite persons and things, and fitted him to play every day, and nearly at the same moment, the most diverse parts in the comedy of life. Watchmaker; musician and singer; playwright and composer; courtier or demagogue, as occasion dictated; man of pleasure and man of business; financier and manufacturer; editor and privateer; politician, ambassador, and secret agent of the state; turning aside from considering the salary of a *danseuse* to despatch a squadron which should battle with "the hardy Byron," side by side with the fleet of D'Estaing; — Beaumarchais had a hand in almost every affair, great or small, which preceded the French Revolution.

In the shop of a humble watchmaker of Paris, and on the 24th of January, 1732, Pierre Augustin Caron was born. As Arouet possesses all his fame under the territorial appellation of Voltaire, so, a quarter of a century later, the young Caron acquired that more euphonious territorial surname which his genius has made immortal. It is sufficient to say here of his family, that, while in point of position it was respectable among the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, it was far superior, as to mental cultivation, to perhaps any in the same rank of to-day. In this domestic circle, the relations of Caron appear to have been singularly happy. Loving and beloved, the same tenderness and generosity which embellished his childhood accompanied him to the grave; and his correspondence

with his relatives constitutes by no means the least interesting portion of the volumes before us. Yet the days of his youth passed not altogether smoothly. They were the witnesses of full many an escapade, pushed, perhaps, to the utmost limit of careless gayety; nor did his father always find in the half-spoiled boy the very model of an industrious apprentice. These juvenile disorders at length came to a head; and, as well as his nature permitted, he seems to have in season shaken off the slough of his inconsequential follies, and subsided into the acute and ingenious mechanic. Towards the end of 1753, being then in business with his father, he made his *début* before the public, contending with success for the honor of a certain improvement in his craft, of which a brother watchmaker had sought to deprive him. The affair was ended by his introduction, as watchmaker to the king, into the halls of Versailles. By his professional skill, he now speedily obtained not only the custom of the court, but, what was of far greater value, the notice of the royal family. Once noticed, it was hardly possible for him not to please. His tall and well-proportioned person; his regular and handsome features; and, above all, his active and self-confident mind, could not but inspire the feeling that he was not the man to neglect. At no period of his life, and still less at the age of twenty-four, was Caron likely to be found the victim of excessive modesty. The lines of Hudibras might not unfitly be applied to this part of his character:

> "He that has but impudence,
> To all things has a fair pretence;
> And put among his wants but shame,
> To all the world may make his claim."

And when we consider his various and wonderful capacity, we need be surprised at none of his victories. Though no flight seemed too lofty or too daring for him to essay, courage never failed him. No Icarus was he, to lose heart midway at the height he had attained, and topple headlong down into the giddy gulf below. When he failed, — and fail he did, on more than one occasion, — the fault was in anything rather than in his own lack of audacity and presence of mind.

Caron had not been long attached to the court of Louis XV., when he contracted an advantageous matrimonial alliance with the widow of M. Francquet, to whose employment in the palace he also succeeded. It was from some portion of this lady's estates that he borrowed his cognomen of Beaumarchais; but it was not until 1761, when he bought the sinecure post of a Royal Secretary, that he acquired nobility, and the legal right to subscribe himself *de* Beaumarchais. This gave occasion for his witty reply, in the *procès Goëzman*, to the reproaches of his plebeian origin. "My nobility is no thing of yesterday," he cried; "it is already *nearly twenty years old!* Nor is it like that of many of our nobles, of uncertain origin, and involved in tradition. I have the parchment deed itself to show for it, freshly written, and stamped with yellow wax. No one can dispute it to me, for here is the receipt!" Such humorous insolence as this is the strongest commentary on the state of feeling in France before the Revolution. But he was not fortunate in wedlock. His first wife died in less than a year from their nuptials. In 1768, he found consolation in the charms of another widow, one Madame Lévêque, a lady endowed largely with what Parson Evans calls "good gifts"; but she also died in about two years. These circumstances gave a handle to the charge of poisoning, which was afterwards whispered against the bereaved husband; but the story does not even call for refutation, it is so palpably groundless. The favor which various accomplishments of the young watchmaker had gained for him with the daughters of the king, was the commencement of his troubles. Envied, yet contemned, by a throng of high-born courtiers, he was exposed to incessant insult and contumely. His ready tongue, and sometimes not less ready hand, were constantly in requisition. Some of his retorts were very happy. Every one knows the story of a gentleman seeking to affront him by publicly calling on him to regulate a superb watch. In vain Beaumarchais protested that from long abstinence he had forgotten the trade of his youth, and had become very awkward. His adversary insisted; and in the next moment, while pretending to lift it to the light, Beaumarchais dropped the jewelled timepiece from his hands,

and it was dashed to pieces. With a low bow, and a reiteration of his awkwardness in such matters, he left the impertinent courtier to gather up the shattered fragments and to digest his discomfiture.

Finding themselves no match for him in wit, these gentry resorted to other means of annoyance; but they were always baffled. Provoked to a duel, he dismissed his antagonist to a world where birth is regarded even less than at the court of Versailles. In all the difficulties in which he was involved by reason of the contrast between his origin and his position, we find the *parvenu* acting with a spirit and a coolness that often amounted to sheer impertinence. If, as a sequence to his fisticuff brawl with the Duc de Chaulnes, he got himself in 1773 into the prison of For-l'Évêque, he was speedily released; for his parts and understanding had won him many admirers, and some powerful friends. He was admitted to a court where no man who could contribute to the royal amusement had need to fear neglect; and so long as the king was gratified, it mattered little who else was annoyed. Madame du Deffand relates a curious instance of this sovereign disregard of the convenience of the rest of the world. One night Madame Victoire was taken with a whim for a certain sort of comfit, peculiar to Orleans. Her royal father at once sent a message to his prime minister, the Duc de Choiseul. The latter, in equal haste, rushed to the Bishop of Orleans, and, at three o'clock in the morning, roused that prelate from his episcopal slumbers, to peruse the following lines: — "Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans: My daughters want some *cotignac*. They want it in very little boxes. If you have none, I pray you" — (here was a pen-and-ink drawing of a sedan-chair, underneath which the letter continued) — "to send at once for some to your cathedral city, and take care that the boxes are not very large. Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans, may God have you in his holy keeping. Louis. — *Postscriptum*. The sedan-chair means nothing; my daughters had drawn it on the sheet which I found under my hand." The good Bishop of course sent a courier under whip and spur to Orleans. The *cotignac* arrived at the palace on the next day, but the momentary desire was gone, and nobody wanted it.

This part of the life of Beaumarchais contains many scenes which remind us of the story of the *cotignac*. His musical abilities were of service to the princesses, and there was no end to the laborious commissions with which he was honored. But he knew very well how to turn to good account even the disagreeabilities of his position. His influence with the royal family, though not sufficient at this time for any matter of serious importance, was ample to bring about the gratification of the desires of M. Paris du Verney, a wealthy financier; who did not fail to reciprocate these services by admitting his young ally to a share of his affairs. As wealth began to flow in, we find him still increasing his social standing by the purchase of more of those sinecure posts (happily long ago abolished) which served only to bring rank and dignity to the vendee, money to the vendor, and trouble to the public.

In 1764, he passed into Spain, called thither not less by certain domestic concerns, in which his sister's reputation was involved, than by commercial engagements. Even thus early his attention had evidently been directed towards America. One of his enterprises was to obtain for a company the exclusive commerce of Louisiana: he sought to monopolize the supply of slaves to the Spanish colonies; and by a letter from Madrid, in January, 1765, we find him importing large quantities of breadstuffs from New England. In the intervals of business he abandoned himself to the pursuits of gayety and pleasure; and probably brought back to France, *in alta mente reposta*, the first shadowings of his Figaros, his Almavivas, and his Bartholos. A fruitless love-affair with a beautiful Creole from St. Domingo, where it is not easy to say which party jilted the other, was perhaps the occasion of his directing his attention, not long after his return to Paris, to literature. *Eugénie*, his first play, was produced at the Théatre Français in June, 1767, with abundant success. This is a sentimental five-act piece, in tone not unlike that of Cumberland and his school. Like "The West-Indian," too, despite the contemporaneous favor which it received, it possesses now very little interest. *Les Deux Amis*, the second fruit of his dramatic Muse, was brought out in January, 1770, and happily condemned; — happily, for otherwise its author, who

singularly enough thought, at this time, of nothing less than comedy, might have been deluded by success into a serious misapprehension of his *forte*, and the world of imagination thus have lost some of its most brilliant inhabitants.

But his next appearance before the public was in a matter which moved a wider mirth than any comedy since the days when Thespis charmed Athens in a cart, and which involved more serious results than any tragedy that was ever witnessed on the mimic stage. In July, 1770, died Paris du Verney, the friend and associate in affairs of Beaumarchais, leaving his nephew, the Comte de la Blache, heir to a fortune of about 1,500,000 francs. Between this young man and Beaumarchais a lawsuit presently occurred, growing out of the settlement of Du Verney's accounts. A large balance was claimed by the heir as due from the defendant to the deceased. To rebut this, Beaumarchais produced an account, dated April 1st, 1770, and signed by Du Verney, which purported to be a full settlement of their common business. This document the plaintiff declared was a forgery. The effect of a plea like this every one will understand. It gives a criminal aspect to a civil suit, and compels the accused to defend not only his purse, but his character. If therefore La Blache sustained his allegations, the reputation of Beaumarchais would be ruined. Already, by the *memoires* or pleadings of the plaintiff and his advocate, it had received the most cruel stabs. The most atrocious calumnies were accumulated in those pages; that the defendant was a public poisoner, was one of the least of his crimes. However, the case being brought to trial, in the spring of 1772, judgment was given in favor of Beaumarchais; and from this decision his opponent appealed to the parliament.

To follow briefly the course of this remarkable affair, we will pass at once over the episode of M. de Chaulnes and the jail of For-l'Évêque, and pause to notice for a moment the complexion of this new court. In December, 1770, M. Maupeou, by a most arbitrary and unconstitutional decree, had abolished the ancient organizations of the parliaments of France, and had ended by dissolving entirely that of Paris, exiling its members, and erecting a new chamber of his own

creatures. This proceeding had naturally produced great excitement. The whole nation at once was in a flame. The eleven provincial parliaments gave vent to the most violent indignation. With a solitary exception, the princes of the blood royal, as well as a numerous body of the peers of France, refused to recognize the existence of the new chamber; and the eloquence of Malesherbes gave expression to the sentiment of the united people. But all was in vain: Maupeou stood firm; and his new parliament was proof against any opposition that had yet been waged against it. It was reserved for a single and a private hand to strike the blow to which a nation was inadequate.

The affair with La Blache had now nearly reached its conclusion in the chamber. A reference had been made to a member named Goëzman, and on his report, it was thought, the case would be decided. This man's wife entered into relations with Beaumarchais, who was anxious to gain favor with his judge, and obtained from him two hundred louis, which she was to return if the decision was against him. Fifteen louis further she exacted, to be paid to her husband's secretary. The day arrived; the determination of the parliament was made known; and it was against Beaumarchais. Madame Goëzman refunded his two hundred louis; but the fifteen, she said, were paid to the secretary, and were beyond her control. Irritated at the loss of his suit, which was almost ruinous to his fortune, and quite so to his character, and ascertaining from the secretary that the fifteen louis had never been given him, Beaumarchais took the dangerous step of demanding their restitution. Should she now repay him, he would be not only by fifteen louis the richer, but he might be able to make some capital out of her conduct; if she denied the whole transaction, he trusted to establish his case, and to impute to the husband a share in his wife's venality; and so in either event to facilitate the reversal of the decree. His policy here was very plain. Convinced that the suit had gone against him simply because La Blache had bid the highest, his first object was to have a new trial. The consequence was, that Madame Goëzman loudly denied the whole transaction, charging Beaumarchais, in his turn, with having sought to

bribe her husband through her hands; and on this charge Goëzman himself formally accused him before the parliament.

Beaumarchais was now in a truly perilous position. The crime alleged against him bore a punishment at the discretion of the court of aught save death, — *omnia citra mortem;* his accuser was one of that very assembly which was to judge him; and the facts in the case were necessarily of a most obscure and questionable complexion. But his spirits rose with his danger. His pleadings were read by all Paris, — we may almost say, by every capital and polite circle in Europe, — and he took care that they should not be read in vain. Voluminous as a blue-book, they are even at this day as exciting as a romance. This man, said the Prince de Conti, must either be paid or *hung!* His antagonists had painted him in the most odious colors. He now not only vindicated his own character, but returned with compound interest all that they had said of him. The public was pleased with his talents, and willingly conceded the truth of the reproaches he cast upon the opposing party, who had commenced the attack. "On riait," says La Harpe, "de les voir écorchés, parce qu'ils avaient le poignard à la main."

Unfortunately for himself, however, Beaumarchais was not to be tried before the tribunal of public opinion, but by a court already amply exasperated against him from the very fact that he had become a public favorite. They well knew that the daily exhibitions of popular hatred, though directed for the moment against but one of their fellows, owed their origin in a large measure to a general dislike for the whole body; and so far as their courage would permit, they avenged themselves. Forced to convict the Goëzmans, they involved Beaumarchais in the same category, by what train of logical reasoning it is impossible to perceive; but the three were found guilty together. On the 26th of February, 1774, Beaumarchais was sentenced to degradation from all his civic rights; "la cour te blâme et déclare infame," were the words of the decree; on the 27th, he was the most popular man in Paris. There was scarce a person of note in the city who did not call upon him; the Prince de Conti and the Duke of Orleans united to give a superb fête in his honor; every man recognized in him the

virtual conqueror of the public foe. For though the Maupeou parliament had indeed stung him to the quick, it had thereby ruined itself; like that of a venomous insect, its sting was left in the wound, and gone for ever. In proclaiming civil death to a man whom court, camp, and *quai* united to honor, it had signed its own death-warrant. A few months later its dissolution was consummated, and its predecessor re-established; but it was not for some time afterward that the obnoxious sentence and judgment were repealed. The only remaining feature of the trial that we will refer to is the curious episode of Clavijo, so agreeably narrated by Mr. Lewes in his late work, and which gave to the illustrious Goethe a subject for one of his earliest dramas.

Pending the remission of his sentence, Beaumarchais did not remain unemployed. The Barber of Seville was written; his second wife was buried, and her place supplied by a third; and Louis XV. had engaged him in a secret mission to London, to purchase the suppression of a scurrilous life of Madame du Barry, the royal mistress. Such was his success in this last affair, that, despite his hatred of that profligate adventuress, Louis XVI., immediately on the death of his grandfather, despatched him on a somewhat similar expedition. It was in these negotiations that Beaumarchais laid the foundations of certain intimacies in London, which he turned to so very excellent account a few months later in regard to the American question. His intervention between the French government and that famous "jack-gentlewoman," (as Peter Pindar calls him,) the Chevalier d'Éon, forms one of not the least curious chapters in his life. These events, however, and much more of a history scarcely less entertaining than that of Gil Blas (to whom, indeed, its hero may be well compared), we must pass over, to come at once to what must be to Americans the most interesting portion of his career. The importance of the French assistance to this country during its Revolutionary war has hardly ever been overrated, and the means by which it was brought about have never been fully developed. "Non pourtant rien est," as we are told by old Froissart, "qui ne soit sceu, ou loing ou pres"; and the volumes before us have done much to illuminate this matter.

Exhausted by the Seven Years' War, disgusted with the peace which concluded it, France could not but regard with the deepest interest the approaches of a struggle which, terminate as it might, must greatly injure her hereditary enemy. But she was in no condition to interfere openly, and to do so secretly required no small degree of tact and dexterity; for sooner or later the fact would be known, and if America were to fail, the revenge of Britain was not likely to spare the covert abetter of civil war. Her approaches therefore were at the outset of the most careful and guarded description. As early as November, 1775, an old French officer was in waiting upon Congress at Philadelphia, assuring them of the good dispositions of the king, his master, but disguising even his own name. "If you want arms," said he, "you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it." But when pressed for his authority, he merely drew his hand across his throat, and informed them that "he should take care of his head"; and so departed as secretly as he came.* About the same time that this wary negotiator must have been despatched to America, Beaumarchais was sent to London, ostensibly on business connected with the D'Éon affair, to collect Spanish coin for the West Indies, and on other nominal pretexts; but really to watch the current of English and Transatlantic policy. This task he performed with characteristic acuteness and dexterity. Of course, the first thing for him to do was to obtain accurate information of the actual designs of the colonists and of the mother country; and next, to ascertain the power of either party to carry through its plans. His facilities were singularly good; for while on the one hand he was on terms of established and easy intimacy with Lord Rochford, a member of Lord North's cabinet, and the same "gentle youth" whose musical proclivities made him the butt of the satirical scribblers of the day; his relations with Wilkes, on the other hand, brought him into ready communication with the American junto at London. Of such opportunities no one could have made a better use than the political agent of Louis XVI.; and this too seems to

* Flanders's Lives and Times of the Chief Justices, p. 152.

have been the opinion of the French ministry, since some of the most important state papers on America that we know of were sent from Beaumarchais with unbroken seals, through the hands of M. de Sartines, to those of the king himself. In September, 1775, we find him painting in the liveliest colors the condition of the political horizon, over which, dark and lowering as it was, there appeared to be gathering clouds yet more dangerous than any England had seen since the days of her Great Rebellion. In fact, to the eye of many political observers, on either side of the Channel, a visionary scaffold terminated the vista. Lord Rochford himself scrupled not to hint that the winter would scarcely pass without seeing seven or eight heads of the leaders of the king's party or of the opposition brought to the block; and M. de Vergennes uneasily doubted, in the probability of an English revolution, as to the personal safety of George III.

It did not long remain undiscerned by the cabinet of Versailles that a terrible struggle was inevitable between England and America. No great degree of foresight was necessary for them to perceive that in such a contest their own nation could not long remain an entirely neutral power. On the one side, they were clamorously beset with applications for aid from America; on the other, they were haughtily admonished by Great Britain to restrain their people from any steps which directly or indirectly might benefit the revolted colonies. But the safety of her sugar islands was an object very dear to France; and willing as she was to see the commerce and prosperity of Britain humbled, she was properly adverse to perilling needlessly her own interests. It was not until she saw her way clear before her, that she involved herself at all in the contest. The representations of Beaumarchais doubtless had great effect in bringing about the final result. Early in his mission he foresaw the coming *imbroglio*, and pointed out to his superiors the advantages, if not the absolute necessity, of an alliance with America. In fact, his views at this juncture seem to have been, in a measure, those of an alarmist. "If England gains the complete victory in America," he wrote in February, 1776, to Louis XVI., "it will be at such a cost of men and money that she will infallibly seize on our sugar

islands to compensate herself; and she will do this even more certainly, if fortune falls the other way, and she finds herself stripped of her continental plantations." Even if a conciliation should take place, he did not doubt that the ill-feeling of the two contending parties would be turned into one stream against France, and their mutual dislike merged in the hatred of a common foe. To such a conclusion he was perhaps led by the language of Arthur Lee, who, while offering to France for a term of years what was tantamount to a monopoly of American trade, as the price of her assistance, threatened that, should this ultimatum be declined, Congress would readily find some other European court willing to strike the bargain, and that America would not then be long in avenging herself on France. If Lee did really make such a proposal, (and there seems no reason to doubt it,) it is unlikely that Congress would have ratified the scheme. For though he was now the secret agent of that body in London, he was vested with no such plenipotentiary powers; and so far as foreign states were concerned, his functions appear to have been limited to ascertaining their disposition, and nothing more. This, however, could not have been known to Beaumarchais; and his interviews with Lee therefore only served to make him more vehement for the active interposition of his own court, which had so far endeavored to preserve a tolerably strict neutrality. Fortunately for us, Britain exacted yet more. In allusion to this, Vergennes, under date of April 26, 1776, remarks, with some bitterness, that England seems to consider his master bound to protect her interests, at the expense of those of France; and forcibly contrasts the conduct of his own court and of that of St. James during the Corsican rebellion, when aid without stint was poured into that island from England. To a cabinet thus "drifting into a war," the language of Beaumarchais could not have been very unwelcome. But it was some time, despite the supposed promises and threats of Congress presented by Lee, before this language produced any serious effect.

Beaumarchais had met Lee at Wilkes's, near the close of the year 1775, and many free conversations on the subject of American affairs ensued between them. A mutual misappre-

hension appears to have occasionally taken place, — the very natural consequence of an enthusiastic young American and a not less excited young Frenchman comparing together the propriety and feasibility of plans which at best were as yet barely speculative and contingent. Besides, though Lee was a good French scholar, it is not probable that he had then acquired the conversational fluency which is usually gained only by a prolonged residence in France; while Beaumarchais himself understood no English. The one word which he esteemed the root of the language, and which probably stood him in the same stead as Wamba's *pax vobiscum* in Ivanhoe, he wittily enough brings forward in the Marriage of Figaro; and we prefer this mode of accounting for the incongruous versions of their conferences, as given by the two parties, to charging either of them with wilful mendacity. Beaumarchais may have misunderstood what he reports Lee to have told him respecting the intentions of Congress. Lee was certainly wrong in his statement of December 13th, 1775, to the Secret Committee, that Vergennes had sent a gentleman (Beaumarchais) to him, "who informed him that the French court could not think of entering into a war with England; but that they would assist America by sending from Holland that fall £ 200,000 worth of arms and ammunition to St. Eustatius, Martinique, or Cape François; that application was to be made to the governors or commandants of those places, by inquiring for *Monsieur Hortalez*, and that, on persons properly authorized applying, the above articles would be delivered to them." This transaction explains itself to us as the first sketch of the scheme which was afterwards in a modified form carried into effect, but which at the time we refer to was rejected by the French ministry. During the summer of 1776, however, various plans were probably revolved in the cabinet, all tending to the adoption of some means whereby supplies might be secretly transmitted to America, actually by the government, but apparently by some private and irresponsible individual. And throughout, the ideas and influence of Beaumarchais had altogether the controlling weight with Vergennes. It is certainly to him that we owe the first material assistance obtained from Europe. On June 10th, 1776, he received

the sum of 1,000,000 francs from M. de Vergennes, to whom account therefor was to be rendered; and on August 11th, a like sum from the court of Spain, to be in like manner accounted for to Vergennes. The transaction bears on its face no direction as to the application of these moneys; but M. de Loménie explains it as follows. The fund was for the ultimate benefit of America; but, for prudential reasons, the operation was to assume, not only to English but to American eyes, the appearance of a commercial speculation of essentially private origin, with which the government had no connection. With the capital thus furnished him, Beaumarchais was to found such an establishment as should supply America with all needful articles of war, which he was permitted to purchase secretly from the royal arsenals, at fair rates. Reimbursement was to be obtained by him in American produce, for the introduction of which into France every facility was furnished him. The business, once started, was to sustain itself; government reserving a discretion, founded on inspection of the accounts to be given it by Beaumarchais, as to the necessity of yielding him thereafter any more solid encouragement.

This, it must be observed, is merely M. de Loménie's conclusion; he gives no positive proof that such a convention was actually made. Its existence was always denied by Lee, who assured Congress that the supplies sent by *Roderigue Hortalez & Co.* (for this was the fictitious style under which Beaumarchais conducted his business) were gratuities from the French government; and that, according to their agent, Beaumarchais, as a cover only, and not as a payment, a small quantity of American produce was to be remitted, to give it the air of a commercial transaction. We incline to believe that Lee was more or less mistaken here. The character of this patriotic and talented, but arrogant and ambitious man, has been so well drawn by Mr. Sparks, that we need not repeat his verdict. His imprudent suspicions and ill-founded jealousies often led him into reflections which neither contemporaneous judgment nor that of posterity can sustain. Such was his distrust of Franklin, for instance. It does more credit, however, to Lee's heart than to his head, that, after having in his

official capacity for years treated Beaumarchais as a dishonest man, and stigmatized him as an adventurer, he should be found declaring, in July, 1779, that "he absolutely does not know whether Beaumarchais is right or wrong, and while it is doubtful, one would not impeach his character!" The fact seems to us to be, that, in the outset, Lee was prodigiously and virtuously gratified at the idea of aiding to render to his country such an important service as the procuring of French subsidies. At this time, he was the only European representative, in any form, of Congress; and as such, he was treated with. When Mr. Deane came to Paris, in July, 1776, clothed with a precise authority, Beaumarchais of course transferred his negotiations to that person. Lee, finding himself thus thrown out, came at once to Paris, quarrelled with both of them, and went back in a rage to London. Hence arose a hatred, which, we fear, led him unwittingly to commit more than one injustice, at the moment, perhaps, when, blinded by prejudice, he thought he was acting most patriotically. For Deane was not a whit less ambitious than Lee.* Each desired that his country should be served, and well served, but neither wished to see it served, in this regard, by any other than himself. With

* The history of Deane's recall from France, and his disgrace at home, his failure to render satisfactory accounts to Congress, and his subsequent improper conduct in abandoning America, are well known. But we cannot resist quoting here the most valuable exposition of his character that we have met, and which may not be familiar to many of our readers. It is the judgment of the late Colonel John Trumbull, — a man in every way competent to decide. "Ambition, not avarice, was his ruling passion. In his early transactions at the court of France, as the political and commercial agent of Congress, he rendered important services to his country, but by exceeding his powers, he made his recall necessary. Exasperated at the cool reception he met with on his return, and at the delay in settling his accounts, he became engaged in a contest with many of the most influential members of Congress. Defeated in many of his purposes, he repaired again to France. He found his political influence lost, with the loss of his official character. The publication of a number of his letters, written during his residence in France, and charging the French Court with intrigue and duplicity in their negotiations with us, rendered him obnoxious, and drove him into voluntary exile in the Netherlands, dissatisfied, exasperated, and impoverished almost to penury. Thus forced into an unnatural and friendless residence in foreign countries, he gave himself up to rage, resentment, and actual despair, and vented his passions in execrations against France, America, and mankind. . . . . He considered himself as a man, not only abused and ill-requited for important services, but denied those pecuniary rewards which had been promised him for his agency in Europe."— *Memoirs of Elkanah Watson*, pp. 131, 132.

all his faults of character, Lee was an honest man; which Deane was not. Lee's fate was therefore far more happy. When Deane fell, who had engaged heartily in the plans of Beaumarchais, the suspicion with which Lee had regarded their connection had a great effect in embarrassing the Frenchman's fortunes. Congress, having been warned that the two were in a plot to cheat America by making her responsible to Hortalez & Co. for stores sent by Louis XVI. as a free gift, naturally took alarm. The return cargos from America soon came irregularly, and then not at all. In the mean time, having appropriated and enjoyed the benefit of these remittances, it was necessary for our government to know whether they were to be paid for or not; in other words, who really sent them, the king or Beaumarchais. Vergennes assured the commissioners, that his master had furnished no part of the shipments made by Hortalez & Co., but had merely suffered a portion of them to be purchased by Beaumarchais from the royal arsenals. This ought to have settled the question; but it is probable some inkling of the fact that the money to buy them came from the treasury had reached the Americans, and they still persevered. What equitable difference this would make in the case, we cannot perceive. Louis had a right to do what he pleased with his own; and if he chose to lend it to a subject to go into business with, that circumstance could not exonerate the subject's debtors. There is no earthly reason to assert that the advances made by Beaumarchais (confessedly, as now appears, by the king's aid) were ever designed by the king to go to America as a free gift. He may have wished, while helping Congress, to help also one of his own subjects; and this seems to us as probable a theory as any other. But to cut a long story short, we will merely state, that, after years and years of contention, the heirs of Beaumarchais were compelled, in 1835, to compromise his claim for a sum infinitely less than they thought was due to him, and hardly more than a third of the balance reported in his favor by Alexander Hamilton, so long ago as 1793. It seems to us, therefore, that he had abundant cause to complain of the lack of good treatment at the hands of the United States.

But despite his Transatlantic misfortunes, he was yet a prosperous man. He was constantly engaged in the most extensive transactions and the most audacious speculations. His publication of two complete editions of Voltaire, — one in seventy volumes octavo, the other in ninety-two volumes duodecimo, — would alone serve to show the adventurous character of his mind. This was by far the heaviest and most dangerous publishing enterprise that had ever been essayed, and his losses by it were enormous. His books, from October 1st, 1776, to September 30th, 1783, are interesting, as presenting some idea of the nature and extent of his dealings through our Revolutionary war. Without entering into details, it will be sufficient for us to mention here, that, against a debtor's side of 21,044,191 livres, they give a credit sheet of but 21,092,515 livres; a profit, on such enormous expenditures, of scarcely ten thousand dollars in seven years.

But while he was expending a fortune in tribute to the literary fame of Voltaire, it must not be thought that he was unmindful of his own. In 1781, he had written and presented for publication his most renowned play, the Marriage of Figaro. Accepted by the theatre, it had passed to the proper authorities to be licensed for publication. The sparkling but audacious wit of this piece renders its attractions inexhaustible, even at this day; we may therefore judge of the sensation it produced among the excited circles of Paris, on the eve, almost, of the Revolution of 1789. Even they whose privileged follies and social immunities were most keenly lashed in its pages, ignored its satire for the sake of its wit; sporting as it were among the flowers that garnished the very verge of the precipice, and reckless of the gulf below. The whispers of applause from those who had seen the author's manuscript penetrated the palace, and the king himself expressed a desire to examine the production whose political tendencies were as strongly condemned by one part of his court, as its vivacity and wit were praised by the other. Madame Campan describes to us the occasion when the gentle and amiable Louis XVI., alone with Marie Antoinette, perused for the first time those stinging attacks upon courts

and courtiers, *lettres de cachet*, seigneurial rights, the censorship of the press, and all the thousand-and-one parasites which clung to the old walls of feudalism, and which were already shaking in the first breathings of the revolutionary storm. It was impossible for him not to perceive the effect its representation might produce upon a Parisian audience. "This is detestable," he cried, at the famous monologue in the fifth act, — "this is detestable; it shall never be played. The Bastile must be no more if such a piece as this is to have no fatal consequences. This fellow mocks at everything which a government ought to cause to be respected." "And then it is not to be performed?" inquired the queen, with a slight air of disappointment. "Most decidedly not," replied the king; "of that you may rest assured." In fact, it was not until March, 1784, that Beaumarchais, constantly intriguing to obtain his end, leaving no stone unturned to bring popular opinion to bear upon his case, and to stamp the royal refusal with the stigma of tyranny and arbitrary oppression, succeeded by mere dint of outside pressure in teasing an extorted consent from the reluctant monarch. By this time, all Paris had become aware of the nature of the play; and the occasion of its first representation was welcomed with a clamorous enthusiasm unprecedented even in that excitable city. From early day, crowds beset the theatre doors. Ladies of the first quality had their dinner in the green-room, to secure their places. In the throng, says Bachaumont, *cordons bleus* were elbowed by the Savoyards; the guard was dispersed, the doors broken down, and the railings gave way before the mob. Three persons were suffocated in the press, says La Harpe; "which was one more," as he adds, rather maliciously, "than died for Scuderi." On the stage, the most brilliant display of dramatic ability that France could produce, lending every power to give the piece success, — in the house, an audience alternately enraptured with his wit and electrified by his audacity, — all united to render this, perhaps, the crowning night of the author's life. Sixty-eight performances, almost consecutive, did not exhaust the popular enthusiasm; the receipts on the last being scarcely less than those on the first night. But intimately as the history of the *Folle Journée*

was already blended with that of the approaching revolution, the chapter is not yet concluded. Like all men, Beaumarchais had his rivals and his enemies; and of these not the least bitter was the dwarfish but venomous Suard, who had from the first been opposed to the licensing of the play. With the pestilent warfare of anonymous criticism, he so drove the author to desperation, that at last, weary of a guerilla contest in which, write as wittily as he would, his antagonist was shielded from the world's bitter laugh by his disguise, and yet certain of the identity of his assailant, he discharged a Parthian dart, while avowing his intention to notice no more irresponsible and unvouched assaults. "Shall I," he said, "who, to bring my piece upon the stage, have vanquished lions and tigers, — shall I now degrade myself to the level of a Dutch chambermaid, searching the blankets every morning for some *vile insect of the night?*" The stab was cruelly severe, and the antithesis was happy; for Suard, with whom alone Beaumarchais thought he had to do, was keenly sensitive about his physical insignificance. But unfortunately for the success of the repartee, its author did not know that the bulky Count de Provence (afterwards, as Thackeray irreverently styles him, "that unwieldy monarch, Louis XVIII.") had occasionally taken a secret share in Suard's outpourings of sarcasm and malignity. It was easy to persuade the prince that the satire was aimed at himself; but, mortified as he was at the unlooked-for retort his critical progeny had provoked, he was too sagacious to avow his part in Suard's handiwork. Sinking, therefore, all allusion to the "insect of the night," he took an opportunity to point out to his brother that by lions and tigers the insolent demagogue referred to nothing less than the king and queen; animals to which those amiable and unfortunate personages were never perhaps before or since accused of bearing a resemblance. Already provoked against the writer of the Marriage of Figaro, Louis gave vent to his irritation in a manner not unprecedented, but very unwise and very unjust. Without rising from the table, where he appears to have been engaged in some social amusement, he wrote with a pencil on a playing-card an order for the poet's instant confinement in the

prison of St. Lazarus. This was at that time a sort of house of correction; a jail peculiarly for the benefit of young profligates whose debaucheries were not such as to render it desirable to send them to the galleys, yet were too gross to be winked at by the law. To put a grave merchant of fifty-three in the same category with the loosest young men of the town was a thing, to say the least, very unexpected. In fact, we are told that, on the morning of the 9th of March, 1785, when people learned that Beaumarchais, in the very height of his prosperity, had on the night previous been cast, without any cause assigned, into St. Lazarus, the ludicrousness of his position overcame all other considerations, and a universal titter spread through the town. But presently the public, as well as himself, began to be inquisitive about his offence, and to ask questions that could not well be answered. The government, ashamed to say that it was because he was suspected of insinuating a likeness between the king of Frenchmen and the king of beasts, was disturbed by the murmurs that arose on every side. No man in Paris, it was said, can now know in the morning whether he shall not sleep within the walls of a prison. The king was soon as anxious to get Beaumarchais out, as he had been to get him in; but he, probably receiving an inkling of the truth, positively refused to go till the charge against him was declared. The natural good sense and kindly feelings of Louis XVI., however, brought him to reflection, and Beaumarchais was dismissed with every possible compensation to his wounded pride for his five days of captivity.

But his imprisonment seems to have been the turning point in his history. Despite of ministerial regret and popular sympathy, the prestige of his name was gone. His social position was found to be no longer impregnable. Erelong, he was involved in a stock operation with certain bankers in Paris. While he was an extensive holder, they had speculated largely on the prospect of a fall. To depreciate the stock, they engaged the pen of the young and (save for the wildest excesses) almost unknown Mirabeau. As penniless as unprincipled, but in the full vigor of his wonderful genius, Mirabeau leaped into the arena like a practised gladiator.

Never exceeded in powers of invective and contumely, by fair blows and by foul, he so terribly battered the reputation of Beaumarchais as to leave it very unpleasantly affected in the public esteem. The most that the victim could do was to liken his enemy to Demosthenes, and to compare the philippics of the one with the *mirabelles* of the other. Less capable, but not less scurrilous and virulent, was a certain M. Bergasse, an advocate shortly after employed to conduct a trumped up lawsuit against Beaumarchais; and though in deciding for the defendant the court punished the advocate exemplarily for his calumnies, the injurious effects of so much public defamation were irreparable. The operatic spectacle of *Tarare*, which he brought upon the stage in 1787, though it had more success than it deserved, could not have tended to increase his fame. It was received, as we are told, (and can readily believe,) with more surprise than admiration. But he was still wealthy; still full of the same old gayety of heart and audacity of spirit that characterized his earlier days. Past troubles were to him things past; he never suffered them to overcloud the present; while in the future he could see nothing to fear. If the sea were calm and bright, it was well; but if the waves ran wild and high, and the heavens frowned, his disposition was such as to find a fierce pleasure in the turmoil of the elements, and to triumph in mastering the storm. His philosophy was, to a certain extent, that of Rochefoucault: "Il vaut mieux employer notre esprit à supporter les infortunes qui nous arrivent, qu'à prévoir celles qui nous peuvent arriver." In 1789, he was absorbed in the erection of a mansion, sumptuous even beyond the measure of that superb city of which it was to be one of the local wonders. The various political disorders that so soon ensued kept his pen idle till 1791, when he produced *La Mère Coupable*, a meritorious drama, in which he manages, by the way, to settle accounts with his enemy Bergasse. In the following year, he undertook the purchase, in Holland, of a quantity of fire-arms for the French government. The results of this affair were disastrous. He fell into suspicion; his house was searched by the mob, and he himself cast into the Abbaye, whence he was released but two days before the

massacres of September; and finally, having again passed into Holland on the interminable business of the sixty thousand muskets, he was accused of secret correspondence with Louis XVI., and his property was attached by the Convention. A year later — in March, 1793 — he hazarded a return to Paris to vindicate himself, and once more was sent back for the muskets, while the Convention retained possession of his effects. During this mission, his name was placed on the list of *émigrés;* his family at Paris were arrested and imprisoned; and he himself was left friendless and destitute at Hamburg. It was not till July, 1796, that, by favor of the newly appointed Directory, he obtained permission to return to Paris. He was now an old man, and his affairs were in a state of the utmost dilapidation and confusion; but his spirit was still unbroken and *rampant.* The brief remainder of his days was spent in the fulfilment of his social duties; the reconstruction of his shattered fortunes; and a constant intermeddling, *pro more suo,* in national politics. His life ebbed away, so far as we learn, with but little pain. At length, on the morning of the 18th of May, 1799, having retired, on the evening previous, from a singularly cheerful party of friends in his own house, he was found dead in his bed. A stroke of apoplexy had surprised him, and he probably passed away, almost unconsciously, at the age of sixty-seven years and three months.

The history of the life of Beaumarchais is one of the most dramatic that biography exhibits; and the events on which it hinges are of large historical importance. The volumes we have here noticed cannot fail to gratify the fancy of every intelligent reader; if they are not found as instructive as entertaining, the fault must be his own.

ART. VII. — *Village and Farm Cottages. The Requirements of American Village Homes, considered and suggested, with Designs for such Houses, of Moderate Cost.* By HENRY W. CLEAVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and SAMUEL D. BACKUS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856.

THE study of the outward forms of nature, with reference to the improvement of landscape, is a modern exercise of the taste, and the result of a civilization not attained by any of the ancients. The Greeks and Romans had their architecture, their sculpture, and their painting; they could fully appreciate the beauty and the grandeur of art; but we have little proof that they felt as we do the full influence of nature. In the progress of the human mind, the power of appreciating art seems to precede the development of that sentiment which causes one to be delighted with the contemplation of real landscape. The majority of men can feel and understand the value of paintings, without any poetic sensibility or any extraordinary mental cultivation. Even a fine landscape painting affords delight to many who would look with indifference upon the scene represented.

It may be remarked, however, that in the case of pictures the spectator's vision is assisted by the genius of the artist, who not only circumscribes the view, but selects such objects, and places them in such harmonious relations to one another, that one whose imagination is too dull to feel the influence of the same scene in nature, is with these aids enabled both to feel and to admire. But the apparent love of paintings, and of other productions of the fine arts, is often the mere affectation of persons who wish to be in fashion. Paintings have in all ages been fashionable, because they are costly; Nature has always been unfashionable, because she is cheap. When one has become the possessor of a fine picture, his ambition tempts him to study its beauties, and to exalt it by his praises in the opinion of others. But let a man become the possessor of a beautiful landscape, under the open heavens, if his sense of its beauty or his ambition had tempted him to speak its praises, the crowd both of rich and poor, in a

former and not very remote period, would have laughed at him, unless he could make it plain to their minds that it had cost him a large sum of money. On this account the proprietor of a domain could have used no other means of making it contribute to his pride, except to embellish it with works of art, which should render its costliness self-evident to the untutored.

These remarks may be illustrated by facts in the history of gardening, which in former times consisted in the blending of artificial and natural objects in such a manner as to make Nature look as much as possible unlike herself. He who was the owner of a palace or a mansion, and wished to enjoy the advantages of a garden, sought in the decoration of it only to gratify his pride. The ruling idea that occupied his mind was to exhibit a work that should elevate him above the multitude. For the creation of the several objects connected with it, architecture was of the first importance; sculpture afforded assistance in the second degree; and lastly, the trees, shrubs, and flowers were valuable chiefly as they admitted of an arrangement evincing that great wealth alone could have accomplished the whole work. In the construction of the several objects in our rural cemeteries, we observe, in the present period of progress, the same preference of the works of art over nature. The majority ruthlessly destroy all that is most pleasing among the native beauties of the place, to make room for a fashionable iron fence and a showy marble monument. Even here ambition rules at the expense of every tender affection, and every sentiment whether romantic or holy.

We find in some of the ancient poets descriptions clearly showing that they looked upon the face of nature as we look upon it now. This evidence abounds in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, in Virgil and Lucretius, and in some of the Greek poets; but it never occurred to one of the ancients to make terrestrial scenery the sole theme of a poem, and in their allusions to natural objects they referred rather to their sensual than to their picturesque or poetical charms. Neither did the ancients ever assume nature as a model in their attempts to improve the appearance of landscape. The study

of scenery, with the idea of making it more beautiful or picturesque, seems to have been suggested by the modern art of landscape-painting; and it was fostered by the perusal of modern romances, which abound in glowing descriptions of nature, that greatly transcend anything of a similar kind in ancient literature. Though at the commencement of this revolution in taste the purpose of the reformers was to make the garden a copy of nature, this was soon found to be an impracticable attempt, which resulted, in many instances, in injuring the appropriate features of the garden. One of the beneficial consequences of the movement was to banish some of the absurdities that prevailed in the old style, and to substitute greater simplicity. The attempt to extend many of the true features of the garden into the landscape outside of it was found likewise to be more or less offensive; but it led to the study of the sources of beauty in landscape, and taught men, by a variety of experiments, how far Nature might be adorned without spoiling her original charms.

At length the topiary art was banished; the enormities of the Dutch garden were driven out; peacocks and lions in box and yew were slain, and the prevailing system of laying out grounds — that of straight lines and right angles — gave place to one of irregular lines and figures. This mode was still further improved by one of more graceful forms and serpentine walks. The avenue was superseded by the belt, and straight hedge-rows were broken into clumps. Everything was still formal, but more graceful than the old style. These improvements soon became general; for men were tired of seeing all gardens the exact patterns of one another, and were prepared to be pleased with any deviation from this tiresome uniformity. It was a leading doctrine of the new school that nature, not geometry, was to be studied by the ornamental gardener; and the whole community of landed proprietors became possessed of a mania for the "natural," or more properly the *irregular*, style of laying out grounds.

It was soon perceived, however, that the public was chasing an *ignis fatuus;* that the improvers were doing mischief by the wanton and merciless destruction of old gardens and

avenues, which were valuable as remnants of antiquity; that the new style was not what it professed to be, an imitation of nature, but the substitution of a new for an old formalism; that it was extending the gardener's operations beyond his province, and covering all the country with artificial landscapes resembling parterres. It had reformed the garden, but it was spoiling nature, by the destruction of all picturesque appearances, and putting in their places stately gravel-walks, circular clumps, and other objects suggestive of affectation and pretence. Yet these operations were the germ of the idea of improving landscape, and have issued in the development of a new science, which it is our present purpose to examine.

It is evident that in all matters of taste there has always been a struggle between fashion and the love of display on the one hand, and genius and the love of nature on the other. This is no more true of the art of improving landscape, than of poetry, painting, and all the fine arts. The revolution in the style of gardening was first suggested by the writings of men who, being endowed with genius and sensibility, were led to believe that the secret of deriving the greatest amount of pleasure from a garden was to make it resemble nature as much as possible consistently with its purposes, to introduce no artificial objects for mere ornament, and in all mechanical operations to work in such a manner as that the method of art should not be detected. But the simplifying of the garden was unsatisfactory to the ambition of land-owners, and they made themselves compensation by dressing Nature, and stamping all their domains with the monotonous impress of art. Some of the best writers on this subject have condemned this entire system of improvements; and the question still remains unanswered, how far the practice of dressing Nature may be carried, without injury to her features, or to the expression of her original scenes. In all attempts of this kind we perceive the difficulty of escaping the requisitions of wealth and fashion, which demand that all their possessions shall be stamped with the evidence of cost. The sensibility, which is the foundation of true taste, can never belong to minds cast in an ordinary mould. These must always be the slaves of fashion, and follow in the wake of distinguished examples.

It is the part of genius to guide and direct those who have sufficient power and influence to form the public taste, and thus to bring about improvements in the arts, as in other cases it has introduced improvements in morals and in social life.

The united efforts of the different writers on landscape have gradually developed certain principles, that need only proper arrangement and classification to be expanded into a science. Any one who will study these authors for the purpose of obtaining general views, will see that their prevailing aim is to show in what manner the work of art may be combined with that of nature, so as to produce the most agreeable influence on the mind. Operations to this end must be founded on the observation of nature, a knowledge of the general principles of the fine arts, and the power of tracing all agreeable and disagreeable effects to the mind, by a careful analysis of its feelings, prejudices, and associations. The improvement of landscape, then, is no part of the gardening art,—not even an extension of it; it includes *gardening* only as it includes *architecture*, *dendrology*, *monumental sculpture*, and some other arts as subsidiaries.

The term *landscape gardening*, which is commonly applied to this science, is plainly a misnomer, and has served to confound the general improvement of nature with the operations of gardening. Sir Walter Scott, who is of high authority on this point, makes the following remarks in the Quarterly Review: "This art is unfortunately named. The idea of its being, after all, a variety of the gardening art, with which it has little or nothing to do, has given a mechanical turn to the whole profession, and certainly encouraged many persons to practise it, with no greater qualifications than ought to be found in a tolerably skilful gardener." Whenever a term which is applied to any art or science becomes immediately and universally misused, this is sufficient proof that the term is in itself inappropriate. One of the evils arising from the use of a term compounded of two vernacular words is that the subordinate of the pair too often rules the signification. The word *gardening* has so long been applied to certain common and definite operations, that a compound term including this as a part will necessarily suggest all these operations. The defi-

nition given to this term by Mr. Repton, who first brought it into use, is comprehensive, but not sufficiently definite and precise. "The whole art of landscape gardening," says this author, "may properly be defined the pleasing combination of art and nature, adapted to the use of man." From other pages of Mr. Repton's works, we learn that he includes architecture, sculpture, and some other arts, no less than gardening, under this general head. The art which by its name has been thus identified with gardening is so intimately connected with the other arts above named, that it would have been as proper to call it landscape architecture as landscape gardening. Indeed, it is of greater importance to the beauty of landscape, that buildings, which are prominent objects, should be in good style, and in a proper situation, than that the garden, which is comparatively inconspicuous, should be well located and arranged. A writer in the Quarterly Review remarks, that "Scott very justly finds fault with the term landscape gardening, which is a term that has proved fatal to our parterres. If such a word as *landscaping* be inadmissible, it is high time to find some phrase which will express the laying out of park scenery, as completely distinct from gardening as the things themselves are." A term, however, thus limited in its signification, would not supply the *desideratum*. A term is wanted that shall embrace all the signification attached to landscape gardening, but so compounded as that it shall not be narrowed down to signify the mere mechanical practice of one particular art. This new term should apply to all general operations for the improvement of the face of the country, including the pasture and the farm no less than the park and the garden, and having no more reference to ornament than to those fortuitous combinations of artificial and natural objects, which, without positive beauty, produce a pleasing effect on the mind. We would suggest the word *Calichthonics* (compounded of the Greek words καλός, *beautiful*, and χθών, *earth*) as an appropriate name for the science that treats of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, both in nature and art, as applied to the improvement of landscape, thus comprehending within its sphere, not gardening alone, but likewise dendrology, architecture, road-making, geognosy, and monumental sculpture.

Dendrology, or the forester's art, is embraced in this science, so far as it relates to the grouping and arrangement of trees and shrubbery for the sake of giving pleasure to the sight. Under this head are included the characteristics of individual species, their manner of growth in a forest, in a grove, or on the open plain, the aspect of their undergrowth, and their comparative value as picturesque and ornamental objects, in the forest, in the park, on the farm, by the road-side, in the garden, or in the enclosures about the dwelling-house. All that relates to trees as ornamental objects, to the beauty of their forms and foliage, to the worth of their shade and shelter, to the associations awakened by them, and to their character as subjects of poetry or painting, belongs to the treatment of landscape.

Architecture is one of the most important divisions of our science. In the language of Mr. Repton, the improver must be "acquainted with the higher requisites of the art, relating to *form*, to *proportion*, to *character*, and, above all, to *arrangement*." He needs a knowledge of all that part of architecture which relates to the effect of the different kinds and styles of buildings in landscape, and to the laws of beauty as applied to the disposition and arrangement of them, with respect to other works of art and to natural objects. His cognizance includes all dwellings, from the hovel to the palace; all edifices, from the hermitage to the cathedral; all structures, from a foot-plank across a rivulet, to the suspension-bridge across the Niagara. His scope comprehends the *morale* and the *picturesque* of architecture; while the details of construction belong to the architect as a mere builder.

Road-making also forms a branch of this science, — not indeed the mechanical construction of roads, but all that relates to their courses and directions, — everything about them which can be considered as a matter of taste. It treats of the comparative beauty of the different descriptions of roads, from the cart-path through the woods, to the highway from the city; of their different forms, as the straight and the crooked, the wide and the narrow; of their character, as the rude, the wild, the neat, the rough, and the smooth. Lastly, it relates to the planting of trees and shrubbery by the road-side,

to the style of the fences that enclose it, and to all objects that may be regarded as its appurtenances.

Geognosy or Geoscopy, the science that treats of the parts and the configuration of the earth's surface, constitutes that division of the landscape art which is usually treated under the heads of ground, rocks, and water. It treats of the inequalities of ground, — hills, plains, islands, mountains, and valleys, of the different forms of rocks, of lakes and rivers, of the sea and its branches, and of the colors of the earth and of vegetation.

Monumental Sculpture belongs in great part to the science of landscape, which is intimately concerned with the different descriptions of monuments exposed to view, whether by the road-side or in the garden, in the public square or the cemetery. All will admit that the style of a monument, erected in a conspicuous place, must seriously affect the expression of landscape; and that, especially in our rural cemeteries, it is important that a correct taste should preside over the various objects of sculpture, which are their chief and most costly ornaments.

The science of landscape is yet only in its infancy; for this must be said of every science, until its aims and ends are clearly and precisely defined, and its limits distinctly marked. It is safe to assert, that what has hitherto been written on the subject is like what is written of the geography of a country before its boundaries are known. We cannot be sure that the traveller may not be describing some parts of a neighboring province as belonging to it, or that he may not omit to describe many tracts which are properly included in it. The majority of works on landscape gardening discourse too minutely concerning the objects of the garden and the parterre, and very imperfectly concerning objects outside of the domain of cultivation. They contain rules for embellishing estates; some having particular reference to artificial structures, others to natural objects; some treating almost solely of ornament, others alluding more particularly to the expression of character, but all having more to say of gardening than of any other branch of the subject. From these works might be gathered materials for a system; but no single author has yet arranged

his topics philosophically and according to a judicious classification. The majority of writers on this subject regard the gentleman's estate as the only object of great importance, and plainly consider the general aspect of nature outside of this as of no consequence, except as it necessarily constitutes a prospect from the estate. Their rules are essentially aristocratic. They treat everything beyond the garden and the park with evident contempt; and the belt, invented by Mr. Brown, was plainly designed to isolate the nobleman's grounds from the surrounding country. We do not deny, however, that there may have been some necessity for these things in Great Britain. Whether this be true or not, the landscape art, as practised in that country, seems until of late to have been designed solely to gratify the ambition of the noble or wealthy proprietor. In accordance with these principles, and with the idea that the view of humble cottages was not consistent with the dignity of these isolated landscapes, many little hamlets were removed out of sight, and frequently to such a distance as to cause great inconvenience to the toil-worn peasantry who tenanted them. Mr. Repton, who felt some commiseration for these poor laborers, and who had sufficient benevolence to understand the value of simple cottage scenery in a landscape, as giving it a human interest, condemned this cruel practice; and by his advice, after their appearance was improved by appropriate ornaments and a better arrangement, they were allowed, in many instances, to remain.

As political economy regards the general wealth of the nation, instead of the improvement of private fortunes at the expense of the masses, in like manner should the science of landscape embrace a system of rules for improving the aspect of the whole country, and not merely for the laying out of estates and the erection of magnificent houses. We use the word *improving* instead of *ornamenting*, because the majority of operations required by this art are not to be considered as ornamental, in any sense, unless every object, however plain, that awakens an agreeable sentiment, is an ornament. To extend the meaning of a word so greatly beyond its customary limits of signification, would be an abuse of language. An old, misshapen tree, a mass of venerable ruins, a plain, un-

adorned cottage, or a huge precipice, is not an ornament; yet, in certain situations, each of these objects may add a peculiar interest to the landscape. The same may be said of many other objects that please by their expression of character, or by agreeable images associated with them. It is not the aim of this science to teach those citizens alone who have accumulated great fortunes how to construct magnificent houses, gardens, and parks, which by their splendor shall excite the admiration of the crowd. Its aid should be proffered to the poorest and most humble citizens, to awaken in their hearts certain dormant sensibilities, and to strengthen their minds with a new intelligence. By the study of these principles they will learn, that magnificence and splendor are not the only qualities that are beautiful in prospect; that there is beauty to the mind as well as to the eye; and that, amidst the pomp and glitter of pride and extravagance, the spectator often turns away unsatisfied or displeased, to view with unspeakable delight the plain cottage of a laborer, surrounded with the tokens of lowly industry and thrift. Our art has as much to do with a rustic field-path as with a gravel-walk; with a bed of wild-flowers as with a flower-garden. It seeks to regulate the wild growth of the forest, no less than to group the trees and shrubbery upon the dressed grounds of a princely estate. Many points on which certain improvers set the highest value are of little importance, except as they serve to disfigure a landscape. There are persons who seem to think that the great secret of this art consists in knowing how to carve out certain geometrical or irregular figures, constituting, in the cant phraseology of the profession, respectively the *gardenesque*, the *arabesque*, and the *picturesque* styles, according as they are more or less regular or irregular, simple or complicated. The art with such persons is reduced to a level with that of the mere calico-printer, or the designer of patterns for paper-hangings. With regard to prospect, the gravel-walk, the fence, the square enclosure, and the hedge-row are so many disagreeable lines and patches, differing from one another only in being more or less injurious to the unity and beauty of the landscape.

This last remark does not apply unqualifiedly to roads,

without which a prospect would be defective in many points of interest. The gravel-walk is suggestive only of ornament, of the garden and the pleasure-ground. Roads are suggestive of the general wants and conveniences of human life, and take from a scene or a prospect that expression of solitude which would otherwise be inseparable from it. Roads and by-ways are necessary to the completeness of a landscape, though they are not required in a picture, which is necessarily circumscribed. There are but few objects we encounter in a ramble more delightful than a green lane leading by a pleasant and devious course through a wood. Such an object is associated with the toils and the welfare of humanity, like the sight of herds and flocks. Yet, as a part of rural scenery, the less evidence a road or a path affords of its being a thoroughfare, the more picturesque and romantic is its appearance, and the more beautiful is it in the sight of the traveller. The most interesting woods are those which abound in paths to render them accessible; but it is worthy of notice, that the most interesting paths are those which were made by the farmer, or the woodman, for the convenience of labor. If these wood-paths bear evidence of having been constructed for purposes of pleasure, they please the less on this account. More especially do they fail in giving delight, if they are neatly gravelled, and evince a great deal of expensive toil.

An important department of study relates to the source of these preferences, and to the operations of the mind, by which we might explain why one particular scene affords a great deal of pleasure, while another, very similar to it, is cold in its expression, and perhaps disagreeable. These moral qualities of scenery are carefully investigated by painters, but they have been generally overlooked by artists in real landscape. One cause of the preferences to which we have alluded is undoubtedly a propensity of the human mind to be delighted with the evidences of freedom, and to dislike the signs of exclusive appropriation. Such inquiries to many may seem unimportant; but they are necessary to a correct understanding of the sources of beauty in landscape. The beauty of more than half the scenes we behold is derived from prejudices, some of which are peculiar to certain classes of men, while others

are nearly universal. The latter only are worthy of serious respect. A nobleman may be pleased with those circumstances in a landscape which afford to him a sense of his own superiority of station and of the vastness of his possessions; the same objects, however, are offensive to all the rest of mankind, except to those servile beings who sympathize only with greatness. Hence, in England, almost all improvers aim at making the grounds which they are employed to embellish express this character of exclusiveness, because they think merely of satisfying the pride of their employers. In this country, the improver should endeavor to produce the very opposite effect; because, to the majority of intelligent minds, the expression of freedom, simplicity, and a reference to the general welfare, alone is pleasing, and that of pride and exclusiveness is offensive.

It is not true that a scene must appear to be "natural," to be capable of affording pleasure; there are many scenes entirely artificial in their arrangement, that are highly delightful to the eye and the mind. Indeed, without art, nature is wanting in some of the most pleasing attributes of beautiful scenery. Without art, the earth is but a solitude and a wilderness. It is affectation, pride, selfishness, exclusiveness, and pretence which ought to be concealed; there is nothing disagreeable in the evidences of art, abstractly considered. Houses are artificial objects, but no landscape is complete or interesting without them. After all this cant about the natural and the artificial, the warmest admirer of nature must admit that a landscape is cold and inexpressive, unless it contains some work of human hands. When the works of art which we behold in any scene are so many evidences that we are trespassers or intruders, they are proportionally offensive; but if they leave us our freedom, and the consciousness of this freedom, they please us more than natural objects, because they agreeably interest the mind, while we are enjoying the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

Among the rules of practice in landscape, we find the classic canon, that "the perfection of art is to conceal art," or rather to conceal the means by which certain effects are produced. But there is gross inconsistency in the modes of car-

rying this principle into practice. It is absurd to endeavor to conceal art, while one is using the utmost of his ingenuity in the same place to make it apparent to the spectator, by certain artificial objects and arrangements, that the grounds are a part of the estate of a wealthy gentleman or nobleman. The custom was once prevalent among the landlords in Great Britain, of removing the huts and cottages of their dependents outside of the aristocratic belt, and afterwards introducing certain counterfeit objects in their place, to constitute an "Arcadian scene." Had these cottages been allowed to remain, they would have furnished a genuine Arcadian scene, which, forming a legitimate appendage to the estate, would have required no artifices to conceal design. In operations of this sort, pride is the quality that ought to be concealed, and this, unfortunately, is the very thing which the proud are most anxious to display.

Another similar species of absurdity is to affect rusticity, by the introduction of certain rude objects into a scene which is in the highest style of decorative art. Why should not one build a rough and mean cottage at once, and dwell in it, if he is so highly delighted with rusticity? It is a singular trait in human nature, that leads men thus to prefer the counterfeit to the true. Such coarse appendages to the costly works of ambition can never awaken the pleasing emotions with which we contemplate a genuine scene of rustic life, — a fisherman's hut by the side of a river, or the neat cottage of a laborer, surrounded by the wild scenery of nature.

There is no other art in the theory and practice of which may be found a greater number of inconsistencies, than in this modern art of improving landscape. Its practitioners embellish the forest, and rusticize the garden; they add filigree ornaments to a genuine rude cottage, and annex rustic appendages to a magnificent villa. To be consistent in their absurdities, they should introduce the plain rush-bottomed chairs of the laborer's hut into the gilded saloons of a palace, and suspend golden chandeliers from the rough-hewn beams in the kitchen of a log-cabin. It is not in the power of art to blend these opposites harmoniously. Nature alone can successfully rear, side by side with the rude rock, the loveliest

works of her creation, without discord, and combine incongruous forms, without awakening in the mind of the beholder a feeling of aversion. Such attempts may probably have been suggested by the practice of carving rustic devices upon elegant works of art. These representations are often very beautiful, and in keeping with the highest style of embellishment. But to carve upon the entablature of a porch certain rude devices, and to take for the columns of this porch rude stumps of trees, rough from the woods, are two very different things.

Another kind of affectation, which is still more prevalent in this country, is that of making a cheap house wear the appearance of a costly mansion, thus attempting to convey the impression of a state of affluence on the part of the proprietor, which does not exist. By so doing one reverses the rule of good taste, — that no expectations should be raised above the point to which they can be gratified. This rule is violated, first, when, by the distant view of the house, the spectator is disappointed on a near inspection of it; secondly, when, by the external character of the house, the spectator is disappointed at the comparative meanness of style in the interior; and lastly, when, by the general appearance of the whole, the visitor is disappointed at the inferior manners of the owner and his family, at their poverty of resources, or at the want of correspondence between the grandeur of the house and grounds, and the proprietor's unsocial, coarse, and vulgar mode of living and receiving company. It is a false ambition which causes one to make his own low-breeding and slender education the more conspicuous, by placing it in contrast with the princely style of his dwelling.

But while these contrasts are always offensive, and the signs of actual wealth, when unconnected with refinement, can excite no higher emotion than envy, the evident affectation of wealth by one who does not possess it fails even of this mark, and elicits only contempt. So far do some men carry this kind of folly, that in many cases we have witnessed the assumption of a pride which was really no part of the character of the vain but innocent proprietor. On account of the general custom of neglecting the rules of consistency and propriety, landscape

gains less from expensive and showy houses than their owners are apt to imagine. A good taste would always select such styles of building for the wealthy as exhibit elegance without ostentation, and for persons of moderate fortune such styles as are pleasing and beautiful, without any signs of the foolish imitation of superior houses. An ambitious man is guilty of extreme folly, when he cramps his means of hospitality by spending his whole fortune upon a house which, from its spaciousness, the number, variety, and arrangement of its rooms, and its general magnificence, seems to be designed for purposes of hospitality alone. If he be truly a man of generous and social feelings, he must suffer continual chagrin by perceiving his inability to fulfil the expectations authorized by the imposing appearances displayed under his own roof.

It is a commonplace remark, that everything is great or small only by comparison. This is no more true, than that everything is beautiful, in the ornamental signification of the word, only by comparison. The impression made upon the mind by a splendid work of art depends greatly upon the habits of the observer, — upon his having been accustomed to more humble or more superb objects of the same sort. This principle may be applied equally to architecture and to dress; and hence the necessity of going every year further toward extremes in extravagance. It will apply to all objects of beauty whose influence depends on the amount of stimulus they apply to the organs of sight. No sooner has the public become familiar with an example which is more splendid than any previous one, than all former examples seem inferior or insignificant. A constant familiarity with gaudy displays in the works of any art, destroys one's power to be affected by creations of the same art which are inferior in dazzling qualities; and we can imagine this sort of extravagance to be carried so far as to render external gilding in architecture necessary to make any impression on the public sight.

But there is another kind of beauty which is not affected by comparison. It is that which awakens in the mind an agreeable sentiment, and depends for its influence on the expression of some pleasing trait of character, and not on a certain stimulus applied to the visual organs. The

charm of the appropriate dwelling of a happy and industrious citizen in humble life, depends on the benevolent trains of thought which it starts in the mind. The proximity of a splendid edifice does not weaken its effect, as it would weaken that of an inferior, ostentatious dwelling, because its beauty is of a kind that evades unfavorable comparison. The same may be said of all those dwellings whose peculiar charm is their suggestiveness of some agreeable poetic, social, or romantic image. This is the kind of beauty which every wise man, whose object is to be happy, and not to dazzle and astonish the crowd, will choose, — beauty that consists in the expression of thought and feeling.

The influence of mere ornament upon the happiness of a people is quite opposite to that which is usually attributed to it. A love of the beautiful constitutes a habit of the mind which has been greatly extolled. But a love of the beautiful, in the vulgar sense of agreeable stimulus applied to the organs of sight, is liable to be carried to a very injurious excess. By cultivating a taste for ornamental architecture, and by living in the midst of highly decorated houses, and in splendid apartments, one becomes so perverted by their dazzling effects as to despise simplicity, and dead to impressions of any kind which are less stimulating to the perceptive faculties. Luxury in architecture, with respect to our private dwellings, may become as injurious a vice as luxury in dress, or in eating and drinking. The one destroys our physical capacity to enjoy the gifts of nature for our refreshment, the other destroys our ability to be affected by scenes that yield pleasure to persons equally cultivated, who are accustomed to plainness and simplicity.

These remarks are equally applicable to the luxury of superb and highly ornamented gardens. Those who are in the constant habit of frequenting them, lose their power of enjoying the simple scenes of nature. There is some difficulty in determining the bounds between healthful indulgence and voluptuous excess; but it seems to us a moral duty to keep our feelings alive to all impressions of simple beauty, by avoiding extremes in luxurious and costly displays. We cannot have too much of nature in its simplicity, nor too

much of art, when it is employed to afford rational pleasure to the mind, instead of an intoxicating stimulus to the senses, or a flattering unction to the pride. By studying the forms and the harmonies of nature, and the rules and principles of art, we increase our susceptibility to enjoyment; but the opposite effect is produced by a general emulation, on the part of the citizens, to outvie one another in the costly splendor of their houses and grounds.

No error is more common, than to mistake the evidences of fashion for those of taste, — unless it be to overlook the close connection that exists between fashion and vulgarity. No man can possess taste, without either a superior intellect or a superior education; but the veriest blockhead can appreciate the value of fashion, and adapt himself to its requisitions. The first idea that enters into the head of a vulgar-minded man, upon attaining wealth, is to build an ostentatious house, and to destroy every appearance of nature about his grounds. He becomes a man of fashion, which is the governing principle of all who are both ignorant and vain. The consequence that often follows this architectural mania, is that of crippling one's self for life in his pecuniary circumstances. In former times, when these showy houses were less common, they were designated as "follies." They are too often the monuments erected over the grave of one's fortune.

The works of nature are no less subject to injury from profuse embellishment, than the works of art. It cannot be denied, that, in the majority of cases in which an old farm and farm-house have passed into the hands of a wealthy proprietor, to be converted into a country seat, the attractions of the place, in the eyes of a man of taste and sensibility, are spoiled. It is worthy of serious study to find out the cause of this misfortune. The beauty of a farm depends in a great measure on certain appearances of rusticity, combined with neatness, and the evidences of industry and good cultivation. But it is not necessary to this desirable appearance, that the grounds should be made entirely smooth and ornamental. To change the cart-paths into gravel-walks; to place hedge-rows in the place of rude stone-walls; to root

up every straggling bush and brier in the pasture-land; and to destroy the spontaneous growths of shrubbery that diversify the grounds, would add nothing to their attractiveness. Were the vines, bushes, and thorns to be cleared from each side of every fence and stone-wall, there would be a sort of presumptive evidence of care and good husbandry. But the latter may exist in perfection where this description of work has been entirely omitted; because there is no advantage in it, except in a garden, or where the space occupied by these natural objects is needed for cultivation.

We have seen on a farm the most admirable neatness and good culture, unconnected with any of this grubbing and clearing which we have just described. On this farm the fields were separated by loose stone-walls, neatly laid without masonry. On each side of the walls, covering a space of about two feet in width, was a beautiful miscellaneous growth of vines and shrubbery. The delicate wild-flowers of spring peeped out from the green turf in this border, and the gaudy blossoms of autumn nodded their plumes of purple, yellow, and lilac over the tops of the walls. Often in the heart of a mowing field might be seen a mass of shrubbery surrounding a tree, or a group of trees which had been left standing on a barren knoll. In all parts of the farm were similar wooded tracts of wild and spontaneous growth. Vines were often suffered to wreathe themselves around a projecting rock, that raised its head in the midst of a ploughed field, and caused an interruption in the regular planting of the crops. All these circumstances might be considered proofs of a want of neatness and thrift. But a more attentive observation would, amidst all this apparent negligence, discover the real evidences of good farming. The owner of this farm believed it to be more necessary to economize labor, which is expensive, than land, which is abundant and cheap. If a growth of trees and shrubbery had covered a barren knoll, or a cluster of vines had twined itself around a rock, neither of which could produce anything more valuable, he wisely left them to adorn his fields and to add variety to the landscape. The proofs of his thrift were to be seen in those parts of his farm that were devoted to tillage. Here the

soil was in the most prosperous condition, and though the wild shrubbery grew under the walls, half concealing them by the profusion of its flowers and verdure, and adding to the scene a beauty which nothing else could so well yield, yet there was no unsightly growth of weeds among his crops, which were all healthy and luxuriant, and there was no evidence of neglect except where neglect was wisdom. The owner regarded all these rustic appearances as an important part of the genuine attractiveness of the landscape. He looked upon the vines that graced his walls not as weeds and a cumbrance of the ground. They were the rustic ornaments of his farm, that served to regale his sight when he was employed in the labors of the field, and to allure and harbor the birds, who were both his servants and his musicians. Any system of improvement that required the destruction of these objects he justly regarded as devastation. The chief aim of the improver should be to prevent this sort of outrage upon Nature. The omission to do anything at all for adorning the face of the country is better than to deprive Nature of these ornaments, which are her genuine features, and with which are associated some of our most pleasing images of rural life.

These native ornaments, especially trees, are more apt to be preserved when the old farm is distant from a large market, which usually creates a demand for wood, and causes all the farms in its vicinity to be laid bare of their groves and forests. Since the country has been girdled with railroads, many of these picturesque farms have lost all their former beauty, and others which are now so many little Edens in the landscape are destined within a few years to be equally despoiled and laid waste. The railroads are inflicting upon this country, by the destruction of its forests, a curse which we fear will more than balance the benefits they have conferred, and which, without some legislative interference, will end in universal drought and devastation, making the country an arid desert, and depriving our posterity both of wood and water.

By many writers on landscape improvements, the farm is considered an unfit subject for the exercise of their art, because it does not admit of embellishment in the usual

acceptation of this term. Further objections are made, on the supposition that the farm and its appurtenances are injurious to the beauty of landscape. As a farm is necessarily laid out in divisions approaching more or less to the form of a square, and as the grounds must in most cases be planted in straight lines, it is contended that there can be nothing picturesque in its appearance, and that it ought, therefore, to be excluded from the domain of the "improver." Others take a different position, and contend for the practice of laying out the fields in what they are pleased to call "picturesque" forms, of grouping the trees in the orchards, and hiding the crops by plantations of wood and other screens. We differ entirely from each of these parties, and consider all that reasoning fallacious which maintains that right lines and angles, and fields laid out in squares, are incompatible with the sort of beauty which is called picturesque.

It is admitted by all, that a house may be an agreeable and picturesque object in a landscape, notwithstanding its straight lines, right angles, and flat surfaces, because we know such mathematical forms to be in character with the house. Why then should the same lines and angles, drawn with less mathematical precision, be considered offensive in the aspect of a farm, when we know that they are equally in character with it, and that any other lines or angles would be out of character. The pleasure we derive from landscape depends entirely on its expression of those ideas and images which are agreeable to the mind and appropriate to the scene. When we are looking for rustic simplicity, we are offended if we see only affectation and pretence; when we are looking for grandeur, we are offended if we see only its counterfeit. When we are looking at a farm, we wish to behold certain objects and appearances which necessarily belong to it, and which in their charming perfection would, in the eyes of a philanthropist, elevate a true farm as high in the scale of landscape beauty as the isolated estate of a prince or a nobleman.

All these notions about a certain "line of beauty" are but the whims of theorists. It would be easy to show that straight lines and right angles are an essential part of the beauty of a farm, and that without them there would be noth-

ing to remind us of its character. Any attempt at the grouping of its objects would be attended with ludicrous effects, and an endeavor to conceal the real nature of a farm under the disguise of something that resembles park scenery, would be still more ridiculous. A *ferme ornée*, in our opinion, would be a monstrosity; and yet we believe a farm might consistently be made one of the most beautiful features in the landscape, by clothing it in its native and appropriate rustic ornaments. In looking from an eminence down upon a fertile valley, which is divided into irregular squares, and exhibits that pleasing diversity of colors which arises from the nature of the different crops, is any observer offended by the artificial appearance of the scene? On the contrary, the particular forms and hues of these fields, how much soever they may resemble a chess-board, are suggestive of many delightful trains of thought. Such evidences of industry, plenty, and tranquillity, and of the easy and happy circumstances of the human beings who are occupied on the farm, make it both picturesque and beautiful, and even sublime, if such a view could be sufficiently extended.

Were these fields subdivided too minutely, they would cease to be pleasing, because they would suggest the idea of a minute subdivision of property among contending heirs. No man could believe that such minute partitions of land are among the requisitions of agriculture. But can any one suppose that a designed irregularity in the shapes of these fields, graceful curves or zigzags in the paths and fences, would render them more pleasing or *picturesque?* Regularity or irregularity is pleasing or displeasing, as it seems to answer in the best manner the purpose to which the land is devoted. There are certain forms and arrangements that are appropriate to the garden, others that belong respectively to the park, to the farm, and to the rude scenes of nature. All these should remain distinct, and the forms identified with any one of these should not be forced into another. But it is a mistake to suppose that the beauty of landscape would be seriously injured by the lines and angles that belong to the garden and the farm.

Our preceding remarks naturally lead us to consider the

meaning of that much abused and misused term, — *picturesque*. There are but few writers who use it alike, or who connect it with any definite idea. But its signification is usually confined to a particular class of objects, usually to such as are rude, rough, wild, and irregular. We shall endeavor to show that it is a relative term, and that the reasons for thus limiting its signification are fallacious; — that an object may possess any or all of the above-named qualities, and not be picturesque, or may possess this character without any one of these qualities.

The word *picturesque*, as originally used, was undoubtedly applied only to those scenes and objects which, on account of their peculiar arrangement of parts, their distance, middle distance, and foreground, their breadth of light and shade, and expression of character, were adapted to the painter's art. Hence, when it was first incorporated in our language, it must have been employed to characterize only very limited scenes or groups, whether in art or nature. As the word came into more general use, its signification was extended; and when applied to landscape, it was not confined to scenes of such narrow dimensions as would enter easily into a picture, but used concerning any range of scenery combining that sort of unity and variety, those lights and shadows and expressions, which, if within narrower limits, would please the eye of a painter, and be applicable to his uses. As painters of landscapes were generally in the habit of representing rude and rough scenes and objects, grounds that had not been dressed and ornamented, simple cottages rather than villas and palaces, and ruins rather than buildings in a perfect condition, the word, in popular use, came to be more particularly applied to these ruder types of scenery, rather than to highly cultivated landscape, grounds with smooth and flowing surface, or costly and elegant buildings. But if we examine the subject by a careful analysis, we shall discover that the former are not the only kinds of scenes and objects which are capable of being successfully represented on canvas. The rude parts of landscape, it will not be denied, are more commonly picturesque than such as have been smoothed and embellished by the hand of man, because Nature does not, so often as man, introduce

offensive and discordant objects into her scenes. This fact, however, does not prove that the highly ornamented works of art cannot be made picturesque; it proves only that, in the majority of cases, the hand of art is not guided by genius. A painter of genius could easily invent a highly ornamented scene, that should exhibit all those interesting properties which are delightful in a picture. But it is difficult to find such scenes in real landscape; and the majority of painters, like the majority of other artists, not having this *mens divinior*, are obliged to select such scenes as nature and accident afford them, requiring no modification from their hands to fit them for their use. These ready-made picturesque scenes and objects are almost invariably simple and rude. A higher gift is required to enable a painter to compose a picture of artificial splendor, which, without offending by any sinister expression, shall exhibit all those admirable qualities which are necessary to constitute a pleasing scene on canvas or in landscape. While true genius delights in painting simple and rude scenes, mediocrity is safe in attempting those only. For this reason there are hundreds of pictures of this description to one picture of combined elegance and grandeur, because the latter can be well executed only by the hand of a master. In producing a magnificent composition of art, the painter must not only be under the guidance of genius, but he must also possess a general and liberal knowledge of the principles of harmony in form. It may be further remarked, that the difficulty of making a scene picturesque is proportional to the number of objects to be combined, and the consequent multiplicity of sentiments and associations awakened by them, because this complexity of parts increases the liability of introducing a false or incongruous object, by which the intended effect may be greatly injured or destroyed.

The picturesque, in the abstract, is any quality in a scene or an object which, through the medium of the sight, awakens an agreeable emotion in the mind, independently of any intrinsic beauty it may possess or want; and a picturesque scene or object is one in which all parts unite in producing this agreeable action upon the mind of the beholder. There may be several objects in a composition that possess this

character, and yet the whole may be wanting in it, on account of the presence of certain discordant parts. The scene must be entirely unique and harmonious, uncombined with anything that would interrupt the agreeable emotions or trains of thought that proceed from it, by suggesting others of a different or opposite character. It is from overlooking this principle, that so many imitators of rustic scenes in real landscape fail in their attempt, because their vanity causes them to introduce certain ornaments which are incompatible with its simplicity. No matter how rude or how beautiful a scene may be, whether it be smooth or rough, simple or complicated, if it has a certain breadth of light and shade and unity of parts, and awakens in all susceptible minds an agreeable sentiment or emotion, it is picturesque.

Let us now briefly consider the application of this term to individual objects. It is thought that a house cannot exhibit this character, unless it is considerably varied in its outlines, and has a great variety of parts. This may be true of a house standing isolated from all other objects; but if it be plain and simple in its construction, and wanting in this variety, the necessary expression may be given to it by certain accompaniments, adjacent to it, yet not forming a part of it. It is readily admitted, that, of two houses standing in vacant space, the one that exhibits a pleasing variety of outline, other things being equal, is more picturesque than the other, which is plain and square. But by a judicious assemblage of objects, artificial and natural, about this square house, it may be made as interesting, either in a landscape or in a picture, as a house of varied architectural members and outlines. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to build one's house in that particular shape which is required by economy, utility, and convenience, though it be a plain cube, and then to make it picturesque by its adjuncts and surroundings.

A rough, square, and barn-like house, without any appendages, standing alone on a dead level, awakens no agreeable or poetic sentiments. Let us consider what must be added, to impart to it this desirable charm. A chimney would yield something of this expression, by suggesting the idea of fireside comforts within. Windows would yield to it other evi-

dences of convenience, of light, of prospect, and of social enjoyment. Afterwards, by affixing certain projections, wings, vestibules, and piazzas, under different roofs, and showing by these external appendages the presence of certain needful accommodations, within and without, we increase still more this agreeable expression. In proportion as, by enlarging the variety of these suggestive appurtenances, we multiply the number of pleasing images of comfort, convenience, cheerfulness, and hospitality, or any other agreeable ideas awakened by them, we render the house more and more picturesque, until by an excess of variety we create confusion in the mind of the beholder.

It is highly necessary to understand the importance of these circumstances, which serve to add force, beauty, and character to a scene, and to know that the expression of a plain house depends more upon surrounding objects, than on any architectural ornaments that can be added to it. We would not deny the force of such agreeable adjuncts, but contend that nearly all desirable effects may be produced without them; and if our opinion be correct, the principle asserted is important to those who are obliged to be governed by a rigid economy. Almost all American writers treat of the picturesque, as if it were an intrinsic quality of certain objects; and they do not seem to understand that it is only a relative term. Hence they speak of some trees as having this character, and of others as wanting it; now attributing it to the coniferous trees, then to those trees only which are disfigured, shattered, or of an anomalous shape, and invariably denying that it can appertain to trees which are round-headed, beautiful, or graceful. Yet there is in truth no particular shape or color, except from association, that renders a tree or a house picturesque, but each may become so, according as it harmonizes with any pleasing scene with which it is combined.

This quality in a tree, as well as in any other object, depends on its power of conveying a distinct and vivid impression of an agreeable nature to the mind, either by being itself an image or an emblem of some poetic sentiment, as in the case of an ancient patriarchal oak, or by assisting to heighten the poetic character of a scene of which it is a part. Thus

the pyramidal firs would be picturesque in rough, wintry, and mountainous situations, by adding wildness to the scenery and being in harmony with it. But they do not deserve, on this account, to be distinguished by this epithet, since they lose all this character in other kinds of scenery. If the larch and the fir are picturesque in mountainous and wintry landscapes, the weeping-willow is no less so, when standing on a green savannah, and overhanging the widening of a natural stream, with a neat cottage included in the same picture. The willow has this character, under these circumstances, because it adds to the peaceful and romantic expression of the scene, with its long branches dipping into the water, as the larch and the fir add force to natural wildness and ruggedness.

Nearly all this confusion of ideas has arisen from the general practice of using a *relative* term as if it were *specific*. We may say of a certain tree, that it is noble or magnificent; of another, that it is graceful; of another, that it is rugged, knotted, and gnarled; and our meaning is understood. But if we say of a tree, that it is picturesque, are there two persons living to whom the term thus used would convey the same idea? If this epithet should be applied specifically to any particular trees, it belongs to those which have been consecrated to certain interesting uses by poets, by the sacred and classical writers, and more especially by painters. An old tree of any species, of grand and ample dimensions, partially decayed, is highly suggestive in a picture or in a landscape, because it forms a pleasing patriarchal image, and is allied with the sentiment of ruin. A knotted and gnarled oak has this expression, because it is a symbol of fortitude, and emblematical of the successful resistance of power. Had we seen the beech-tree in pictures as often as we have read of it in the poets, it would have been as picturesque as it is now poetical.

It is common among writers, when comparing the English and American elms, to speak of the latter as more beautiful, and the former as more picturesque. This distinction is made on the assumption that the two qualities are incompatible. How, then, has it happened that the ash, one of the most beautiful and graceful of all trees, is called, by way of

distinction, "the painter's tree," and that the most picturesque houses, being such as exhibit the most agreeable variety of outlines, are likewise the most beautiful? No assumption can be more entirely unfounded, as these two qualities always assist and heighten each other, when they are in combination. Neither the beautiful nor its opposite is incompatible with the picturesque. We are all familiar with those old-fashioned farm-houses, built about a century ago, with two stories in front, and a long roof sloping down to one story behind. We ask if anything in landscape can be more picturesque, in the eyes of one born and educated in the New England States, than a scene containing a graceful American elm, bending over one of these old houses, and standing upon a grassy elevation, surrounded by all the suggestive appurtenances of a rustic farm-yard. Here is a beautiful tree, combined with a very plain and homely house; yet both are equally necessary to the picture. Add to the most beautiful or the most homely scene something that gives it a poetic expression, and it immediately becomes picturesque. When a tree of magnificent proportions has become old, or a noble edifice has sunk into a ruin, each has acquired a poetic interest, and has become picturesque by the change. Add to any object whatever a similar poetic expression, by any other change, — as by leading a natural stream through an uninteresting piece of ground, by covering a bare rock with evergreen ferns and club-mosses, or by wreathing a plain cottage with a profusion of vines, — we produce a similar effect. As the chemist, by combining the same elements in a different manner, may produce a compound that is wholesome or poisonous, agreeable or nauseous, so may the artist arrange the same objects in different combinations, so as to produce successively an offensive, an insipid, a ridiculous, or a delightful picture.

Let us now inquire to what extent, and in what manner, the science of landscape concerns our American people. It must strike every intelligent observer at once, that the circumstances of the United States are widely different from those of Great Britain, where the landscape art originated. The general principles established by English writers on this sub-

ject are in many cases entirely inapplicable to this country. The land of Great Britain is in the possession of about thirty-two thousand proprietors, averaging over two thousand acres each, some having estates containing more than one hundred thousand acres. Hence the English treatises on this art are essentially aristocratic, and dwell emphatically on the importance of "appropiation," — a term used to express a uniform style of objects, that shall enable the stranger to recognize the whole estate as belonging to one individual. An entire "riding" may be the property of one lord, and it may extend several miles through his own estate. This must be distinguished from common roads, "to extend the idea of a seat, and appropriate the whole country to the mansion." The riding must be marked by certain peculiar appearances, such as plantations of trees that differ from the common trees of the country, so that they shall be "immediately received as evidences of the domain." All such management would be idle in this country; and, except in some extraordinary cases, it could serve but to show the narrow limits of one's estate. The only way to make pleasant ridings, in this land of cottages and small farms, is to encourage the people to preserve the trees and shrubbery on all barren hills and eminences, and to cultivate the valleys; for every riding of more than a mile in extent must necessarily pass through the property of several individuals. Our people should be governed by a republican feeling, and not endeavor to distinguish their own grounds from those around them, for the vain purpose of indicating the extent of their domains, but should strive, as far as it is compatible with their own superior cultivation, to make their grounds harmonize with all adjacent scenery. The whole system of improvements in Great Britain is based upon the assumption, that the gentleman's estate is the only object that concerns it; and the general aspect of the country occupies but a small share of attention. The farm is by many practitioners of this art regarded with contempt, and, if it were possible, they would remove it out of sight, as they do the kitchen garden. In this country the farm is the most important object that can occupy the attention of improvers; and gentlemen's estates, though requiring a different style of

embellishment, are not to be regarded as more important than laborers' cottages.

In our land, the idea of a park, except in some extraordinary cases, is preposterous. The pasture is the American's park, and in this it would be pleasing to preserve, to the fullest practicable extent, the character of nature and rusticity. In England the landlord is a nobleman, and the farmer is his tenant; in this country, the landlord is himself the farmer, in the majority of cases. Hence the rules of art that are applicable to the landscape in Great Britain are often entirely inapplicable to American landscape. The equal distribution of property in this country must render the more magnificent efforts of art, except in large cities, generally unattainable by the wealth of private individuals. A true patriot would not wish to alter this state of things; and, when engaged in the discussion of a question like the present, he must establish his principles on this political ground. Hence, though we believe that the United States might surpass every other nation in the theory and practice of the landscape art, we see plainly that its grand results must be produced by the mutual understanding and co-operation of all classes of the people.

Highly ornamental work, which is necessarily expensive, whether applied to buildings or to grounds, can be properly performed only by the wealthy; for any attempt that falls short of the grandeur and elegance of the model, comes under the head of pretence, and is ridiculous just in proportion to the distance between the model and the imitation. The science of landscape should inculcate such principles as, if generally understood, would cause the people to prefer the successful copy of pleasing mediocrity, to a vain attempt to imitate a superior style, which, with their pecuniary ability, could only be counterfeited. There is no fondness of distinction more absurd, than that kind of vanity which prompts one, that he may surpass his neighbor's silver, to gild his own brass; and it is a serious offence against good taste to cause a house, a garden, or a farm to appear to be what it is not, or to deck it with ornaments which, in the minds of the cultivated and intelligent, are associated with very different objects. It is equally unwise to commence a system of operations,

with a house and grounds, built and laid out in a superior style of decoration, that can be maintained only at a continual expense plainly beyond the ability of the owner.

These considerations afford no good reason for believing that the science of improvements should not form a study for the American people, as well as for the landlords of Great Britain. On the contrary, in our land it is the concern of the people, not of an aristocracy; and as there are more substantial land-owners here than in any other country, there are more persons, in proportion to the population, who are immediately interested in the art. One important result of an extended diffusion of this kind of knowledge would be to check the present rage for ostentatious and expensive embellishments, and to render the people better satisfied with a humble and modest appearance, and ambitious to conform the style of their houses and grounds to the principles of that higher beauty which is the expression and the evidence of happiness. All those books, or lectures, or examples, that are calculated to inspire men with a passion for a style of decoration that does not comport with their circumstances, are directly at war with the true principles of our art. We believe that the perusal of the majority of works on landscape-gardening that have issued from the English press is hurtful, by affecting the mind of the reader with an ambition to imitate the unattainable grandeur of foreign models, or with despair of doing anything. We see this evil influence, in all parts of our land, in the numerous unsuccessful attempts to accomplish, on a small scale, certain works in gardening and architecture, which are ridiculous except on a fitting scale of magnificence. As we live in a republic, our rules for the improvement of landscape must be republican; and the less we copy the examples which are exhibited to us in a foreign land, and the more we govern our practice by general principles, the more useful and delightful will be the result. It would be no great gain to the beauty of the country, that a few rich men had fine gardens and estates, laid out in a costly style of decoration, if the principles of this art were neglected by all the rest of the community.

But we must not omit to take into consideration the fact

that this country is at present, as compared with Europe, very extensively wooded, and that the formation of pleasing landscapes must depend more on the manner of clearing than of planting. Although the original growth of the forest cannot be used with so much advantage as the second and more sparse growth, yet there are frequent occasions when a correct taste, and a liberal comprehension of what is to be done, would direct the labors of the woodman so as to produce the most important results, with respect both to economy and landscape beauty. It must be very unpleasant to the feelings of an intelligent citizen to discover, after the completion of certain operations, that he has done a serious injury to the landscape, and has innocently incurred the censure of the community, when a little study of the sources of beauty in landscape would have taught him to avoid his error, and, with equal advantage to his interest, have enabled him to improve the general features of the scenery around him. The advantage of these operations is not confined to the individual who performs them. It extends to the whole community; for such is the intimate connection between the beauty of landscape and the prosperity of agriculture, that each requires nearly the same disposal of the most important ornaments of the face of nature, — trees and shrubbery. How many instances are of daily occurrence, in which a noble tree in a fine situation, a beautiful mass of wild shrubbery, a group of trees with their underwood, or even a knoll of wild-flowers, growing in a spot too barren to be worthy of cultivation, might have been saved, had the owner but learned to feel the value of such objects in the landscape! It is a fatal mistake to suppose that every spot that is covered with wild shrubbery is lost to agriculture. Every tree and every bush that grows on a barren elevation, besides clothing it with beauty, yields its tribute of moisture to the atmosphere and its annual crop of foliage for the pasture, affords a harbor to useful birds, protects the farm from winds and storms, and contributes its humble influence in increasing the salubrity of the atmosphere about our homes. A moderate knowledge of the advantages of these picturesque objects, as sources both of benefit to the farm and of beauty to the landscape, would lead every farmer to save them, and

to encourage their growth, especially on all wastes and barren hills. And to say nothing of the other advantages connected with the preservation of these objects, how necessary is it, in these days of commerce, when trade, which is the only source of rapid accumulation, offers the strongest temptations to young men to quit the farm for commercial pursuits, — how necessary is it to spare no pains nor study to render everything about the farm so attractive as to bind men's affections as much as possible to their own paternal acres!

But it is not by encouraging a profusion of ornament and expensive decoration, that this desirable end must be accomplished. Those objects which have been dignified with the name of ornaments are not the most pleasing things in a landscape. The embellishments which are the most costly are commonly the least pleasing to a man of feeling and taste; and the poor man should be made to feel and understand, that there is a way of decorating his grounds which is attended with no expense beyond his own moderate ability. He should learn to make his fields, pastures, and enclosures delightful, by the careful preservation of all natural and accidental beauties. We would recommend but little planting for mere decoration, without reference to utility; but we believe there is a closer connection between utility and beauty than is generally admitted. There are many parts of every man's grounds, if he owns more than two or three acres, where trees would be more valuable, as well as more ornamental, than anything else. In these places, and in these alone, let his trees be planted. There are certain tracts that ought, for purposes of economy, to be always covered with wood. It would be absurd to leave such places uncovered, and to plant trees where they would be unprofitable. In all cases, the general considerations of shade, shelter, and protection should be prior to those of ornament. We would willingly guarantee the pleasing effects which would follow from this rule of planting. Roads and enclosures must be planted for shade; the northern boundaries of farms and estates, for protection; the tops of hills and rude eminences must be wooded, for economy and for the improvement of climate; and sandy wastes must be covered with trees, to render them

available for the use of man. Let these considerations govern the planter and the pioneer, and with respect to ornamental appearances the result cannot be far from pleasing.

One highly important circumstance that concerns the Americans, is the style and extent of their public grounds. In these there is an opportunity for a display of grandeur and magnificence that would not accord with the simplicity that should characterize our private residences. In regard to these matters, however, there has been an unfortunate apathy in the general mind; and the quantity of land devoted to such purposes has been as small as if the public domain were measured by the inch, and not by the acre. Hence many public squares, or commons, in our towns and cities, that might have been made spacious and beautiful, are now contracted and bald, and so narrow as to afford but little convenience to the public, except as market-places. The necessity of spaciousness in these public grounds could not be apparent to our ancestors, who, being surrounded with a vast unoccupied territory, perceived that such conveniences were not needful to their circumstances. But no such apology can be made for the present neglect. Our public grounds deserve as much consideration as the public buildings. Every new city and town should appropriate a large tract, to be planted with trees and to be used for recreation; and the grounds connected with our school-houses, town-houses, hospitals, and other public institutions, should be no longer confined to the space of a few square rods.

In the narrow limits of this article, it cannot be expected that we should treat minutely of the style in which these grounds should be laid out and embellished. We can only dwell on the importance of making them ample, and of considering them as an indispensable provision, not only for every city, but for every village in the country. The directors of private corporations are more generally disposed to regard these matters with a favorable eye, than the officers of a town. This difference probably arises from the comparatively superior mental culture of the former. Hence there are gardens and groves attached to almost all our academies and colleges, while the town school-houses stand on a naked enclosure of a

few rods. The grounds connected with these institutions are not liable to be planned on too magnificent a scale, and committees who have the management of them are more likely to err in the small quantity of land they devote to such purposes, than in the manner of laying them out, and the style of their embellishments. We would recommend no affected imitation of what are called picturesque styles; for in all places which are to be used more or less for public resort, artificial forms and arrangements should predominate. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the want of taste displayed in the arrangements on the Boston Common, we do not believe they could have been improved by any affected irregularity in the forms of the paths and the disposition of the trees. The heart of the city is no place for an imitation of the wildness of nature. We believe, however, that all these operations would be performed nearly enough in the right way, if the public could but be animated with a general enthusiasm in favor of such improvements.

In regard to the style of our dwelling-houses and private grounds, we are unfortunately almost entirely under the influence of British taste and examples. It would be well if we could imitate them in our public grounds, where they are deserving of imitation, and where successful imitation is within our reach. In our general improvements, and in embellishing our private estates, our copying of foreign models has been unwise, and often ridiculous, and it is time that some competent person should put forth in a general treatise those principles which are applicable to our own land. Many essays, and some volumes, have been published, in nearly all of which we perceive that the authors were guided or materially influenced by English opinions. Their rules and principles are modified, in a greater or less degree, to suit our peculiar circumstances. But the art, as practised in the United States, should be entirely divorced from the English system, which ought not to be a pattern for us, unless we also adopt the constitution of Great Britain and all its aristocratic customs.

As a work which is comparatively free from these objections, we commend the volume of Messrs. Cleaveland and

Backus, entitled "Village and Farm Cottages." It contains chapters on "The House considered in its Influence on the Occupants"; "The Value of a Permanent Home"; "Home in the Country"; "The Village"; "The Choice of a Lot"; "The Adoption of a Plan"; and "Principles as applied to Details"; besides a variety of plans for cottages, well executed and designed. For their general remarks they have made an excellent choice of subjects, which are treated with great good sense and a just appreciation of the wants of those to whom they are addressed. We have read no other American publication that discusses these topics in so practical a manner, and at the same time with so much correct taste and chastened enthusiasm. The "Hints on Construction" and "On the Improvement of Grounds" are equally valuable.

The practical hints contained in this volume are well adapted to the circumstances and habits of our people, not overlooking the importance of economy in building, to persons of moderate wealth. This country is not destined to be a land of mansions and palaces. We have but few owners of whole counties and townships; and our farms of the largest size are small compared with those of average size in Europe. We live in a land of cottages and small farms; and the principles of taste are therefore particularly important in the United States, where a large proportion of the inhabitants are land-owners and cultivators. The treatise on "Village and Farm Cottages" is well calculated to cherish that sort of taste which would increase the happiness of the people, by making them contented with a humble home, surrounded by the agreeable accessories of pleasant gardens, woods, orchards, and green fields.

With regard to the style which one should adopt in laying out his garden or his pleasure-grounds, which must necessarily be artificial in their character, and contracted in their dimensions, we think it at best only of secondary importance. In these cases it is well for every man to indulge his own peculiarities of taste; and we should as soon think of dictating to a lady the greater importance of a certain style of figures compared with another, for her carpet or house-paper, — whether they should be regular or irregular, or, in the lan-

guage of gardening, "arabesque," "gardenesque," or "picturesque," — as to dictate to the owner of an estate whether the style of his gardens and enclosures should be regular or irregular, with walks angular or serpentine, straight or zigzag. We consider these things mere matters of fancy, not of taste, which concerns the more important arrangement of objects that affect the general aspect of the country. The preservation of the forests on our mountains and hills; the clearing and cultivation of the fertile slopes and valleys; the covering of waste and sandy plains, stony ridges, and gravelly knolls with the verdure of trees and shrubbery, — are the circumstances on which the beauty of landscape chiefly depends, and with which the prosperity of agriculture and the welfare of man are intimately connected.

One of the most dangerous liabilities to which the general beauty of nature is exposed, arises from the prevalence of an ambition to be considered a man of taste. When such a mania prevails, it is the ambition of men and their love of distinction, and not their taste and sensibility, which are excited. In their zeal to be thought as tasteful as their neighbors, they forget everything but the manner in which they shall make known their accomplishments to the great, admiring crowd. If, under these circumstances, one has upon his land, near his house, a beautiful clump of trees and shrubbery, of spontaneous growth, such as the Dryads, if they could be seen, would be found accepting as their own appropriate haunt, this must be all swept away, and certain exotic trees and shrubs must be planted there, because the former appearance is considered incompatible with the fashionable style of dressing grounds. But the true principles of taste would teach one that Nature should never be dressed, when her native beauties surpass any ornaments that can be put in their place; and that no scene about one's grounds, which affects the mind with a charming or tranquillizing influence, should be sacrificed for the sake of making room for some costly ornament, which, with an expression as cold as an iceberg, serves no other purpose than to answer the demands of fashion.

After witnessing all the glitter of architectural pomp, and

the gay splendor of the parterre and the pleasure-ground, the man of feeling turns away, sick and weary of the constant stimulus occasioned by these objects, to seek the tranquillity of more humble scenes, amidst the wildness of nature. Under the spreading branches of a rugged old oak, where he could muse by the side of a rustic stream, gliding in spontaneous meanderings through sedges and over pebbles, he would find more enduring satisfaction than in the proudest park or pleasure-ground. To encourage this simplicity of taste, to check any exorbitant zeal for luxury in architecture or mere ornamental gardening, and to cherish in the minds of the people a love of Nature and a sensibility to her unadorned charms, should be one of the chief aims of the American proprietor and artist.

It was our original intention to review the whole ground of gardening literature in this country; but we have already exceeded the space which we can properly use, in the discussion of the general subject. We have in years past noticed the valuable works of Mr. A. J. Downing, whose short and brilliant career of genius and enterprise has made an impression on the public mind that can never be obliterated. But among the writers on subjects connected with rural improvements, we must not omit to name Mr. Charles M. Hovey, author of "The Fruits of America," a work of rare merit and beauty, and for more than twenty years the able and persevering editor of the "Magazine of Horticulture," a periodical that embodies more practical information on this and collateral subjects than any other American journal. If Mr. Hovey, who certainly possesses talents of a high order, had been less absorbed in practical operations, and had devoted himself entirely to the literature of horticulture, we think there are but few authors who would have surpassed him in this department.

ART. VIII. — 1. *The Dramatic Works of* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *with Notes original and selected.* By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER. Chiswick: Charles Whittingham. 1826. 10 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Works of* SHAKESPEARE: *the Text carefully restored according to the first Editions; with Introductions, Notes original and selected, and a Life of the Poet; by the* Rev. H. N. HUDSON. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1851–56. 11 vols. 12mo.

3. *The Works of* SHAKESPEARE; *the Text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of* 1632, *containing early Manuscript Emendations, with a History of the Stage, a Life of the Poet, and an Introduction to each Play; by* J. PAYNE COLLIER. *To which are added Glossarial and other Notes, and the Readings of former Editions.* Redfield: New York. 1853. 1 vol. large 8vo, and 8 vols. 12mo.

IT is one of the maxims of commerce, that supply is regulated by demand; and when publishers issue new editions of standard books, we may infer that new editions are wanted. But if we had access to the publishers' statistics, and could show how many copies of Shakespeare have been issued from the English and American press within a twelvemonth, we should probably think that no more could be required for the present generation. What is ordinarily implied, however, by new editions, is old editions literally *reproduced;* the only variations of the new from the old consisting of certain mechanical arrangements of paper and type, at the publisher's discretion. This rendering of the term "new editions" is substantially correct when applied to the multitude of authors in our vernacular; but it fails in its application to him who stands at the head of the multitude. We read, in the various forms of publication, Milton's Milton, Gibbon's Gibbon, Scott's Scott, and so on; but whose Shakespeare do we read? Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Johnson's, until we reach, perhaps, five hundred volumes, compiled by some forty editors and commentators, each of whom makes a point, if not a merit, of differing from his predecessors. Of their labors

in the aggregate it may be said, Conjecture "has done its worst"; and a perverse determination on the part of editors to alter at any rate has at last placed Shakespeare where, in that way, "nothing can touch him further." It may be called the calamity of English literature, that Shakespeare's Shakespeare, in a text unanimously recognized by the English people, is yet wanting to the English language.

Account for this as we may, Shakespeare's indifference to posthumous fame, or his unconsciousness of deserving it, must form a part of the explanation. But the circumstances were peculiar. To all authors except dramatists and clergymen, typographical publication is of primary importance, for by that means only do they come before the world; it is their first step toward the results of authorship, and they look after its correctness with proportionate solicitude. On the other hand, the chief publication of the dramatist is through the medium of actors, instead of printers; his first success must be achieved on the stage; and in Shakespeare's time, as now, not only did the success of a play at the theatre precede its publication in a book, but also then, as now, the chief profit to the author arose from its scenic representation. Hence, when Shakespeare had attained the main object, — a competency for life, — he took little heed of the insignificant sum that he might have derived from his plays as books; and he had this much more important affirmative reason to prevent his publishing them, — that the publication would deprive his theatre of the monopoly of the profits arising from their performance. These things sufficiently account for the fact, that Shakespeare never authorized or supervised the printing of his own works; but they still leave mankind to wonder at his indifference to a poet's immortality.

The imperfections in Shakespeare's text have long been commented on and lamented; and their existence is understood by none better than by the poet's editors themselves, — when they commence editing. But no one of them can be expected to entertain the same opinion after he has completed his work, *his* being the exception arising from the rule. Take, for example, the views of Mr. Singer, whose edition is the

basis of Mr. Hudson's. Mr. Singer says, in his Preface, that he intends

"to afford to the general reader a correct edition of Shakespeare; accompanied by an abridged commentary, in which all superfluous and refuted explanations and conjectures, and all the controversies and squabbles of contending critics, should be omitted; and such elucidations only of obsolete words and obscure phrases, and such critical illustrations of the text, as might be deemed most generally useful, be retained. To effect this, it became necessary"

for Mr. Singer to do certain things, which he goes on to particularize, without any misgiving as to his success. His claim to have "omitted all the superfluous and refuted explanations of previous commentators" is, perhaps, the most audacious assumption ever seriously put forward by a literary man. And as for a "correct edition of Shakespeare," meaning thereby a correct text, we should prefer almost any other expositor. It is true, he was aware of the blunders of his predecessors in this regard; he elaborately specifies them; he quotes Gifford to denounce them; but he ends by imitating them. Like many theatrical Hamlets, after laboring to make the players understand the philosophy and the folly of their stage-ranting, he incontinently "rants as well as they." A single example may suffice to show the nicety of his sensibility to a correct Shakespearian text. It is a fact superlatively familiar to every one, that, in Macbeth's last scene with the witches, the three apparitions that rise successively from the caldron utter their "promises" *in rhyme*. Yet Mr. Singer, without the slightest remorse, thus arranges the lines for the second apparition:

> "Be bloody, bold,
> And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
> For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

Mr. Singer's edition of Shakespeare, as a whole, is thus fairly and accurately described by Mr. Hudson: —

"The celebrated Chiswick edition, of which this is meant to be as near an imitation as the present state of Shakespearian literature renders desirable, was published in 1826, and has for some time been out of print. In size of volume, in type, style of execution, and adaptedness to the wants of both the scholar and the general reader, it presented a

combination of advantages possessed by no other edition at the time of its appearance. The text, however, abounds in corruptions, introduced by preceding editors under the name of corrections."

Mr. Hudson says of his own text, that his chief authority is the folio of 1623, with frequent and careful references to the quartos of an earlier date; but he wrote his Preface in 1851, previously to Mr. Collier's discovery of the value of the annotated folio of 1632. The readers of this journal* need not be reminded, that we consider the work of the old MS. annotator indispensable to the correction of any new edition of Shakespeare's text. It would be superfluous here to repeat what we have already stated at length; but we have no hesitation in saying, that any effort to "restore the text of Shakespeare according to the first editions," unaccompanied by a careful collation with Mr. Collier's volume, is substantially labor in vain.

The radical error of editors and commentators in dealing with the old MS. annotator consists in their treating him as one of themselves, whereas he actually has nothing in common with them. They, in their corrections, confessedly deal only in theories; he, apparently, only in facts. They, ages after Shakespeare was dead, conjecture what he wrote; he, nearly contemporaneous with Shakespeare, affirms what he wrote. They have printed books, not revised by Shakespeare, and universally admitted to be full of blunders, on which to found their speculations; he had his own concurrent knowledge of the plays as acted, and probably had access to the very prompt-books from which they were performed. They correct hesitatingly, conjecturally, like an editor who has never seen the "copy," and their corrections are numbered by scores; he corrects confidently, as with knowledge, like a proof-reader who has the "copy" at his elbow, and his corrections are numbered by thousands, — their very multitude and minuteness tending strongly to establish their authenticity. The proof-reader may not always be right, nor the editor always wrong, in case they differ; but, beyond all peradventure, the proof-reader has, *à priori*, the best of the argument. Nor does

* North American Review, April, 1854.

it help the case of a modern editor, that his emendation, in any particular instance, may be the more acceptable to a modern reader; for the question is not what Shakespeare should have written, but what he did write.

It is but justice to Mr. Hudson to say, that he adopts some of the MS. annotator's corrections. But he does so "under protest," — not because they are authentic, but because they happen to coincide with his own views. We shall not quarrel with his reasons, so long as we approve his acts; especially when a different course on his part would convict him of inconsistency. Were he to admit any one of the annotator's emendations on the ground of authenticity, he would be compelled to adopt them generally, on the same ground. But we complain of his want of judgment in what he rejects. For example, Mr. Collier's book, in Othello, gives:

> "Rude am I in my speech,
> And little blest with the *set* phrase of peace."

Again, in the same play:

> "But alas! to make me
> A fixed figure for the *hand* of scorn
> To point his slowly moving finger at."

And in Hamlet:

> "For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of *despised* love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office?"

These several readings are not only the MS. annotator's: they are found in various editions of Shakespeare; they are so delivered on the stage; they are so printed in school-books; they are so quoted in conversation and in writing; until they have the familiarity of household words. Yet Mr. Hudson, in the face of all these precedents, substitutes "*soft* phrase of peace," "*time* of scorn," and "*disprized* love," because he finds those words in some of the old editions, — or, to state the case more accurately, because he thinks those words the best. Even admitting, which we certainly do not, that they are the best, association alone should have preserved such familiar lines from this reckless spirit of "correction."

The greater portion of the MS. annotator's alterations, however, unlike the three just cited, are new to Shakespearian literature; and in rejecting them, Mr. Hudson has but followed his predecessors; though with this difference, that he had, as most of them had not, the light of Mr. Collier's discovery for a guide. We can give but isolated examples of this, as we think, unwise rejection. The MS. annotator thus renders Macbeth's address to the ghost of Banquo: —

> "Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
> The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
> And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
> If trembling I *exhibit*, then protest me
> The baby of a girl."

The earlier editions of Shakespeare had *inhabit*. Pope changed it to *inhibit;* and Steevens changed *then* to *thee*, making the line,

> "If, trembling, I *inhibit thee*, protest me,"

and this is the present stage-reading. Pope's and Steevens's alterations were bad enough; and the passage as it stood was worse. But worst of all — exceeding, transcending, and overwhelming all — is Horne Tooke's *explanation* of the word "*inhabit*," which we regret to see Mr. Hudson adopts. The note, in full, is as follows: —

> "Inhabit then. That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: 'Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if, then, I do not meet thee there; if, trembling, I stay in my castle, or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl.' But for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would hardly have required a note."

Considering the piece of work that Horne Tooke made of this, the fling at "Pope and others" by the writer of the note, who, we believe, was Singer, is exquisite!

Another instance of the MS. annotator's corrections is in the scene between Brutus and Cassius. In former editions it reads thus: —

"*Cassius.* I am a soldier, I:
Older in practice; abler than yourself
To make conditions.

. . . . .

"*Brutus.* You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

"*Cassius.* You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an older soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?"

The Edinburgh Review (April, 1856) remarks on this with great force:—

"The comparative tameness of the line in italics, in a passage in which every word *tells*, cannot escape the reader; and yet no correction is absolutely required, and we can scarcely imagine a mere guesser attempting one. The corrector, however, by the change of a letter or two only, reads,

'I shall be glad to learn of *abler* men.'

'Abler' was precisely the word Cassius had used, and thereby stung the sensitiveness of Brutus. But Cassius, with the characteristic sophistry of hasty self-defence, passes by the word *abler*, which he had used, to deny the word *better*, which he had not used, — 'I said, an older soldier, not a *better*.'"

Mr. Hudson takes no notice of this correction. He, however, makes a note on the substituted line of the MS. annotator in Coriolanus, to which attention is called in our number for April, 1854. The note is:—

"This speech certainly appears very elliptical as it stands. In Mr. Collier's second folio, a whole line is supplied to complete the sense, thus:

'I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger;
But yet, a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.'

Which, though not admissible into the text, forms a good comment on it, and brings out the right meaning.

We are free to confess that we cannot understand the sort of professional perversity that can make such a comment on

such a correction. The line is indispensable to the meaning, and yet is "inadmissible into the text"!

In the banquet scene of *Macbeth*, we have this colloquy in former editions:

> "*Macbeth.* There 's blood upon thy face.
> "*Murderer.* 'T is Banquo's then.
> "*Macbeth.* 'T is better thee without, than he within."

This last line is quaint, but perfectly intelligible; and of all the lines of Shakespeare commented on, none less needed a comment. Still, if editors must explain, let them explain, not mystify. Mr. Singer's note on the passage is correct, but superfluous. Mr. Hudson's is utterly absurd. The former is: —

"I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face, than in his body."

The latter: —

"I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face, than *he in this room!*"

The MS. annotator effectually disposes of Mr. Hudson's note by a correction, the existence of which has escaped even the careful eye of Mr. G. L. Duyckinck, Mr. Redfield's editor. Mr. Redfield's reprint of Collier contains the correction, but it is not designated as such in the editor's foot-notes. The line there reads:

> "'T is better thee without than *him* within."

This change will enable Mr. Singer to improve his note, if he must make one, by using Shakespeare's words instead of his own: "It (Banquo's blood) is better *without* thee, than *within* him."

We may remark here, that in many instances, as in this, the very best method of writing explanatory notes on Shakespeare is to transpose Shakespeare's own language. Mr. Hudson gives an example in this same scene of Macbeth: —

> "My royal lord,
> You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
> That is not often vouched, while 't is a making,
> 'T is given with welcome."

Mr. Hudson's note is: —

"The feast is sold, that is not often vouched *to be* given with welcome, while 't is a making."

We commend this note as a model to all editors who wish to explain Shakespearian lines that are so involved as to leave the meaning uncertain.

To a modern ear there is something wrong in the word *happily*, in the passage:

> "May fall to match you with her country forms,
> And, happily, repent."

Mr. Hudson solves the difficulty by saying: —

"Where a word of three syllables is wanted, the poet often uses *happily* for *haply*."

On the word *opposite* in Othello, —

> "You, mistress,
> That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
> And keep the gate of hell," —

he remarks: —

"That is, the office *opposed* to St. Peter. The opposition is between Emilia, as keeper of the gate of hell, and St. Peter, as keeper of the gate of heaven. The sense requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*."

Mr. Hudson's judgment is corroborated by Macready, who always made *opposite* the emphatic word of the line.

Mr. Hudson remarks on the passage in Macbeth, —

> "And with thy bloody and invisible hand
> Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
> Which keeps me pale," —

that "the great bond is Banquo's life."

We hold it to be a great merit in Mr. Hudson's notes, that, in instances like these, he throws light on passages not quite intelligible to the common reader, without any unnecessary words, or any ambitious display of learning. The notes in Singer's edition alone, which are both ostentatious and superfluous, would make a volume, if separately collected.

A note in Othello gives evidence of Mr. Hudson's careful study: —

"*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
"*Othello.* He did, from first to last."

The note is: —

"In Act I. Sc. 2, when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, 'He 's married,' Cassio asks, 'To whom?' Yet here, he seems to have known all about it. The explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret until it should be publicly known."

Mr. Hudson's selected notes are chosen with the same judgment as his original notes are written. In Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice inquires of the Messenger whether Signior *Montanto* is returned from the war. The literal messenger replies, that he knows no such person; and the reader is left in doubt whether the name of the celebrated bachelor is Benedick Montanto, or Montanto Benedick; but the note clears it up: —

"*Montanto* is an old term of the fencing-school, humorously or sarcastically applied here in the sense of a *bravado*."

Don John, in the same play, replies to Conrade: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace"; and the note is: —

"A *canker* is the canker-rose, or dog-rose. The meaning in the text is, I would rather be a wild dog-rose in a hedge, than a garden-rose of his cherishing."

Again, Beatrice says: "Thus goes every one *to the world* but I"; which the note explains: —

"To go *to the world* is used by Shakespeare for *to get married.* Thus, in All 's Well that Ends Well," etc. *

Contrast now this simple and direct interpretation of what needs explaining with one of Singer's notes. Cassius says to Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Act IV. Sc. 3:

"Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

* The author of this note might have made it more satisfactory by giving the origin of the phrase. To go *to the church*, in early Catholic times, implied celibacy; and to go *to the world*, matrimony.

"*Brutus.* I do not, till you practise them on me.
"*Cassius.* You love me not.
"*Brutus.* I do not like your faults."

Could anything be plainer than this? Yet observe Mr. Singer's solemn explanation and necessary *italics*: —

"The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults; I only see them and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.*"

One more specimen will suffice. In Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 4, Duncan says to Macbeth: —

"O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay."

On this Mr. Singer says: —

"That is, I owe thee more than all: nay, more than all that I can say or do will requite."

It is needless to comment on such notes; but the citation of the above passage from Macbeth enables us to point out one of the old MS. annotator's corrections. The word *mine* is clearly a blunder. The thanks and payment, in their proportion, or in their imparting, were Duncan's already; there was no occasion for his ejaculating a wish that they were *his*, — unless, indeed, one might infer that he was already grudging, and wished to retain, them; but the reader will easily see, from the connection, that Duncan was regretting that his thanks and payment could not be *more*, and *more* is the old annotator's alteration: —

"Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been *more!*"

Is there, in the whole catalogue of *conjectural* emendations, one that equals this correction from contemporaneous *knowl-*

edge? There is another in Macbeth, equally obvious in its propriety, though not equally necessary to the poet's meaning. In Act III. Sc. 1, all the editions read: —

> "*Macbeth.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
> And I 'll request your presence.
> "*Banquo.* Let your highness
> Command upon me; to the which my duties
> Are with a most indissoluble tie
> For ever knit."

It will be perceived, here, that *command* is a verb, and as such not only renders *upon* superfluous, but deprives *which* of an antecedent: to say nothing of the clumsiness and *un*-Shakespearian character of the expression, "Command *upon* me." The old annotator makes a very slight change, so far as the types are concerned; but see its effect!

> "*Banquo.* *Lay* your highness'
> Command upon me; to the which," etc.

Do such corrections need any argument to prove their authenticity? We must remind the reader that these (typographically) minute and unobvious imperfections of Shakespeare's text are corrected *by the thousand* in Mr. Collier's volume; and from that fact alone, it would be impossible for any reviewer to cite a hundredth part of them. The only way to appreciate at once their numbers and their value is to study the volume itself, as issued by Collier and reprinted by Redfield. We will give only one more example here. In Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 2, Rosse says to Lady Macduff, according to all previous editions: —

> "I dare not speak much further;
> But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
> And do not know ourselves. . . . . .
> . . . . . I take my leave of you:
> Shall not be long, but I 'll be here again."

There may be a distinct meaning to "do not know ourselves" in this connection, but there is very little point to it; and "*Shall* not be long," &c., is evidently, somehow, wrong. Turn to the annotator, and all is plain: —

"— cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know 't ourselves. . . . . .
. . . . . I take my leave of you:
'T shall not be long, but I 'll be here again."

The Introductions to the plays in Mr. Hudson's edition are very elaborate and comprehensive. He has given, at much greater length than any of his predecessors, sketches of the plays, romances, and histories from which Shakespeare drew his materials, and on which his dramas are founded; so that the sum total of the poet's obligations to others is fairly and fully presented. This feature of Mr. Hudson's editing does not, indeed, interest all classes of readers; but it has become, by precedent, one of an editor's duties, and if it is to be done at all, it should be done in full. His analysis of the individual characters of the plays is a very different order of intellectual achievement, and here Mr. Hudson's finest qualities are developed. We can best illustrate them to the reader by quotations; although these must be limited in number and extent.

The strongest contrast which Shakespeare has embodied in any one play is to be found, probably, in Shylock and Portia. Mr. Hudson remarks on these: —

"In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood. As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at the same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be more fitting and well placed than her demeanor, now bracing her speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or innocent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character is scarce the less lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet al-

ways so becomingly that we hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jameson, with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that, honorable as the issue of her course at the trial would be to a man, she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of her triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's honor and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these causes no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for once the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarce go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill wherewith the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substantial dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the 'rich-souled' creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to be.

"Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the dramatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man of nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon him as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shakespeare had no less a task than to inform with individual life and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national character in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; wherein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to provoke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it left them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus Shylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and antipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose: he can have no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnity out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became congealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian virtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that could be done him.

"With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, and his 'dry, mummy-like tenacity' of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting, sarcastic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble nature, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much elasticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes but the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance cannot move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be bent." — Vol. III. pp. 17 – 19.

With equal power, and equal mastery of his subject, Mr. Hudson daguerreotypes Macbeth and Banquo in one frame: —

"And the Poet evidently supposes from the first that Macbeth already had the will, and that what he wanted further was an earnest and assurance of success. And it is the ordering of things so as to meet this want, and the tracing of the mental processes and the subtle workings of evil consequent thereon, that renders this drama such a paragon of philosophy organized into art. The Weird Sisters rightly strike the key-note and lead off the terrible chorus, because they embody and realize to us, and even to the hero himself, that secret preparation of evil within him, out of which the whole action proceeds. In their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mingled emotions of terror and mirth; in their mysterious reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to sharpen curiosity and awe down scepticism; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, — a blasted heath, as a spot sacred to infernal orgies, — the influences of the place thus falling in with the preternatural style and matter of their disclosures; — in all this we may discern a peculiar aptness to generate even in strong minds a belief in their predictions. And such belief, for aught appears, takes hold on Banquo equally as on Macbeth; yet the only effect thereof in the former is to test and approve his virtue. He sees and hears them with simple wonder; has no other interest in them than that of a natural and innocent curiosity; questions them merely with a view to learn what they are, not to draw out further promises; remains calm, collected, and perfectly planless, his thoughts being wholly taken up with what is before him; and because he sees nothing of himself in them, and has no germs of wickedness for them to work upon, therefore he 'neither begs nor fears their favors nor their hate.' Macbeth,

on the other hand, kindles and starts at their words, his heart leaps forth to catch what they say, and he is eager and impatient to have them speak further; they seem to mean more than meets the ear, and he craves to hear that meaning expressed in full: all which is because they show him his own mind, and set astir the wicked desires his breast is teeming with: his mind all at once becomes strangely introversive, self-occupied, and absent from what is before him, 'that he seems rapt withal'; and afterwards, as soon as his ear is saluted with a partial fulfilment of their promise, he forthwith gets lost in thought, and shudders and goes into an ecstasy of terror at the horrid suggestions awakened within him, and his shuddering at them is even because of his yielding to them.

"It is observable that Macbeth himself never thinks of making the Weird Sisters anywise responsible for his acts or intentions. The workings of his mind all along manifestly infer that he feels himself just as free to do right, and therefore just as guilty in doing wrong, as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him. He therefore never offers to soothe his conscience or satisfy his reason on the score of his being drawn or urged on by any fatal charm or fascination of hell; it being no less clear to him than to us, that whatsoever of such mighty magic there may be in the prophetic greeting is all owing to his own moral predisposition. For, in truth, the promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, how firmly soever believed in, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than a promise of wealth in like sort would be to steal. To a truly just and virtuous man such a promise, in so far as he had faith therein, would preclude the motives to theft; his argument would be, that, inasmuch as he was fated to be rich, he had nothing to do but wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and kept from stealing only by fear of the consequences, he would be apt to construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft. Which appears to strike something near the difference between Banquo and Macbeth; for, in effect, with Banquo the prophetic words preclude, but with Macbeth themselves become, the motives to crime. So much for the origin of the murderous purpose, and the agency of the Weird Sisters in bringing it to a head.

"Henceforth Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed and wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitations of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buf-

feted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, 'present fears are less than horrible imaginings.' Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination." — Vol. IV. pp. 231 – 233.

All this is admirable; but still more so the analysis of Lady Macbeth: —

"In the structure and working of her mind and moral frame Lady Macbeth is the opposite of her husband, and for that reason all the better fitted to piece out and make up his deficiency. Of a firm, sharp, wiry, matter-of-fact intellect, doubly charged with energy of will, she has little in common with him save a red-hot ambition; for which cause, while the prophetic disclosures have the same effect on her will as on his, and she forthwith jumps into the same purpose, the effect on her mind is just the reverse; she being subject to no such involuntary and uncontrollable tumults of thought: without his irritability of understanding and imagination, she therefore has no such prudential misgivings or terrible illusions to make her shake, and falter, and recoil. So that what terrifies him, transports her; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers.

"Almost any other dramatist would have brought the Weird Sisters

to act immediately upon Lady Macbeth, and through her upon her husband, as thinking her more open to superstitious allurements and charms. Shakespeare seems to have understood that aptness of mind for them to work upon would have unfitted her for working upon her husband in aid of them. Enough of such influence has already been brought to bear: what is wanted further is quite another sort of influence; such a sort as could only be wielded by a mind not much accessible to the former. There was strong dramatic reason, therefore, why nothing should move or impress her, when awake, but facts; why she should not be of a constitution and method of mind, that the evil which has struck its roots so deep within should come back to her in the elements and aspects of nature, either to mature the guilty purpose, or to obstruct the guilty act. It is quite remarkable that she never once recurs to the Weird Sisters, or lays any stress on their salutations: they seem to have no weight with her but for the impression they have made on Macbeth; that which impression may grow to the desired effect, she refrains from using it or meddling with it, and seeks only to fortify it with such other impressions as lie in her power to make. Does not all this look as though she were sceptical touching the contents of his letter, and durst not attempt to influence him with arguments that had no influence with herself, lest her want of sincerity therein should still further unknit his purpose? And what could better set forth her incomparable shrewdness and tact, than that, instead of overstraining this one motive, and thereby weakening it, she should thus let it alone, and endeavor to strengthen it by mixing others with it? Moreover, it does not elude her penetration, that his fears still more than his hopes are wrought up by the preternatural soliciting: for the Weird Sisters represent in most appalling sort the wickedness of the purpose which they suggest; and the thought of them scares up a throng of horrid images, and puts him under a fascination of terror: the instant he reverts to them, his imagination springs into action, — an organ whereof, while ambition works the bellows, conscience still governs the stops and keys. So that her surest course is to draw his thoughts off to the natural motives and solicitings of the opportunity that has made itself to his hands: otherwise there is danger that the opportunity will unmake him; for, so long as his mind is taken up with those stimulants of imagination, outward facilities for his purpose augment his inward recoilings from the act.

Coleridge justly remarks upon her consummate art in first urging in favor of the deed those very circumstances which to her husband's conscience plead most movingly against it. That the King has unreservedly cast himself upon their loyalty and hospitality, this she puts forth

as the strongest argument for murdering him. An awful stroke of character indeed! and therefore awful, because natural. By thus anticipating his greatest drawbacks, and urging them as the chief incentives, she forecloses all debate, and leaves him nothing to say; which is just what she wants; for she knows well enough that the thing is a horrible crime, and will not stand the tests of reason a moment; and therefore that the more he talks the less apt he will be for the work. And throughout this dreadful wrestling-match she surveys the whole ground and darts upon the strongest points with all the quickness and sureness of instinct: her powers of foresight and self-control seem to grow as the horrors thicken; the exigency being to her a sort of practical inspiration. The finishing touch in this part of the picture is when, her husband's resolution being all in a totter, she boldly cuts the very sinews of retreat by casting the thing into a personal controversy and making it a theme of domestic war, so that he has no way but either to fall in with her leading or else to take her life. To gain the crown she literally hazards all, putting it out of the question for them to live together, unless he do the deed, and thus embattling all the virtues and affections of the husband against the conscience of the man. He accordingly goes about the deed, and goes through it, with an assumed ferocity caught from her." — Vol. IV. pp. 234 – 236.

Chronologically speaking, this method of analyzing the poet's characters is *after* that of Coleridge and of Mrs. Jameson; but Mr. Hudson has so improved on his models, that he is but little more indebted to them, than Shakespeare was to his predecessors for the plots of his plays.

If the works of Shakespeare are among the world's wonders, so also, with a difference, is the biography — or the want of a biography — of Shakespeare. In this age of the universal laudation of literary men, — when the life and likeness of each scribbler become indispensable to the Monthly Magazines the moment his "first production" is on the bookseller's shelves, — it is difficult to conceive, not only that Shakespeare himself was apparently unconscious of his gigantic intellectual powers, but that his contemporaries were so far from fully appreciating them, as to leave the details of his life to be guessed at by posterity. Mr. Hudson's biography of the poet shows that some misapprehension has existed on this point, and that Shakespeare was not so much unknown to the men of his own time as has been commonly supposed. Still, all

that can be authentically stated is but a meagre sketch, wholly disproportioned to the importance of the subject. The prominent facts are, that Shakespeare wrote for the stage, performed in his own plays, and became a proprietor in part of the theatre where they were acted. He subsequently retired to the country, where, in his joint capacity of writer and theatrical proprietor, he enjoyed an income of four hundred pounds sterling; but he never looked after his plays beyond the point of their performance on the stage, and he received no compensation for them, as books, at the hands of their publishers. Of this period Mr. Hudson remarks: —

"Shakespeare was now in the meridian of life. There was no special cause that we know of, why he might not have lived many years longer. It were vain to conjecture what he might have done, had more years been given him: possibly, instead of augmenting his legacy to us, he might have recalled and suppressed more or less of what he had already written as our inheritance. For the last two or three years, he seems to have left his pen unused; as if, his own ends once achieved, he set no value on that mighty sceptre with which he since rules so large a portion of mankind. That the motives and ambitions of authorship had little to do in the generation of his works, is evident from the serene carelessness with which he left them to shift for themselves; tossing those wonderful treasures from him, as if he thought them good for nothing but to serve the hour. Still, to us, in our ignorance, his life cannot but seem too short. For aught we know, Providence in its wisdom may have thought best not to allow the example of a man so gifted living to himself. Be that as it may, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE departed this life on the 23d of April, 1616. Two days after, so much of him as could die was buried beneath the chancel of Stratford church. His burial took place on the day before the anniversary of his baptism; and it has been commonly believed that his death fell on the anniversary of his birth. If so, he had just entered his fifty-third year; but there is no good authority for the belief, save the then usual custom of baptizing three days after the birth."

So far as the text of Shakespeare is concerned, we consider Redfield's reprint of Collier altogether the best edition that ever has been published. Collier's volume was incomplete in this respect, — that while it contained all the MS. annotator's corrections, it did not designate where the corrections were made. In Redfield's edition these are all, or nearly all, point-

ed out by foot-notes at the bottom of each page. On the other hand, as to the size of volume, typographical arrangement, completeness of explanatory notes, and full analysis of the characters of the plays, with their histories, Mr. Hudson's work may safely challenge competition with the long array of his predecessors.

In dismissing this subject, we cannot forbear a passing remark on the disappearance of the theatrical representatives of Shakespeare, just at the point of time when his text, in its highest attainable purity, is restored to the world. Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Cook, Kean, and Macready, for the greater part of a century, practically expounded the language of the poet; and the genius of the actor, co-operating with the genius of the author, unfolded to five successive generations the living realities of Shakespeare's power. These six luminaries have now all passed away; Macready alone surviving to enjoy in retirement the homage due to his public talents and private virtues. The loss of these great actors is the more to be deplored, because *their* art dies with them; and hence it is not strange that, with their professional *exit*, the drama itself should have declined. Shakespeare is immortal in the library; but on the stage, probably few men now living will see him resuscitated.

ART. IX. — 1. GUILLAUME GUIZOT: *Alfred le Grand.*
2. AMÉDÉE THIERRY: *History of Attila.*
3. M. THIERS: *Consulat et Empire.* Vol. XIV.
4. SCRIBE: *New Edition of Dramatic Works.*
5. LAMARTINE: *Entretiens Familiers.* Nos. 9, 10.
6. EDMOND et JULES DE GOUCOURT: *La Lorette.*
7. AMPÈRE: *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.*

THERE is a rage for history just now in France, and for more than one good reason. First, there is no denying that the historic Muse has from time immemorial been propitious to her Gallic votaries. Their very language and their natural

turn of mind, their strong critico-philosophic instincts, with a far greater respect for accuracy than is often ascribed to them, and a patience of research subordinate only to their anxiety to discover hidden lore, — all these qualities eminently fit Frenchmen for the task of writing history, whether as chroniclers of what is passing, or as reproducers of what is long past. To say truth, the two so opposite races, the Gallo-Latin on the one hand, and on the other the Teutonic, are equally intent in our age upon the study of the great events of bygone times; but they set to work in very different ways, and the results of their labor are as diverse as their methods. The Latin blood that mingles in the veins of Frenchmen with that of Gaul, has made them chroniclers from the days of Tacitus to our own. From Eginhard and Joinville, Philippe de Comines and Froissart, down to the journal-keeping, diary-noting, letter-writing society of the seventeenth century, no event can be said to have passed in France unchronicled. If the historical student in France desires to render more familiar to the public any one particular period of the national story, it will not be the documents necessary to the achievement of his object that will fail him. When he has himself well determined what he wishes, he will very soon probably be confused by the quantity of contradictory information he will find ready to his hand on all sides. We have in one word pointed at what forms the difficulty of the historian's task in France, and what constitutes his merit, namely, the contradictions of the documents he discovers. Upon the same fact, upon the same person, one writer says one thing, and the other the direct reverse. Letters, diaries, memoirs, notes, memoranda, official reports, — every kind of paper that he can require, the historian will most likely find; but, as we have before said, half his documents will lead to one conclusion, and the other half to another. This is inevitable with the French temperament, and with the blind party zeal of Frenchmen, which, from the era of Charlemagne down to our own, has made it possible for party spirit to animate, inflame, and govern the whole race. For this very reason, however, the historian of our century is better placed for bringing to our knowledge the real truth of transactions that occurred two or three hundred years ago, than were the con-

temporaries who lived in the very heart of those transactions. He is dispassionate, — nay, perhaps even sceptical; he has before him the whole mass of evidence on both sides, and he is at liberty to judge what is the value of the depositions on either; but those depositions are at his service in abundance, — partial, it is true, and passionate, yet minute, full of interest, and *living* in their reality. This is not so with the German; never having been a noter of contemporary incidents, when he comes to be an annotator on those that are past, his difficulties are doubled, and he never succeeds in reanimating things and men as does the Frenchman. The best history or biography composed by a German is scarcely more than a mere document for those who possess the genuine historic vein. As we have said, then, in these facilities for writing history lies one of the chief reasons, if not *the* chief, of the multiplicity of historical works published in France. Another is to be found in the social and pecuniary advantages attached to this species of publication, and also in the ease with which it may be brought to serve the purposes of political hatred or affection. The writer of a serious historical work in France is pretty sure of being in due time a member of the *Académie Française*, and of securing to himself very considerable sums by the sale of his work; and he may perhaps inherit one day the pension of ten thousand francs a year, left by Baron Gobert to the historian accounted the most eminent in the country, and until his death enjoyed by the late lamented and illustrious Augustin Thierry. In the possible attainment of these latter distinctions lay, we are inclined to think, one of the great attractions of the historic Muse for M. Amédée Thierry, whilst we are half disposed to believe that the power of instituting political comparisons has not been without its charm for Ampère, and for the son of Louis Philippe's minister, M. Guizot.

When, some few months ago, the man who by common acclamation was recognized as the first historian of France, Augustin Thierry, died, his brother, as was not unnatural perhaps, fancied he might have some slight chance of succeeding to the academic position and emoluments of the deceased, with a view to which he had for years been following in the steps

of his illustrious senior. The calculations of Amédée Thierry were in this respect deceived. M. Henri Martin, the author of a long and complete History of France, objected to by some only on account of its democratic (or it was even said "socialist") tendencies, was the successful candidate for the Gobert pension; and the brother of Augustin Thierry had no notice taken of his claims, precisely, we believe, because it was not thought just that two members of the same family, bearing the same name, should monopolize distinctions and benefits meant to be strictly the reward of merit, not the result of favor. However that may have been, M. Amédée Thierry's books remain, and have, by their intrinsic worth, won from the public an attention that has been paid not to the name, but to the works only, of the writer. His History of Attila is a solid and valuable contribution to the historic learning of all nations in general, and is as interesting to the Anglo-Saxon races as to those of Gallo-Roman descent. When we reflect that the events narrated belong to the period of time that elapsed in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries of the Christian era, that the heroes and heroines are no other than those of the *Niebelungen* (that Iliad of the Germans), and that our sympathy or antipathy, our interest, in a word, is demanded for Goths and Visigoths, Gepidæ, Ostrogoths, and Huns, and numberless other savages whose names some readers may perhaps never have even heard before, — when we reflect upon this, we cannot refuse our admiration to the historian, who, by the mere force of erudition, untiring research, talent, and that rarest of all qualities which some French critic has called *le don de vie*, has animated the personages of an almost fabulous drama, so as to make them live and act before our eyes as though they were our contemporaries. "The gift of life!" — yes, assuredly this is possessed by Amédée Thierry, if not to the whole extraordinary extent in which it was commanded by his eminent brother, at all events in a degree sufficient to make him one of the greatest of living historians.

Not a source has been neglected by the chronicler of the "Scourge of God"; and from Latin and Greek poets of the Lower Empire, from the effusions of Teutonic bards, from the traditionary tales carried from the camps of Hunnish tribes to

the tents of Arab chiefs, from the lays of Slavonian minstrels, and from the legends of saints and homilies of Churchmen, M. Thierry has collected the materials wherewith to reanimate the terrible scenes of a drama enacted in the very infancy of the modern age.

The hypercritics of France — those who hope to put down to the account of their own superior talent and learning all that they subtract from others — object that Amédée Thierry is "too picturesque," and, starting from the point that "history is not meant to amuse, but merely to instruct," they lose sight of the fact that what is tiresome is not remembered, and that history would cease to be instructive, if it ceased to be sufficiently interesting to make the necessary impression. It would be difficult, we think, to find any work in which, as completely as in M. Thierry's *Histoire d'Attila et de ses Successeurs*, the destruction of that social and political form identified with the name of Rome is made evident, and the rising up described of that new society out of which are gradually to emerge all the splendors and all the darknesses, all the learning and the chivalry, all the crimes — yet all the forces — of the Middle Age in Europe. We recommend to our readers a scene which, when once read, is scarce likely to be forgotten, — the reception, namely, of the imperial Roman ambassadors by Attila. Each detail of the banquet to which these two representatives of what was the refinement and the glory of civilization are bidden by the great barbarian, is a lesson. The inferiority in which they are placed by what would in our times be termed the *etiquette* of Attila's court, but which in his was the mere consequence of his consciousness of power, shows us more strikingly and more simply than would the most erudite and the driest dissertation, how completely Rome was already numbered with the things of the past, how bygone was her greatness, how impossible her regeneration, unless in an altered form. Comparing together the Rome that had been, of the Cæsars, and the Rome that was to be, of the Popes, the immense spiritual force that was to spring from the absolute ruins of temporal strength, the intense life that was to be born of such utter death, it seems to us, when witnessing the humiliation of the Empire before the Goth, as

though we were standing by the funeral pyre on which the dying Phœnix had breathed its last, and from the ashes whereof the new and more sovereign Phœnix had not yet risen. To those among our readers who regard history as something higher than a schoolboy's task, and who discern the philosophy taught by its annals, we strongly recommend Amédée Thierry's History of Attila as the best and most living reproduction of one of the most solemn moments of our world's existence, — the minutely detailed chronicle of that epoch when classic civilization, after long struggling, expired, and when Christian civilization, rude and barbarous, but strong, began to be, to act, to predominate over the human race.

We have said that the facility of instituting comparisons between the present and the past is one of the attractions of history to both Ampère and Guillaume Guizot; but we would not be made to say more than we really intend by this. We do not mean that either of these authors makes the history of the past serve the political passions of the present, but simply that, when either of them lights in history upon a period or an individual that offers a parallel to what exists in our day, he eagerly seizes upon it, and is active in pointing out all the hopes and fears, all the censure and the praise, that are justified in our own epoch by an attentive study of the past. The History of Alfred the Great, by the son of M. Guizot, is a remarkable monograph, the result of much research, and of what would be extraordinary erudition in a man so very young, were the paternal erudition not at his disposal to begin with. It is what such biographies ought always to be, the expression, in a concise form, of what has been gathered from a vast number of various sources; but remarkable as it undoubtedly is (and ought to be, with the name that stands on its first page), we cannot refrain from thinking that the reason of its existence is to be found in the following opening passage of the work: —

"Henri IV. is not, in the history of Christian Europe, the only prince who reigned 'by right of conquest and by right of birth.' England, as well as France, counts among her kings a great man, who by study and by war was obliged to carve his way to the throne that was the heritage of his race, — a destiny more enviable even than difficult;

for a just cause derives more lustre from hard-won victories than from success achieved with ease. Nothing strikes the imagination of nations more than the sight of an ancient supremacy that consents to be reinvigorated by its union with more modern fame, and that aspires to *deserve;* and for princes who have to serve their apprenticeship to the trade of royalty, the teachings of adversity and the efforts employed in contest are worth more than all the lessons of a Bossuet or a Fénelon. Alfred the Great and Henri IV. were strengthened in their own resolves by the feeling of their hereditary right, but in public favor by the renown of their personal high deeds. The hard and adventurous life of each instructed him in the character, the wants, and the resources of his people. Thus both, whilst fighting for the possession of a throne that was theirs in virtue of their ancestors, proved themselves worthy to be the ancestors of future kings, — the founders of states, as well as the heirs thereto. And it is in races and times so widely apart that twice this great trial has been made in history! How shall we then be blind to the lesson inculcated? Neither the splendor of personal genius alone, nor merely the venerable titles to sovereignty of an ancient house, will suffice as a basis on which to build a solid government; but here are two princes who prove to us that no resistance is possible against a power in which are combined together the double principles of the right of force and the force of right."

When we reflect upon the name, the position, and the specific opinions of M. Guizot's son, we can easily understand what tempted him in the life of the Saxon monarch; and it is not difficult to perceive, that, whilst for his general readers he tells a tale full of historic interest, he aims at pointing a moral to be applied to themselves by the heirs to sovereignty of the two Bourbon branches.

"Princes have been seen," he says, in evident allusion to Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., "who with right royal souls have seized upon authority and wielded it all their lives, yet who have died without leaving their power to their descendants, a great name to history, or great progress to their people. Why does the case stand so differently with the two we have mentioned? Because their genius and the circumstances that surrounded it were so much in harmony, that the dangers whereto their respective countries were exposed could be combated only by them, and by them only vanquished. They were each of them as *necessary* as they were either legitimate by birth or personally great. Each did more for his kingdom than for himself. The ambition of each never appeared selfish, and in the success of each lay the salvation of

all. Henri IV. restored to France the peace and unity which religious dissensions had so violently disturbed; and, long ages before the time of the Béarnese king, at the end of the ninth century, it was in saving England that Alfred founded his own glory and his throne, the double price of his victories. How he succeeded in his task it shall be our province to record."

Now that we have pointed out to our readers what we believe to have been the cause of M. Guillaume Guizot's History of Alfred, we can conscientiously testify, that, the cause granted, the work is, in every respect, an excellent one.

If the object of the writer we have just spoken of be to teach princes what they should do to regain their thrones, the object of M. Ampère is probably to teach tyrants what they should avoid when they are seated on them. His "History of Rome in Rome" is one of the most strongly marked books published in the French tongue for many years. It is a complex work, — not solely that of an historian, nor wholly that of a *savant*, but a mixture of both, to produce which the archæologian and the artist were as much required as the politician, the philosopher as the jurisconsult, and the upright citizen more than either or all. It is not with the learning of the schools that M. Ampère is satisfied, not with what we possess of classic erudition, nor with the sources to which the students of ancient annals more or less invariably resort. No; he is too much of a philosopher, and (if we were not afraid of the word in connection with so grave a writer's name, we would say) too much of a poet, not to seek other evidences of reality than these. Full of that thirst for life, which, as we have said, is so strong a characteristic of the French historian, Ampère was unable to make up his mind to write upon the Romans in a spot where nothing save dusty college reminiscences spoke to him of the glorious race; and he accordingly started for the Eternal City, resolved to seek in the very stones and in the very atmosphere for traces of what had been the life of the past. The method has proved an excellent one, and the personages of the *Histoire Romaine à Rome* have a reality, and, to use a modern French term (adopted by the Germans also), an *actualité*, that unite the truth of detail of ancient contemporary authors to the critical and appreciative

sense of our day. One of Ampère's great studies is that of the portraits of those whose deeds he recounts; and when, with Tacitus or Suetonius, Cicero or Juvenal, in one hand, in the other he holds the genuine medal of a Cæsar, he compares form and physiognomy with the register of acts, and arrives at a reconstruction of the human being, at a reanimation of the man, as he lived and was, which very often seems to bear with it the evidence of incontrovertible truth.

This revival of the features and countenances of the heroes and heroines of history is a long-standing method with M. Ampère, and in a sketch of Catherine de Médicis, written long before his present work, we remember to have read the following lines: —

"Nothing is more curious than to compare the likenesses of famous individuals at different moments of their career. For instance, take the charming bust (although there be a threatening shade already over it) of the young Octavius, and set it beside a bust of Augustus, when he has grown old in deceit. Look at the portrait of Madame de Maintenon which M. de Noailles has done well to place as a frontispiece to her history; for it reminds us that she once was young. Look also at this image of Catherine of Medici when a young girl! what is not told by the difference between the face of this little Florentine, who, though serious, is frank and resolute, and the hard profile of the widow of Henri II.?"

This comparison between the young Octavius and the veteran Cæsar towards the close of his reign and of his existence, has helped M. Ampère to one of the finest and most complete portraits of the Emperor Augustus of which the modern literature of Europe can boast.

In common with Machiavel, Gibbon, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, M. Ampère judges Augustus with unqualified severity. Had he found any part of his character which, whether as man or emperor, had given him a real right to the praises lavished upon him by those who feared, flattered, and were dependent on him, no one who knows Ampère could for an instant doubt his eagerness to proclaim the discovery, and to make his picture of Rome's first emperor more favorable, whilst making it more complete; but such has not seemed to him to be the case. On all sides he found evidence of the

deep selfishness, the hypocrisy, and the "littleness of soul" of Augustus.

"I acknowledge," he observes, "his talents, his intelligence, that cleverness which has been so constantly remarked; but, in acknowledging it, I cannot but regret how many writers have neglected to see that often with him ability was nothing more than dissimulation and falsehood. Above all, sufficient notice is not taken of the use he made of his intelligence, employing it for the destruction of all political life in the state, of all moral energy in men's minds, and for the preparation of that permanent degradation, of that gradual dissolution, wherein was soon swallowed up the greatness of the Roman name."

Here we find the trace of what we noted in the beginning, of the peculiar kind of attraction exercised upon M. Ampère, as upon Guillaume Guizot, by certain pages of the historic annals of the world. At each step in the life of Octavius, the anti-Napoleonic author may, undoubtedly, be struck by the frequent and strong resemblance offered to the present Emperor of the French, and it is scarcely to be wondered at if one of the most sincere and ardent lovers of political freedom in the present day should be unable to resist the temptation of pointing out to his countrymen the similitudes which undeniably exist between the characters, and, to a certain degree, the destinies, of Julius and Octavius Cæsar, and of that other uncle and nephew of southern origin whose rule has twice within our century crushed all liberty in France.

Naturally, on this side of the Atlantic, it would be of very subordinate interest to the readers of M. Ampère's book on Roman history, that in it he should have found means to draw political comparisons applicable only to the readers of his own country; but the work itself is, without reference to this feature, deeply interesting, full of intensely curious details, written in the most brilliant language, and worthy to fix the attention of whomsoever shall find it under his hand. At the same time, we have thought it not uninteresting to American readers to give them the clew to the absorbing curiosity with which, as it appeared in number after number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it was watched for and devoured by the French public.

The anti-Napoleonic tendency that inspires M. Ampère is

by no means that which induced M. Thiers to undertake his voluminous work upon "The Consulate and the Empire." Thiers has, time out of mind, been a Bonapartist; and if he had not been so by vanity and by instinct, he would have been so by circumstances, and from the fact of his having been identified with the transportation of the Emperor's coffin from St. Helena to France. Thiers's position in this respect is rather a singular one, and among all the eminent political men and men of intelligence who are unassociated with the existing order of things in France, the secession of the leader of the opposition under Louis Philippe is the least easy to understand or explain. Whilst a constitutional government existed in the country, M. Thiers was for ever employing its liberties in order to vaunt the glories of Bonaparte, and his perpetual theme was the superior importance enjoyed by France when the eagle, instead of the cock, surmounted her flag. Glory was his war-cry, — the glory of the nation; and he lost no opportunity of declaring that France was humbled under the sway of the Orleans branch, and of pouring forth long harangues upon the shame inflicted at Waterloo. This went so far, that upon one occasion a conservative deputy is said to have exclaimed: "But what is M. Thiers driving at? Does he want, in Heaven's name, to restore to us the reign of Napoleon the Great?" And Marshal Bugeaud is reported to have rejoined: "Yes, but upon the condition of Napoleon the Great being this time no other than himself." It really would seem as though there were some truth in this; for when the nephew of the first Napoleon seized upon supreme authority, M. Thiers, instead of rejoicing thereat, bethought himself of his parliamentary antecedents, and refused to have anything to do with the violator of political and constitutional freedom in France. And yet — for his incoherencies do not stop here — when he resumes his pen to narrate the high deeds of the Empire, he is once more transformed into an undeniable imperialist, and exultingly breathes Bonapartism as his native atmosphere.

That there is great merit in these large volumes, of which *fourteen* lie already beneath the reader's eye, there can be no denial and no doubt; but that they are unequal and full of in-

accuracies, is also a fact not to be gainsaid; as it should likewise be remarked that their merit, where it occurs, is a special one, and one upon which there are two opposite opinions. The chief merit of M. Thiers is as a military historian, and it is admitted by tacticians themselves that they derive information from the way in which he describes the various battles and campaigns of the first empire. His fault — which is an evident one for the general reader — lies in his too great attachment to detail — in his sacrifice of a large and general view of things by the often tiresome attention paid to minute trifles.

In his recital of the Russian campaign of 1812, which is the principal subject of his fourteenth volume, M. Thiers is, we think, very inferior to the writers who have already treated that subject in France, and we ascribe his inferiority to the method of description he adopts. To describe that immense disaster which proved Napoleon's insanity and presaged his fall, it is not enough to have a strong enumerative faculty, to count the buttons on the gaiters of each infantry soldier, or to compute the quantity of rations divided between so many mouths. This suffices as little for the task, as for that of composing the Iliad it would suffice to be a banker's clerk. There is a sense that fails M. Thiers for this portion of his book, — the sense of the past, the poetical, the sublime; and the writers who have far better succeeded in reproducing the gigantic catastrophe of 1812 are men whose talent took its rise in their loftiness of intellect and in their constant habit of viewing everything from the height of philosophic and æsthetic contemplation. We will ask no further examples than those of Villemain and Châteaubriand. The latter, in one or two chapters of his (in many points deficient) *Mémoires d' Outre Tombe*, has left a finer and more real picture of the campaign of Russia than M. Thiers attains to in his whole enormous octavo; whilst to M. Villemain our epoch is indebted for the first and most irrefutably correct likeness of the greatest conqueror of modern times, when long habits of despotism and successful military adventure (no matter how dearly bought) had brought him to that narrow verge where a single step farther confounds genius and folly. Thus, if we

take, for instance, two pages from M. Villemain, we shall know more of the man (and in this case *the man* is everything) than M. Thiers can tell us from beginning to end of his compilation. Napoleon is brooding over the plan of the Russian expedition, not as a mere military man would do, not as Wallenstein, or Turenne, or Marlborough, or Frederick II., or any other general we wot of, would have done, but as he only could or would do, — as a conqueror of the race of Alexander, *as a poet*, as the being of whom Châteaubriand truly said, "But for the Muse, he would not be what he is." He has sent for his confidant, M. de Narbonne, with whom he remains closeted for hours, pouring forth all that is in him, and so dazzling his hearer that, when he regains his carriage, in which he has left Villemain (then quite a young man), he is as it were possessed himself; and, affrighted at the terrible grandeur, the insane vastness, of the conceptions that have been communicated to him, he exclaims: "Good God! where is the reality of all this? where is the curb to this madness or this genius? *Is his place Bedlam or the Pantheon?*" Here we have the real, because the poetical, Napoleon, — the Napoleon unguessed at by M. Thiers. And so, too, when, farther on, we follow in Duroc's journal the restless anxiety that has fastened on the Emperor, — the fever which, when he was once upon his fatal war-path, never left him for days, weeks, months: — "Last night he slept for two hours..... He says we have still time before us..... To-day he has taken opium to calm his sufferings, which are great; — he says we must march or die, — that emperors die standing, *and so die never*..... But what is to be done? Where are we to march? How are we to act? This doubt, this fever, cannot endure!"

Of all this anguish, and of this fearful, yet still *heroic* reality, what trace is there in M. Thiers? None. But let us end with a last quotation. If we read M. Thiers's fourteenth volume alone, we might be for ever ignorant of what formed the subject of Napoleon's chief preoccupation when he found himself seated in the Kremlin in the apartments of Catherine II., whilst the ruins of Moscow were smoking and smouldering around him. In a vast and dimly-lighted

presence-chamber, with his aides-de-camp and marshals gathered together, the thoughts of Napoleon were less upon the necessities of the hour, upon the means whereby to escape from the formidable difficulties and complications into which he had so rashly plunged, than upon the judgment of posterity upon himself. He was busy in framing the so-called Decree of Moscow for the organization of the *Théatre Français;* his talk was of actors and actresses, heroes and poets, and he was full of all but angry surprise that "the dramatists of *his reign*" did not invent great things, and put upon the stage heroes whom the world should compare with himself! "Why don't they take Philip, Augustus, or Charlemagne?" he said; "or indeed, why not Peter the Great, that man of granite, who founded Russian civilization here and Russia's ascendency in Europe, — Peter the Great, who, a century after his death, forces me to this terrible invasion?"

Here, we maintain, is the *reality* of the hero, — for, whatever we may condemn in him, a *hero*, in the antique sense of the word, he remains. But of all this, we again repeat, there is no trace in M. Thiers, and consequently we are disposed to say that, upon the whole, the fourteenth volume of "The Consulate and the Empire" is one of the least remarkable of the whole work.

Moreover, for the critical French reader, there is always a defect in M. Thiers which it is hard to palliate with a race that, in every branch of art, is above all enamored of forms. M. Thiers's books are written in anything but what is termed "*la grande langue française*," and fall far below that pure, simple, lofty, splendid style which some contemporary writers seem to have caught from those of the incomparable seventeenth century, of whom M. Thiers is as ignorant as M. Scribe. We mention this name, because it has been often said in France that Scribe, Vernet, and Thiers were, in the drama, in painting, and in political literature, three artists of precisely the same order, — full of intelligence and ability, calculated to be popular with the general public, but wholly unaware what are the secrets and the treasures contained in the austere regions of high art. M. Thiers, at the tribune of the Cham-

ber of Deputies, was the most seductive, the most captivating speaker that could well be imagined; his lucidness of explanation, and his extreme facility of expression, combined with that promptness of intelligence which enables him to assimilate to himself in a few hours subjects he has never thought upon once before in all his life, gave him the power of initiating his hearers into the details, no matter how intricate, of any topic of discussion whatsoever; and the versatility of his imagination and the brilliancy of his wit enabled him to charm his public by his manner of dealing with things which in themselves had no interest for any one person present. But these aptitudes have no application to the severer task of the political historian, whose written page is his means of communication with the public. Here M. Thiers, all but magical when he is merely called upon to employ his faculty of improvisation, sinks to a level decidedly inferior to that of the great thinkers and writers of France. Perhaps one word in the above phrase implies the chief reason of this fact. M. Thiers is no *thinker*. He himself avows this, when, in the commencement of his last volume, he declares the only positive necessity for a good historical writer to be "intelligence." He is little tormented by the philosophy hidden in history, by the mysterious sense of events, by the secret causes of things, by that which, being intangible and immaterial, yet produces and governs what becomes incarnate in facts and falls under the appreciation of the senses. Thiers in political history, as Scribe in the drama, occupies himself only with what is material, and therefore can find sympathy only among the superficial, which indeed, in all countries (unless we except North Germany), means the great majority of the people.

Some of these remarks are suggested to us as opportune, for the reason that M. Scribe is just bringing out a new and complete edition of the dramatic works with which, for the last forty years nearly, he has helped to supply the wants of the stage in France, and than which it is, in some respects, hardly possible to find a more curious field for critical study.

Great geniuses owe little or nothing to their nationality.

Their native country is God's whole creation, and it is only where human souls rise above all the special and particular trammels of country, sect, party, or whatever might bind them down to one definite spot of earth, that they find their compatriots. From such, then, we need never ask for information as to the society around them; for they live in it, but are not of it. It is the inferior order of spirits that reflect what surrounds them, and, instead of giving their own impress to, take *its* impress from, their age. For this reason, we do not hesitate in repeating that the *Théatre de Scribe* is one of the curious and instructive publications of the present time, for it gives us the aspect of civilization in France as in a mirror. Scribe's theatrical productions are counted by hundreds, and are of almost every kind, — operas, vaudevilles, comedies, melodramas. There is no form of theatrical creation, unless indeed the pure classical tragedy, that he has not attempted and *succeeded in*. Let this be well remembered; for though some of his pieces may have had comparatively less success than others, he does not reckon one absolute, irrevocable failure. It is consequently but fair to suppose, that between the majority of Frenchmen — the "public" — and Scribe there was sympathy. Now whence arose this? From the fact that Scribe painted the feelings and spoke the language of the common people in France. Whatever might be the peculiar tendencies of society at large, those tendencies he adopted; and when a play of Scribe's was on the *affiche*, the audience was certain not to have its intellectual powers taxed too highly, not to be solicited by any "out of the way" characters or events, but to see moving upon the stage men and women in whom every person, in boxes, stalls, or pit, might recognize his neighbor or himself. Here lies the secret of Scribe's immense and lasting popularity, — he addresses himself to what by the refined, by the *élite*, is termed in France *l'élément épicier;* in Germany, *Philisterthum;* and in England, *Snobbism*. He makes for snobbism everywhere, counts upon it, and renders it contented with itself. He appeals to the aggregate mass of snobbism that floats over the social spheres generally, and to the latent *snobbishness* that lurks in the

souls of otherwise distinguished and *un-snobbish* individuals. Whatever has been the particular platitude or the particular affectation of a period of time in France during the last forty years, we may be sure of seeing it faithfully reflected in Scribe; and — just the reverse of Thackeray, for instance, in this respect — he fills the snob who listens to him with self-satisfaction, and sends him away by many degrees more of a snob than he was before, and by as many degrees farther from any suspicion of the fact. All of what we would call the external civilization of France, under the restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe, is laid before our eyes by the *Théatre* of Scribe. Like Balzac, he makes us familiar with what went on upon the surface of French society; with this difference only, that in Balzac we learn at the same time what went on *beneath* the surface. All the conventionalisms of what French people so pompously term "the world" are honored by M. Scribe, and all its sentimentalisms are gravely accepted. We do not believe that genuine virtue was one whit the gainer by all this; but decency and decorum were not shocked. A married woman, for instance, was for years too tenderly attached to a young unmarried man. She had deceived all the while the husband to whom her faith had been pledged, but she had done so with so much precaution, with such *égards!* Not a word of too severe censure will be applied to her, and when she herself unfastens the chain which binds her to the person to whom she had no right to be attached, and when she does this for his express benefit, and in order that he may espouse a rich wife, the audience (husbands and all, forsooth!) are deeply touched by her heroic devotion, tearfully applaud both her and her quondam *adorateur*, and expect the latter and his young wife to be a respectable couple, as persons should be who have done a proper and reasonable thing, and as nine tenths of those are who have just witnessed it. Where is the morality? it may be asked. There is none; but the vast majority of the persons composing the society of France will argue, that, all scandal being avoided, there is no immorality, and young new-married women will be taken in crowds to see such plays by husbands whose bachelor career is, per-

haps, represented by the *amant*, and whose conjugal life will most likely be modelled upon that of the *mari*. To take another specimen: two young persons — cousins, friends, what not — grow up together and commit the folly of falling in love. What happens? The public is called upon to assist at the struggles and sacrifice of both, and to applaud the magnanimity with which each renounces the other, because their union would be an unpardonable imprudence, and because for each another and wealthier "half" is destined! And the public does applaud this, and gives itself credit for no end of sentimentality in weeping over it; young girls are taken to see it, with the hope that they will profit by it, and discern the impropriety of love-matches; and no one has the dimmest notion that the sacrifice so extolled is the immorality, that the act of "prudence" which closes the drama is the purchase and sale of a human heart, and that, in the deliberate acceptance of the hardships of life, together with the chosen one, lies not the folly, but the force, not the impropriety, but the virtue.

It is precisely because M. Scribe startled it by no higher morality, that the society of France so adopted him,—because he accepted all its fictions, that it repaid him by all its favors. He was wise enough never to *preach*, never to declaim, never to seem better or *other* than his audience; and his reward has been an enormous fortune, a seat in the *Académie Française*, and a popularity such as few writers have ever enjoyed. To this day (though in a less degree than ten or twelve years ago) the public that listens to one of M. Scribe's plays is in fact occupied with itself (the pleasantest of all occupations), and, as it looks and listens, says: "There I am; that is I; and how interesting I am, and how much worthier and more honest, and in every respect better, than has been said, or than I even thought!"

We will now explain what we mean by the words, "In a less degree than some ten or twelve years ago."

It is certain that, like all men, Scribe has necessarily submitted to the influence of his years, and, as is the case with every writer, unless in some few notable exceptions, what he has witnessed at the age of fifty or fifty-five has not impressed

him with the same vivacity as what he witnessed at twenty-five or thirty. The consequence is, that, to the actual generation, to the men and women of between twenty and thirty, Scribe does not represent the same sum of truth that he represented to those who are fifteen years older. Existing society in France is not so faithfully mirrored by Scribe, as by such young authors as Alexander Dumas *fils*. He is not at home in it; its sentimentalities and fictions are not those of his time; its snobbishness is of another kind than that he accepted and glorified; and as for its conventionalities, *it has none*, — and it is in the very absence of these that lies its radical dissimilarity from the society of a few years earlier. Of all sorts of irregularities covered over with a veil, and of intrigues decently managed, Scribe takes cognizance; but of the civilization which adopts effrontery for its watch-word, which disguises nothing, but on the contrary boasts of more vices than it really owns, — of this Scribe is ignorant, and of all "*Dames aux Camélias*," "*Filles de Marbre*," and such like patented impurity, he washes his hands. With the succession of the *Lionne* and the *Lorette* to the social throne and sceptre ceases the dramatic high-priesthood of Eugène Scribe, and when the *Demi-monde* begins to exist (long before young Dumas begins to paint it), the truth of his inventions is no longer a contemporary truth, — it is the truth of what is past; it is by the very young styled *rococo*.

Whence came the flagrant, flaunting, flashy corruption of French manners, so contrary to the natural instincts of the race, so repugnant to all their most venerated traditions of good taste, it would be hard to say; but it has come, and upon the sacrifice of good breeding in France every other sacrifice has been attendant. Did literature suggest a model to society; or did society originate the type that literature merely copied? We are inclined to believe the latter. When Eugène Sue took to painting *les Lionnes*, those ill-mannered, boisterous dames had already curbed society under their riding-whip; and when Roqueplan, in a witty little monograph, threw out the word *Lorette* for the public to fasten on, the thing had long existed, and its notoriety was evident.

There are few countries of the European continent where

La Lorette may not be discovered in one form or another, nor are those the least corrupt where this product of hyper-civilization is least visible; but in every country except France, the influence of family, which is the antidote to the *Lorette*, is victorious over her, and ends by forcing her to be ostensibly what she is in fact, — a mark for contempt and for shame. Not so with society in France. Here, the *Lorette* reigns and rules, and to her family is sacrificed. Not only do her worshippers voluntarily abdicate their own natural sphere, in order to move habitually in hers; but the women of what is called "the world," of what calls itself "the honest and the proper world," condescend to take the *Lorette* for their model, — copy her dress, ape her manners, imitate her language, and insanely fancy that by this self-degradation they shall secure to themselves her supremacy. Here was the origin of the *Lorette's* importance; here was what granted to her letters of naturalization in Parisian society; and to any one who should not take all this into account, the aspect of that society during the last ten or twelve years would be an enigma. Hence dates, too, the relative superiority of the *Lorette;* for, from the day when duchesses aspired to be mistaken for *Lorettes*, it became the ambition of the latter to be mistaken for duchesses, and they little by little grew to affect the steady air of acknowledged social powers, and to assume what we would fain denominate a kind of regularity in wrong. *Les Lorettes* were, as a German critic has observed, "an establishment in the state." Among the materials that constitute the *ensemble* of the social edifice they counted for as large a part as did family.

Now we maintain, that, judged by the standard of real honor and real virtue, the narrow-minded, selfish, and for ever untruth-telling society, so well reflected by M. Scribe, is not one whit more virtuous or more honorable than that over which reigns *la Lorette*, but is less scandalous; and when scandal came to be the order of the day in France, the *Théatre de Scribe* was, as the French express it, "alongside of the truth," — it was no longer true.

As we have said, the *Lorette* reign has lasted some ten or twelve years (beginning about 1844); but its splendor is

already on the wane, and those who within the last two or three years have the most borne witness to its existence have done so by levelling at it the first and most terrible attacks. Going with the stream, Alexander Dumas *fils* published in 1848 or 1849 his novel called *La Dame aux Camélias*, the very most complete expression of *Lorette* literature, and by its immense success he was induced to adapt it under the same title for the stage, where, during a hundred consecutive representations it remained the apology and triumph of *Lorettism*. Its author was the champion of *La Lorette*, and Marguerite Gauthier, his heroine, was admitted to share the honors of all those types which for a time command the applause of the public upon the stage. But Alexander Dumas, to his credit be it said, saw farther than his own success; or rather, the still greater success of a piece which was the counterpart of his own pointed out to him what might perhaps soon be the current of social opinion, if it were adroitly seized. *Les Filles de Marbre*, a keen, undisguised attack upon all the "Camellia-ladies" in the world, revolutionized Paris, and may be said to have been *an event*. The impetus was given. Young Dumas produced his *Diane de Lys*, in which the horrors of illicit affection are very aptly portrayed. Emile Angier followed with his *Mariage d'Olympe*, to which public favor did not so openly attach, precisely because the impure were more punished than condemned; and young Dumas fixed public opinion to self-consistency by what crowned this campaign against *les Lorettes*, — his famous piece called *Le Demi-monde*, — than which none ever drew the public more entirely along with it in the bold disdain it expressed for what was "outside the regularities of life and the decencies and respectabilities of society." The moral of the whole was the concluding phrase, — the formula of what may be regarded as the protest of society against the disorder it had tolerated too long. A French officer, a man of unblemished character, is about to fall a victim to the wiles of a *Lorette*, and to give her his hand and his name; but he is saved by a friend, who unmasks her, and consoles the lover's grief over his lost illusion by saying: "Remember, my dear fellow, that an honest woman only is worthy to be the companion, the wife, of an

honest man." To any one who may compare this sentence with all the theories of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and some others, touching the perfection of female virtue as dependent upon having at least once swerved from the path of duty and of right, it will be evident that a great progress has been made. There is no doubt of the fact; it is now "a received thing," as the phrase runs in France, that *Lorettism* is contrary to good taste, and the *Dames aux Camélias* totter upon their throne. But it must not be forgotten that the very importance of the attacks made upon them proves in turn the social importance they had acquired, without acknowledging which it would be impossible to arrive at anything like a just appreciation of the French society of our day.

One of the hardest blows that has been aimed at this "fifth power," as it has sometimes been called, is the treatise written by Messrs. de Goucourt (brothers), entitled *La Lorette*, published in a miniature form and sold in profusion throughout Paris. This little book it would perhaps be difficult to translate for our side of the Atlantic, but its publication may be regarded as a courageous act, and as a public service rendered on the other side of it. What we mean by a "courageous act" we will explain. The man who openly attacked *Lorettism* a year or two ago exposed himself to the silence or to the abuse of the greater number of the journals of Paris; for if we except some few of the more respectable or aristocratic of these papers, nowhere had the *Lorette* such authority as over the *feuilleton*. This was the centre of the dominion she exercised by *camaraderie*, and for any writer not standing upon one of those pinnacles of fame where there is impunity for whatever may be advanced, the enmity of the *Lorette* phalanx was a very serious consideration. Now, as we said, times are modified, and the tendency is in favor of the domestic element. As in the case of the *Théatre de Scribe*, so here again we say it may be doubtful whether real virtue and morality are as much the gainers by all this as might be supposed; but scandal is the loser, and ostensibly family is triumphant over the *Lorette*. For those among our countrymen who wish to have an accurate notion of the state of society, morally speaking, in France, from 1813 up to our

times, we would earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of the *Théatre de Scribe*, followed by that of Alexander Dumas *fils*, and by the little treatise we mention, from the pen of the brothers De Goncourt. These are not things to be neglected, and such apparently light productions often paint more truly the moral condition of a country, than do huge volumes of statistics or political economy.

There is another branch of literature in France which we propose to examine in our next number, — the so-called *Littérature de la Bohême*, — which occupies a not inconspicuous place in the French world of intelligence, but to which our present limits would not allow of our doing justice. This *Bohemian literature* may not improperly be considered as the history of the "decline" of letters in France, as the literature of the seventeenth century is pre-eminently that of their highest point of glory. Under the first half of the reign of Louis XIV., as under the Restoration and Louis XVIII., we have to watch the dignity of what the Athenians of modern days term with such pride *les lettres françaises*, and to note the tokens of respect by which great writers are surrounded, and the respect they take care to pay to themselves. For the last five or six and twenty years it is the very reverse that has to be observed, and an entire literature (full of talent, alas! in its way) is there to testify to the moral unworthiness, the social degradation, and the loss of self-esteem of nine tenths of the so-called men of letters in France. As in the case of the *Lorettes*, so with the *Bohemians*, there is no means of entirely judging the condition of French literature without taking them into account. They unfortunately represent a very large portion of the national literature at present, and, as we said, so far as *mere* talent goes, apart from every other qualification, they are often too highly distinguished for it to be possible to pass them over in silence.

Apropos to the flourishing state of letters in France under the Restoration, and to the social dignity of the men of intellect of that period, Lamartine's last *Entretien* (the tenth number) is as interesting as it is eloquent. Leaving on one side his Indian philosophers, and the subjects with which, for the previous six months, he had somewhat tired his readers, he has

in this last number launched out into a magnificent defence of the men who made illustrious the first years of the present century in France, and gave it a right to be classed as on a level with the age of Louis XIII. and XIV. Starting from the time of the Convention, and passing on to the Empire, to the Restoration, and thence to the Government of July, he pays a tribute of admiration no less just than admirably expressed to a period which, intellectually speaking, will always be one of France's titles to fame in the eyes of the world. Not one of the great names of the age is forgotten, and each is appreciated in a way that proves the author of *Jocelyn*, when he is animated by a sincere conviction, to be as well gifted in critical qualities as in those of poetic inspiration. M. de Lamartine's tenth *Entretien* has created a strong sensation, and calls everywhere for the reader's best attention.

ART. X. — 1. *Die Geschichte der Römer.* Von FR. DOR. GERLACH und J. J. BACHOFEN. Erster Band. Basel: Bahnmaier's Buchhandlung. (C. Detloff.) 1851. 8vo. pp. 669.

2. *Römische Geschichte.* Von DR. A. SCHWEGLER, ausserord. Prof. der Class. Lit. an der Universität Tübingen. Erster Band. Tübingen. 1853. Verlag der H. Laupp'schen Buchhandlung. (Laupp und Siebeck.) 8vo. pp. 808.

3. *Geschichte Roms in drei Bänden.* Von DR. CARL PETER, Director des Gymnasiums in Anklam, und Herzoglicher Sachsen-Meiningen'scher Consistorial- und Schul-Rath. Erster Band, die fünf ersten Bücher. *Von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gracchen enthaltend.* Halle, Waisenhaus Buchhandlung. 1853. 8vo. pp. 616.

4. *Römische Geschichte.* Von THEODOR MOMMSEN. Erster Band. *Bis zur Schlacht von Pydna.* Leipzig, Weidmann'sche Buchhandlung. 1854. 8vo. pp. 644.

ROMAN History has fully shared in the rapid progress made in all branches of classical philology in the past thirty years. In no other branch, indeed, can progress be so clearly seen

and so accurately measured as in this; for in no other has there been within this period one man who contained in himself the whole of his science, who was not only the first, but the only one in it, as Niebuhr was in Roman History, — just as Comte is at the present day in Positive Philosophy, with opponents and followers enough, but no rivals. During Niebuhr's life the world did little more than to keep up with him. It was not until after his death that Arnold and Michelet published their histories, aiming at little more, in the early parts at least, than to give Niebuhr in a readable form. It was not until some years later that any important results of independent investigation were attained, and it is only in the present day that a history has been written presenting such results in full.

We propose in this article to notice four works now appearing in Germany, each aiming to become the standard History of Rome, and each containing in its own way and degree the results which have been reached in Roman history by Niebuhr and later writers. This is true even of the first, — Gerlach and Bachofen's; for although the writers reject Niebuhr's processes and conclusions, and deplore his influence, it is nevertheless true that many of the best parts of their own book would have been impossible but for him. The authors are already well and favorably known as writers on Roman antiquities. Professor Gerlach in especial has published from time to time a large number of treatises on this subject, many of which have been collected in his *Historische Studien.* They are characterized by a lively, elegant style, a ready enthusiasm, and an earnest, hearty appreciation. Of late years he has labored mainly on the history of the monarchy, a period to which he is much less adapted than to the later history, and with his natural boldness and impetuousness has devoted himself to overthrowing Niebuhr's theories. He says: "Niebuhr's name will last as long as the memory of Rome lives. But the creative power with which God endowed this mighty mind became its seducer. No one has erected a finer monument to the old Italian peoples, and spoken more nobly than he upon their fate, but also no one has *tutored* (geschulmeistert) tradition more arbitrarily." In accordance with these

sentiments, this History is not so much an attack on Niebuhr as an attempt to ignore him. It possesses all the brilliant rhetorical qualities which both its authors have amply at command, but is deficient in the logical element, which for this period is the most essential. Thus the purely narrative portions are admirably executed, and the chapters of the First Part contain descriptions of places and public works which are seldom surpassed for vividness and accuracy. Beyond this it can hardly be praised, except for the industry and enthusiasm with which it is written. Some of the best chapters are confused and disconnected, and there is throughout such a blind disregard of historical evidence, and such waywardness in judgment, as is in the present age incomprehensible.

The First Part is made up of the following chapters: — "West-Central Italy," "The Oldest Traditions of the Latins," "The Oldest Migrations of Peoples," "The Trojan Settlement, — Lavinium, Alba," and "The Peoples of West-Central Italy after the Overthrow of Alba." The Second Part contains, after a short and well-written Introduction, a chapter on each of the seven kings, and one on the principles of Roman Law, by Professor Bachofen. As respects the historical chapters, it is not without disappointment, even in view of the avowed principle on which the book is written, that the reader steps from the — to say the least — eloquent chapters of the First Part into a bare repetition of the stories of Livy and Dionysius, and finds no higher principle of criticism than an attempt to reconcile the contradictions of these writers with themselves and with each other, by picking out from the mass of tradition enough to make a consistent story. A fair instance of the arbitrary way in which this is done may be found in the argument for the Lydian origin of the Etruscans. "It need not be expected of me, that I follow any one of the many conjectures as to the race and origin of the Tyrrhenians. Where tradition speaks so distinctly as here, no one has a right to have an opinion of his own." Compare with this the following from Lepsius in his *Tyrrhenische Pelasger* (p. 8): "There is little more historical evidence for the Lydian migration than the story which Herodotus adduces as a Lydian one, and Strabo and some others repeat after him."

This is perhaps stated too strongly, but there is certainly as much historical evidence for the statement of Hellanicus * as to the Pelasgian origin of the Etruscans, as for that of Herodotus that they were a Lydian colony.

But what is the system of historical investigation which Professor Gerlach would substitute for Niebuhr's? We will state it in his own words: "We will not listen to opinions, conjectures, judgments, of the nineteenth century on old Roman affairs, but will learn the deeds and fortunes of the Romans as they were understood, comprehended, and related by themselves." That is to say, judgment, criticism, is not to be applied at all to history. We are to accept the accounts of early Rome which, not contemporary writers, of whom there exist none, but writers who lived six or seven hundred years after the alleged epoch, and who themselves complain of the scantiness of historical evidence, have transmitted to us. Suppose, however, these writers tell us what is utterly incredible, or suppose they give us two contradictory and irreconcilable accounts. In accordance with the principles here expressed, we have the stories of Numa and the nymph Egeria, of the eagle carrying off Tarquin's hat, of Attus Navius and the whetstone, of the flame on the head of Servius Tullius, all related as parts of the history. It would be unjust to accuse the authors of believing these stories, or to deny that they have really a principle of historical study, which is finely developed in Professor Bachofen's closing chapter. This principle is, to accept the history as the living, trusting mind of the Roman people worked it out, true in its grand features, true in its names and facts, but with much strange embellishment, such as men then delighted to believe, and we should not with sacrilegious hand cast away. "Under the Roman forms lies hidden a kernel of eternal wisdom. The forms have disappeared. The kernel remains. The old divination may appear to us, to whom a purer revelation has been granted, imperfect, in many respects even childish. But the conviction out of which it flowed, and the need which it was appointed to satisfy, belong to the noblest side of the human

* Dionysius Halicarnassus, I. 28.

mind, and form a foundation which no other state can ever do without (*entbehren*)." There is much that is noble and beautiful in this affectionate and reverential study of the past. But truth is nobler and more beautiful, and history demands truth. With all acknowledgment of what there is fine and genial in this book, we must still claim that it is no history, for it does not tell us what Rome really was, nor does it seek in the right way to know.*

Schwegler's History is in every respect a contrast to Gerlach's. It is clear, well arranged, passionless, logical. It is equally a contrast in its views, being as radical and sceptical as the other is conservative. The author's aim has been to combine in one work, not only all the results which modern investigation has reached, but the methods pursued, and the steps — even the false steps — taken in attaining the results, and to apply a searching criticism to all. Every point is discussed in detail, every theory which has been brought forward is stated and examined, all passages in ancient writers are cited, every treatise which has been written in modern times is named. The result is a volume of eight hundred pages on a period of which the author professes to believe very little, ending with the overthrow of the monarchy. The second volume promises to come down to the Licinian Rogations. Thus this is not a history, but an *encyclopædia of history*, unfit for general reading, but indispensable to the student, as containing in a comparatively small compass a mass of facts and authorities such as only long and careful labor can collect. The author seldom advances a theory of his own, but his statement of those of others is remarkably clear and just, and his judgment of them impartial, and in general satisfactory. He cannot be blamed for lacking enthusiasm, which would certainly have made his book less serviceable. His faults are diffuseness, and at times an overstretched and wearisome minuteness. It is strange that, with this generally successful

* The other extreme of historical investigation is represented by Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who maintains that we can know almost nothing of Roman history before the invasion of Pyrrhus, because, as he says, we have no contemporaneous testimony as to the previous time. This excess of scepticism appears to us as far from the truth as Professor Gerlach's credulity.

attempt at completeness, he has almost entirely omitted the chronological discussions, which form so valuable a part of Niebuhr's work. Next to his statements of the views of other writers, the most curious, and on the whole the ablest and most satisfactory portions, are those in which he treats of the Roman myths, for which his minute knowledge of religious antiquities and his clear logic admirably fit him. We will remark, by the way, that he has mentioned Newman's "Regal Rome" as pursuing an "apologetic-conservative tendency," confessing in a note that he knows it only from the notice in the London Athenæum. Had he seen the book itself, he would hardly have spoken of it in these terms.

Of Peter's History* we have less to say. It is well written and systematic, not aiming to exhaust the subject like Schwegler's, but perhaps as good a compendium as there is of the essentials of Roman history. Peter's views, which have been developed in former works, particularly in his *Epochen der Verfassung der römischen Republik*, are based upon Niebuhr's, with some modifications. Especially valuable is the prominence he gives to the constitution of Servius Tullius as the real starting-point of Roman constitutional history, and his refutation of Niebuhr's theory of the Centuries.

The fourth book upon our list is by far the most important. Theodore Mommsen has for some years been acknowledged as the first authority in Roman history. He is still a young man, having taken his degree at Kiel in 1843, and after a residence of some years in Rome having been made Professor at Leipzig. Losing his chair and condemned to prison in 1850 for the part he took in the revolution in that city, he was appointed to a professorship at Zürich, which he held until 1854, distinguishing himself meanwhile by various publications on matters connected with Roman history, especially by his *Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani Latinæ*, acknowledged to be a model work of its kind. In 1854 he obtained a chair in Breslau, as Professor of Roman Law, where he is at present engaged on a *Corpus Inscriptionum*

* The second volume, published in 1854, carries the history down to the fall of the Republic.

Latinarum, a companion to Boeckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*.*

The high expectations with which the work before us was received have not been disappointed. It is indeed unattractive in appearance. It forms part of a cheap series published by the Weidmann house in Berlin (recently removed thither from Leipzig),† and its dingy paper and closely printed pages — hardly broken into paragraphs — form a striking contrast to the white paper, clear type, and general air of elegance of the works already noticed. The First Book is headed, "To the Overthrow of the Roman Monarchy"; the Second comes down to the "Union of Italy"; the Third to the "Subjection of Carthage and the Greek States." Of the fifteen chapters of the First Book,—which alone covers over the whole ground of Gerlach's and Schwegler's first volumes, — one is introductory, five treat of the ethnography of Italy, four of the external and internal history of the city, and five of the law, religion, industry, science, and art of this period. In these he has not given us a series of investigations like Niebuhr's, nor an encyclopædia like Schwegler's, nor a bare uncritical narrative like Gerlach's. Neither is it in the true sense of the word a *history*, but rather a commentary upon history, taking Niebuhr and his followers for granted, passing hastily over facts, and discoursing largely on causes and development.

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* The second volume of his History, coming down to the death of Sulla, was published in 1855; the third, ending with the fall of the Republic, in 1856. It will probably be completed in two more volumes. Besides the above mentioned, his principal works are: *De Collegiis et Sodaliciis Romanorum*, Kiliæ, 1843; *Die römischen Tribus in administrativer Beziehung*, Altona, 1844; *Ueber das römische Münzwesen*, Leipzig, 1850; *Die unteritalischen Dialekte*, Leipzig, 1850. He is also engaged to write the first part of the fourth volume of Becker's *Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer*, being that part which treats of Roman Law.

† Besides Mommsen's three volumes, Preller's Greek Mythology in two volumes, and one volume of Greek Antiquities by Professor Schömann of Greifswald, are already published; and we are promised works on Roman Antiquities, by Professor Lange of Prague; on Roman Literature, by Professor Hertz of Greifswald; on Greek History, by Professor Curtius of Göttingen; on Greek Literature, by Professor Bergk of Freiburg; on Roman Mythology, by Hofrath Preller of Weimar; on Ancient Geography, by Dr. Kiepert of Berlin; on Metrology, by Professor Jacobs of Berlin; on Archæology, by Professor Jahn of Bonn; and on Metre, by Professor Ritschl of Bonn.

For this work Mommsen is fitted, as perhaps no one else living is, both by his philosophical tone of mind and by his unsurpassed antiquarian learning. The treatises he has from time to time written have given him an enviable distinction in this latter respect, and what he says may almost be accepted as from authority. His History is written for the learned German public, in whom he assumes a familiarity with the subject which warrants him in almost entire abstinence from discussions, arguments, and foot-notes. He would let the reader seek in the works of Niebuhr, Becker, Schwegler, and others, the special verification of the views he maintains. This gives him an immense advantage as a philosophical writer, in enabling him to devote himself almost entirely to the development and expression of these views, and to neglect the framework of history for its real substance. His terse, sometimes too compressed style, aids him in this, and consequently there is a great deal more and harder reading in the book than at first sight appears. It is scarcely too much to say, that each volume, if printed in the same generous style, and with as large a proportion of annotations, would be equal to two volumes of Grote's History. The absence of notes is in many cases an evil. Mommsen advances new views and theories as freely as Niebuhr, and we know not where to look for their evidence. And, besides, there are many allusions where even the learned reader would be glad of a reference. An interesting feature in the early chapters is the frequent interpretation of archæological terms from the Latin and its cognate languages. His rare knowledge of the Italian dialects places him in this beyond criticism from us, however unexpected some of his derivations may be. It is also instructive when he translates Latin terms into German, such as *Mordspürer* (Murder-trackers) for *Quæstores Parricidii*, *Ackerbrüder* (Field-brothers) for *Fratres Arvales*, *Brückenbauer* (Bridge-builders) for *Pontifices*, *Lanzenmänner* (Lancemen) for *Quirites*, — in both these last instances showing the derivation by the translation; but it is a mere affectation, common to the Germans, to employ these translations in place of the original word, as we have seen *Engelsburg* employed to denote the castle of

St. Angelo in Rome. His style is animated, and in general good; not free, however, from the hard, involved sentences in which the German language delights, and occasionally a little obscure from this cause.

A most startling theory, advanced in the fourth chapter, and supported from time to time by incidental arguments and illustrations, is that Rome was founded as a commercial city (*Handelstadt*), and reached its high development as such under the Tarquinii. Its position on the only large river of Central Italy, its territory embracing both banks of the Tiber to its mouth, its harbor of Ostia for foreign traffic, the scattered notices we have of early intercourse with Carthaginians, Phocæans, Cumæans, and other nations, its symbol on coins (the beak of a ship), and many additional circumstances that might be named, lend probability to this theory; but it has met as yet with little favor.

Italian ethnography, to which Niebuhr devoted nearly two hundred pages, has received especial attention since his time; and so important have been the discoveries, and so vast the progress, made in this department, as to render many of his conclusions worthless. He worked indeed only from one side, on the materials afforded by ancient literature, and these he perhaps exhausted. But the languages of Ancient Italy were scarcely known, their inscriptions had not been collected, and their relation to one another and to the Latin and the Greek was an almost unexplored subject. Later investigators soon saw that these must form the only key to the ethnography of Italy, and to them attention has been chiefly directed. The Umbrian, Sabine, Samnite, Oscan, and other inscriptions, have been collected and studied, and the conclusions are of the most interesting character. These are stated by Mommsen, — himself one of the most active laborers in this work, — in a few brief and graphic chapters. The grand result is this:* — that the Latin language is not mixed,

* It will be seen that this is directly opposed to the theory of Newman, who maintains (Regal Rome, Chapters II. and IV.) that there was a large mixture of Keltic in the Latin language, derived as he thinks through the Sabine. While we do not pretend to such knowledge of the Keltic and the primitive Italian languages as might enable us to decide on their own merit between these views, we must

as Niebuhr supposed, but has all the characteristics of a pure language developed from its own resources and by its own laws (an *elder* brother, some suppose, of the Greek); that it is one branch — the most highly developed — of an Italian family, comprehending the Umbrian, Samnite, and various other branches; and that this Italian family is not descended from the Greek, but is related to it just as it is to the Teutonic, only more nearly. Mommsen says: "The Greek and the Italian are brothers, the Kelt and the Slave their cousins." And again: "If the Italian language stands independent by the side of the Greek, in the former the Latin dialect is related to the Umbro-Samnite, somewhat as the Ionic to the Doric, while the differences of the Oscan, Umbrian, and related dialects may be compared with those of Dorism in Sicily and in Sparta." This interesting discovery, made we believe by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, is as it were a key to Mommsen's work. "It is the history of Italy," says he, "which shall be related here, not the history of the city Rome." And his second book is devoted to showing how the different members of the Umbro-Sabellian family fell one after another before the Latin, until by the subjection of the Samnites the whole Italian race was united into one political body under the rule of Rome.

Mommsen appears throughout, as here, the representative of Italian nationality and independent development. "The incomprehensible opinion," says he, "that the Roman nation is a mixed people, exerts itself in various ways to represent the three great Italian races as component elements of the oldest Rome, and to transform the people that developed, as few others have done, its language, state, and religion, pure and without external influence, into a barren mixture (*wüstes Gerölle*) of Etruscan and Sabine, Hellenic and (*leider*) even Pelasgian elements." He reduces to the lowest possible estimate the influence exerted on the Romans by Etruria; but at the same time brings forward more prominently than is usual the part taken by the Greeks in the development

confess an attraction towards the grand simplicity of the German. At the same time, we are predisposed to accept the view which is almost universally held by German scholars.

of Rome. He shows how the law and the religion of the Romans were the growth of their own mind, and claims for their art a higher place than it has heretofore occupied. It was developed, he says, page 152, "not under Punic, but exclusively under Hellenic influence."

Into the various complicated questions of Roman antiquities our plan does not require us to enter. We will, however, notice one work, — Professor Rubino's,* — remarkable for its depth of thought and learning, and still more so for the severe logic with which it seeks to overthrow one of Niebuhr's fundamental and most cherished theories. Niebuhr held, as is well known, that the early constitution was really republican, the king being an elected chief magistrate with quite limited powers. Rubino argues, on the other hand, that it was strictly monarchical and absolute, the king the source of all power and all action. On this head it may be fairly conceded that the elder Romans had a deep reverence for authority, and that their kings had a very extensive and comparatively untrammelled power, as was demanded by the exigencies of a young state among powerful and unfriendly neighbors. As much as this, Rubino has clearly shown. It is none the less true, however, that the people, that is, the *populus*, the Patricians, are almost without exception represented by classical writers as the original source of power. As Mommsen says, "The oldest Roman constitution was to a certain extent the converse of the constitutional monarchy. As in this the king is considered as the possessor and bearer of the fulness of power (*Inhaber und Träger der Machtfülle*), and by consequence acts of grace go out from him, while the execution of the rights of the state is in the hands of the representatives of the people, so the body of the Roman people (*die römische Volksgemeinde*) was nearly what in England the king is, while all execution and administration belonged to its ruler (*Vorsteher*)."

* *Untersuchungen über römische Verfassung und Geschichte*, von J. Rubino, Professor in Marburg. Erster Theil (*Ueber den Entwickelungsgang der römischen Verfassung bis zum Höhepunkte der Republik*). Erster Band. Cassel J. C. Krieger's Verlags-Buchhandlung. 1839. 8vo. pp. 504. This work, which, notwithstanding its views are very generally rejected, took its place at once as a standard work, has never been continued beyond this *first volume of the first part*.

Rubino shows in his first chapter, "Of the Transferring (*Uebertragung*) of the Roman Magistracy," that office was conferred in all instances by a personal act (*creare, renunciatio*) on the part of a magistrate; that no magistrate could create an officer with higher powers than he himself possessed, nor could any but the highest magistrate (*consul, interrex, dictator*) create one with powers equal to his own; that without this *renunciatio* election by the people gave no power; that office thus conferred was sacred, and could never (in the flourishing period of the Republic) be taken away, — the first instance being that of Marcus Octavius, B. C. 133. There was therefore an analogy to ordination in the Roman and English churches, the officer receiving by this act a consecration (*Weihe*), which he could lose only by personal abdication. It will be seen that this is quite inconsistent with hereditary monarchy and divine right, as it has been understood in modern times. This consecration is not transferred by descent, but by a personal act of *renunciatio* on the part of the incumbent, based on the previously expressed will of the people, and at the death of the consecrated magistrate it of course expires. It is theocratic in its nature, resting on the will of the gods, which it was believed bestowed the consecration at first, and renewed it at every stage, by giving the possession of the auspices. Who then possessed the *auspicia maxima* when the consecration had expired through the death of the king or other chief magistrate? Rubino answers, that, when the consecration has expired in any individual chief magistrate, it must be renewed in some other individual (as *interrex*) by the patrician part of the Senate, since in this case the auspices, and the power of obtaining a fresh consecration from the gods, belong *for the moment* to this body.*

* We give his own words in the most important passage on this point (p. 86): "Wenn durch den Tod des Königs das Haupt, welchem die Auspicien angehörten, hinweggenommen war, dann wurde es als sicher angenommen, dass in der Mitte der patricischen Senatoren sich der befinde, welchem die Götter zunächst die Fortleitung ihrer Herrschaft über Rom übertragen würden, und daher hatte die Gesammtheit derselben, obgleich entblösst von aller Magistratswürde, oder wie der Kunstausdruck lautete, *privatim*, für diesen Moment und für ihn allein die Auspicien."

Thus far all is clear, and to the Romans, to whom this consecration was a real thing, true. But the thing proved is that the *patricians*, not the *king*, as Rubino assumes, were practically the source of power, and that the government was thus, not a monarchy, but an aristocratic republic. He continues his argument in the third chapter, and on the views there advanced as to the construction of the Senate and the origin of the patricians rests his whole theory. These views are, that the *patres* were in early as in later times identical with the Senators; that these were appointed by the king from a previously existing body of nobility, and that those thus set apart became the heads of the patrician *gentes*, the patricians being the descendants of the *patres*, and receiving their rank from the king through them. Now that the king appointed the Senators from his own free will may be granted as proved, but that the patricians were only the descendants of the Senators thus appointed is far from being made out. Rubino himself acknowledges that the Senators must have been selected from a body of nobles already existing; but what becomes of the rest of these nobles, perhaps equally wealthy, educated, and well-born, he nowhere tells us. We must suppose that they fell into the condition of clients, belonging as subordinates to the *gentes* of their patrons, and competent to rise themselves by a similar arbitrary appointment, or the dying out of an old *gens*, to the patrician rank. But it is very far from proving this to adduce half a dozen passages * in which Romulus is said to have appointed a hundred *patres*, meaning by these Senators, and three passages † where the *patricii* are called the descendants of these *patres*. Numberless instances may be brought up where *patres* does not mean the Senators, but the patricians.‡ And that a few antiquaries derived the word *patricius* from *pater*, as signifying descent, is a frail founda-

* Rubino, p. 185.

† Cicero de Rep. II. 12. Livy, I. 8. Dionysius, II. 8.

‡ One of the most striking is Livy, IV. 4. For other passages, as well as an able criticism of Rubino's theory, see Becker's *Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer*, II. 1. p. 140 and following.

tion for so important a theory. Dionysius* and Livy† themselves mention other derivations. Apart from the difficulty of believing that an arbitrary choice by the king could establish a body like the Roman patriciate, we must claim, in view of these facts, that only the assumption that the monarchy was founded by Romulus, the heir of Alba, the descendant of Æneas, Capys, and the gods themselves, and that on him the auspices descended from heaven, can add the link wanting to complete Rubino's argument. This is assumed by Bachofen in his sketch of the history of the constitution, and in his hands the theory gains in beauty and consistency. But Rubino has no belief in Romulus, and scarcely mentions his name. It is not proved, then, that the patricians were descended from Senators appointed arbitrarily by the king, and consequently it is not proved that the patrician body received its being from the king, the auspices, and the divine consecration from the gods through him. On the other hand, it is acknowledged that a body of nobility existed before the Senate was instituted, and that from this the Senate was appointed. Why is not this then the *patrician* body? It is acknowledged, too, that the patricians were practically the possessors of the auspices, and thus the medium through which the divine consecration was conferred, and that thus Rome was essentially an aristocracy, not an absolute monarchy.

For these reasons we do not hesitate to reject Rubino's theory, but at the same time would acknowledge our very great indebtedness to his discussions on the practical administration of the monarchy. They have been of essential aid to all subsequent writers. Particularly Bachofen, who wrote the chapter on the Law in his and Gerlach's History, has followed Rubino's theory in its principal points, looking at it, however, more from the Roman point of view as a real consecration received by Romulus, and holding Niebuhr's opinion as to the identity of *patres* and *patricii*. This is the finest chapter in the book, — rich and suggestive in thought, earnest in tone, eloquent in language; we can

* II. 8. † X. 8.

heartily recommend it, as indeed the whole volume, to those who desire merely a reproduction of the thoughts and opinions of the Romans themselves. Schwegler's work will be consulted by those who wish to study individual points. But to Mommsen's we would refer those who wish the pith and spirit of Roman history. With many of his views we cannot agree, but we are sure that no one can read his rich, thoughtful pages without gaining a truer and more living knowledge of early Rome.

Art. XI. — *The British Poets.* Edited by Professor Child, of Harvard University. *A Complete Collection, from Chaucer to Wordsworth.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853–1856.

Is there a word in our language more difficult of definition than *poetry?* To define it is not to say what poetry ought to be, but to determine the characteristics possessed in common by compositions which the world insists on calling poetical. The derivation of the word gives no clew to its meaning; for there are very many romances and prose fictions that display the highest grade of creative power, — nay, who can deny that Scott showed larger and more versatile ability, as a ποιητής, a maker, in Ivanhoe than in Marmion? But, on the other hand, mere rhythm does not make poetry; for we often read prose that is more rhythmical than verse sometimes is, while we withhold the name of poetry from the most euphonious versification, if made up of detail, burlesque, or doggerel. Artificial measures, resolvable into feet, do not constitute poetry; for the transfusion of the poetry of one language into the prose form of another does not make it prose to the reader's consciousness. No translation of the Hebrew Psalms has succeeded in stripping them of the poetic element; nor does the impossibility of determining the Hebrew metres, or even the denial that there were any, suggest a doubt as to the class of compositions to which those Psalms be-

long. For ourselves, we have no question that poetry is older than metre or intentional rhythm. Its sentiments are such as naturally seek for themselves a musical utterance; oral repetition probably wore the world's earliest poems smooth, and indented them with cæsuras and cadences; and when poetry and music, as they passed from infancy, discovered their twin-sisterhood, they chose thenceforward to show their consanguinity by wearing like apparel.

If we make a thorough generalization of what has been universally accepted as poetry, we shall find its sole characteristic — its logical *differentia* — to be this: a double purpose in the author, — the aim, not only to convey thought or sentiment, but to produce pleasurable emotions by the form in which it is conveyed. Prose derives its rhetorical merit from the singleness of its aim. Conciseness and perspicuity have for their mission, not the delight of the ear, but the prompt and full transfusion of the author's into the reader's mind. True eloquence craves not attention to its form or its subsidiary ideas; but its aim is to intensify the intellectual perception by means of vivid emotion. When the attention is arrested and diverted by the process of communication, the writer ceases to be eloquent, and is merely grandiloquent. But it is the essence of poetry to make the reader linger and loiter by the way, — to attract and charm him by the collocation of words, by the grouping of imagery, by accessories which demand his sympathy and admiration independently of the mental or moral impression to which they are auxiliary. Thus descriptive prose, no matter how ornate, has for its design the presentation of an actual scene just as it is to the inward sense; while descriptive poetry presents the scene wreathed and interpenetrated with adornings, which belong to it not in fact, but by the law of fitness and congeniality, yet which are to be associated with it and received as appertaining to it. In fine, prose is the fruit served for actual use, and considered as fruit alone; poetry is the flower-garland twined around it and hanging over it, in such combinations of grace and beauty that it shall attract the eye more strongly than the fruit woos the appetite.

The material of poetry, then, is the efflorescence of the life and culture of its author and its age. The epics, lyrics, and meditative verse of a people or a generation indicate what it possesses beyond — generally above, sometimes below — mere utility or convenience, — what appeals to its sense of beauty or of grandeur, its associations of wonder, awe, or æsthetic delight, — what breathes in its worship, rules in its loves, sparkles in its festivities. Poetry thus represents the interior history of its birthtime and its birthplace. The narrative of events is not the story of humanity. In negotiations, wars, and internal police, we discern more of the play of material forces, of providential necessities, than of heart and character. Or at best, we become conversant only with those portions of character that belong to the animal nature and the passions which it nurtures, — not with the intellectual cast or aim, with the sentiments that give tone to society, or with the order, discipline, and ethics of domestic life. But poetry unroofs to us the houses, lifts for us the curtains, and repeats the whispers, of ages long passed. It takes us to the bridal and the funeral, the love-making and the merry-making; it preserves the aroma of vanished amenities, courtesies, and joys; it rehearses the cradle-song and the harvest-hymn; it echoes vows plighted with the conscious stars for sole witnesses, and sighs that seemed to die on the air that gave them birth. Formal history is dramatic, and shows us not so much men, as actors who appear in their stage-dresses and with their studied parts; while poetry takes us behind the scenes, and enables us to see what manner of persons those were whose buskined tread and measured cadences have rung through the theatre.

We are fully aware that the historical office which we have indicated is very imperfectly performed by those who are poets *par eminence*, those of the highest inspiration. Had we only the epics and the few masterworks of an age or a people, we should know little of its life. But the historical importance of a versifier is often in the inverse ratio of his reputed poetical merit. Thus we learn immeasurably more of Roman homes, manners, customs, and morals through the extant epigrammatists, than by means of Virgil or even of

Horace. In fine, it matters little what character a poet or his works may bear, as tested by any intellectual, imaginative, rhythmical, or literary standard, — whatever has at any period been regarded as poetry is worth keeping and reading. The less it has of what we call poetry, the more genuinely must it have represented some phasis, or corresponded to some need, or reproduced some prevailing sentiment, of its times; and when we can discover in a once popular verse-wright no element that accounts to us for his fame, the very fact that he has for ever ceased to be a *vates*, shows that he was pre-eminently a *vates* (spokesman) for the men of his own day.

Probably in no language has poetry covered so wide a range of subjects, and with so great a diversity of style and metre, as in the English. This is not because the "faculty divine" has been more profusely bestowed on British soil than elsewhere; but because of stronger temptations to the practice of versifying than have beset any other people. The proportion of well-educated persons has been larger in England than in any European country, unless we except some of the states in which the intractable German is the vernacular. The traditional reverence for poetry makes every one, not utterly incapacitated for the endeavor, a candidate for its laurels, and at the same time emboldens charlatans to seek the prestige of verse for what would be too weak or too wicked not to be repudiated in prose. In our language verse-making is rendered peculiarly easy by the multitude of monosyllables which will admit of being treated equally as long and as short, by the readiness with which the ear admits of the interchanging of the iamb and the trochee, and by the very numerous pairs of words almost synonymous, yet of unlike quantitative habits, in the Saxon and Norman portions of our vocabulary respectively. Rhyme, too, if not so easy as in the Italian tongue, is made in the English with great facility, especially when the Rhyming Dictionary fills the office of the Muse. The consequence of all this is, that in the British Isles there is hardly a profession or trade, class or condition, philosophic creed or religious sect, science or art, lake or river, hill or dale, town or city, that has not had its laureates.

A collection of the British poets might be made on either of two principles. In the first place, an editor might confine his labors to those whose seat on Parnassus would be conceded by every vote. But, in so doing, he would be compelled to enter the lists, as regards the entire catalogue, with editors who have given their lifetime each to a single author; and he could hardly hope that his edition would be preferred to theirs. Indeed, the place of his volumes would be pre-occupied in every good library by favorite and costly issues already in the highest credit. The alternative course is to embrace in the collection whatever metrical compositions can claim the rank of classics, whether on the score of poetical merit, the position and character of their authors, or their descriptive or historical interest. Such a collection is virtually a complete history of Great Britain, embodying at once memorials of all great epochs and events, and contemporary records of else evanescent ideas, habits, modes of culture, forms of society, and conditions of feeling.

But the labor of editing such a collection is arduous, and demands a rare combination of knowledge, taste, and judgment. In every instance, the poet's personality is needed for the exposition of his works. And here the task is not simply that of collecting the extant materials for a biography. In almost every case, the poet's life has been written more than once, and often by different authors with conflicting statements of facts, and with a diversity of views as to the character of the man, and his motive and intent in authorship. It devolves on the editor to select the memoir which makes the nearest approach to truth and justice, and to connect with it a running commentary on the variations of rival biographies. Then, too, from Chaucer to the age of Queen Anne, (and more especially in the period that preceded the forging of that sheet-anchor of our language, King James's version of the Scriptures,) the English tongue was in a transition state, and words and phrases were already obsolescent when they came into use. Hence the necessity of patient and thorough glossarial labor, and of keen critical acumen; for the editor of the earlier poets must be also their lexicographer and interpreter. Moreover, English poetry is full of local and historical allu-

sions, often obscure and recondite, which can be traced out only by familiarity with contemporary annals and prose literature, and with minute details of geography, archæology, and personal history. A note of half a dozen lines, which clears up as with a flash of lightning the doubtful meaning of a stanza or a verse, may be the sole residuum of a long, circuitous, and baffling process of investigation.

All this must be taken into the account in estimating the value of the collection of the British poets now under review. Professor Child has given ample evidence, in every volume that has made its appearance, of his adaptation to the work in hand. To the taste and skill that are in great part the gift of nature, he has added that general conversance with the entire realm of literature, without which no just views can be taken of any one of its provinces. His specific preparation for the enterprise now under our notice was grounded in a singularly thorough knowledge and liberal comprehension of the sources, elements, history, and genius of the English language. And on each author he seems to have bestowed the most conscientious and faithful care, alike in determining the genuine text — often the most perplexing of all tasks — and in collecting the entire apparatus needed for its elucidation. Indeed, so careful and sound is his critical discrimination, and so affluent are his volumes in needful, and at the same time so sparing of needless, notes and accessory matter, that there are very few of the poets of whom, for our own reading, we should not prefer his edition to any other.

The only edition of the British Poets with which this can be brought into comparison is that of Alexander Chalmers, issued in 1810, in twenty-one volumes royal octavo. That edition closes with Cowper. It contains a large body of early, rare, and else inaccessible poetry, and therefore has a high antiquarian value; but it omits a very considerable portion of the best verse of the time which it professes to embrace, and its worth to the common reader is greatly diminished by the paucity of such historical illustrations and critical helps as the older poets need. It is now out of print. Less complete collections were made before, and have been made since, that of Chalmers; and, while Professor Child's

work has been in progress, there have been issued from several presses, both English and American, uniform editions of the principal and best known poets. Among these we would name the series published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., the successive volumes of which have been edited with signal taste and ability, by literary men of established reputation, while their mechanical execution corresponds to the editorial care bestowed upon them. From the Ballantyne press of Edinburgh, we also have, with the imprint of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., what we suppose to be a part (with American title-pages) of the Transatlantic issue of certain poets edited by Gilfillan, who has literary knowledge enough to enable him to shed light on other men's works, and so much crude erudition, as compared with his native capacity and resources, as to render him well-nigh the most insufferable of contemporary writers on the score of conceit and foppish pedantry. But we have no intimation or belief that these editions are intended to include any poets except those who have a prescriptive place in every library; while Professor Child has given us the entire or principal works of several authors, of whom only single pieces were previously within the easy reach of the American, or even the British public, and it is of course precisely these that have demanded and received the fullest share of his critical labor.

Chaucer being not yet issued, the oldest poet whose works have thus far been published in the edition under review is John Skelton, who was the Coryphæus of English verse in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., and in many aspects deserves notice as an historical and typical character. A priest by profession, and for several years rector of Dysse in Norfolk, he signalized himself equally by abuse of the Church and by a profligacy that disgraced it. So virulent were his invectives against his brother-clerks, and against the head of church and state, Cardinal Wolsey, that, had his life been pure, he might have had a place conceded to him among the *avant-couriers* of the Reformation. The most creditable thing related of him is that he had been secretly married to the mother of his children; and it is a sad comment on the licentiousness of the times, that he postponed till he was on

his death-bed the declaration of his marriage, because this would have incurred for him condign degradation and infamy, while for his supposed and reputedly more venial offence he suffered in his ecclesiastical standing only a brief suspension, under the sentence of a diocesan who seems to have been a much worse man than himself. Probably no author of that age reveals so much as he does of its actual condition as to manners and morals, of the corruption of the clergy and the venality of the court. He became even a mythical character, and his mad pranks were embodied, in exaggerated forms, in a series of "merie tales, very pleasant for the recreacion of minde," all of them grotesque, some of them too coarse to be transcribed. The following is one of the more decent.

"Skelton dyd keepe a musket at Dys, vpon the which he was complayned on to the bishop of Norwych. The byshoppe sent for Skelton. Skelton dyd take two capons, to geue theym for a presente to the byshop. And as soone as hee had saluted the byshopp, hee sayde, My lorde, here I haue brought you a couple of capons. The byshop was blynde, and sayde, Who bee you? I am Skelton, sayd Skelton. The byshop sayd, A hoare head! I will none of thy capons: thou keepest vnhappye rule in thy house, for the whyche thou shalt be punished. What, sayde Skelton, is the winde at that doore? and sayd, God be with you, my lorde! and Skelton with his capons went hys way. The byshop sent after Skelton to come agayne. Skelton sayde, What, shal I come agayne to speake wythe a madde man? At last hee retourned to the byshop, whyche sayde to hym, I would, sayd the byshop, that you shoulde not lyue suche a sclaunderouse lyfe, that all your parisshe shoulde not wonder & complaine on you as they dooe: I pray you amende, and hereafter lyue honestlye, that I heare no more suche woordes of you; and if you wyll tarye dynner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you, sayde the byshoppe, for your capons. Skelton sayde, My lord, my capons haue proper names; the one is named Alpha, the other is named Omega: my lorde, sayd Skelton, this capon is named Alpha, thys is the fyrst capon that I dyd euer geue to you; and this capon is named Omega, and this is the last capon that euer I wil giue you: & so fare you well, sayd Skelton." — Vol. I. pp. lxxvi, lxxvii.

Skelton gave name to the metre termed Skeltonical, which, if he was not its inventor, he was the first to employ in poems

of considerable length. It consists of verses of five or six, sometimes four syllables, with the stirring pulse of rhymes, sometimes single, sometimes double, now consecutive, now alternate, in couplets, triplets, or quatrains. We quote as a specimen the following, with the orthography modernized.

"TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

"Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no sadness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer-flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower."

A little later in the reign of Henry VIII. flourished Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, the gay courtier, the gallant soldier, and finally the victim of his royal master's incalculable caprice, like so many others, paying on the scaffold the usual price exacted of that monarch's favorites. His poetry has the double merit of a singular refinement and purity in diction, and (though much of his verse is amatory) of freedom from the offensive grossness of thought and imagery that had characterized his predecessors almost without exception. The following may be taken as not an unfair exhibition of the *naïveté* of sentiment and the smooth and harmonious rhythm that characterize the greater part of his poems.

"HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE,
AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST, IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

'Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear.
And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did rise.
I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,
How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh was worn so thin.
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say:
'Thy white and hoarish airs, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage;
Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin;
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time:
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define.'
Whereat I sigh'd, and said: 'Farewell! my wonted joy;

Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little boy;
And tell them thus from me; their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth of this.'"
— pp. 65, 66.

Surrey's contemporary and friend, Sir Thomas Wyatt, has similar claims as a reformer equally in diction and in sentiment. A man of pure and noble character, uncontaminated by court favor, and probably saved from the scaffold, of which at one period he came into imminent peril, only by a malignant fever that terminated his life in his thirty-ninth year, he left no line which for his credit need have been erased. His verse is less polished and euphonious than Surrey's, but has more of nerve, greater compactness and energy. The following can hardly have been written with any other purpose than as a satire upon his sovereign.

"HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN OVER REALMS, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

"If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage:
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou and no governor.
"If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working;
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.
"All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones a thousand fold
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ycharged were thy back; thy covetise,
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet." — p. 56.

To pass to a later date, among the poets now introduced

for the first time to our Cisatlantic public, we are inclined to attach a very high value to Donne, — a name familiarly known through his Life by Walton, who beheld in him at once the mirror of courtesy, the paragon of learning, and the perfection of sainthood. For his deserved credit on this latter count, we could wish that the American editor had omitted some half-dozen of the poems of his somewhat graceless youth, in which obscenity is unrelieved by any charm, whether for the ear or the soul; and in general, while we would not carry our fastidiousness to the extreme of prudery, we can discern no fitness in perpetuating productions which serve the sole purpose of revealing the vileness of their authors or the coarseness of their times. Donne's graver verse and his religious poems, which are the greater part of the whole, display much more of poetic feeling than of taste. They are deformed by pedantry, crowded with puerile conceits, and often, where they are almost faultless, are vitiated by the carrying out a metaphor to weariness, — by the working of a vein after the pure metal is exhausted. There is great ingenuity of conception and sweetness of thought, yet a lack of naturalness and simplicity, in the following

"HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music; as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And, what I must do then, think here before.

"Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my southwest discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

"I joy, that in these straits I see my west;
For though those currents [illegible] return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

"Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
The Eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.

"We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

"So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord,
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own, —
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down."

— pp. 213, 214.

In our apprehension, Donne's prose is more poetical than his verse. His sermons indeed are greatly lumbered up with Latin; he rejoices in subtile distinctions and digressions that lead no whither, and the merest puerilities are often thrust in upon the most serious and weighty trains of thought. But in prose these things can be literally *overlooked;* and the eye can easily run along from oasis to oasis, finding on almost every page some few things which either no one else has written, or none has written with equal point and beauty. Of all the earlier English divines, there is not one who drops pearls and diamonds from so full a hand. Is there in the whole compass of our sacred literature a more beautiful passage than this?

"If the dead, and we, be not upon one floor, nor under one story, yet we are under one roof. We think not a friend lost, because he is gone into another room, nor because he is gone into another land; and into another world, no man is gone; for that heaven, which God created, and this world, is all one world. If I had fixed a son in court, or married a daughter into a plentiful fortune, I were satisfied for that son and that daughter. Shall I not be so, when the King of Heaven hath taken that son to himself, and married himself to that daughter, for ever? . . . . . This is the faith that sustains me, when I lose by the death of others, or when I suffer by living in misery myself, That the dead, and we, are now all in one church, and at the resurrection shall be all in one choir."

Our space will not permit us to enter farther into the analysis of this edition. More than eighty volumes are already issued. The entire works of the most eminent authors are given, and copious and adequate selections from the rest. In future volumes justice will be done to all the distinguished names that yet remain. "Several volumes of fugitive and anonymous poetry will be added, besides what may be taken from the publications of Ritson, Percy, Ellis, Brydges, Park, &c., of the Percy Society, and other printing clubs. Particular care will be bestowed on Chaucer, and on the English and Scotch Ballad Poetry."

We have spoken of the labors of the editor. We cannot adequately express our grateful estimate of the generous enterprise of the publishers. In size and style the volumes are conformed to those models of typographical beauty, Pickering's Aldine Poets; and while they have no finical or superfluous ornament, for that very reason are they exemplars of the simple elegance which ought to characterize standard works,—such works as will have a place in every good library when the ephemeral tricks of typography designed for immediate effect will have grown obsolete and unsightly. True, the publishers are not without regard to a profitable reimbursement for their outlay. But this end could be more certainly secured with books of inferior worth and transient interest, and in undertakings of less scope and risk; and we are under large indebtedness to those who, as in this instance, connect with the ends of business the elevation of the general taste, and a liberal regard for the literary reputation of their community and their times.

In fine, we would sum up our estimate of this collection of the British Poets by pronouncing it, not only what it manifestly is, complete, accurate, and adapted to use beyond all comparison with any similar collection, but second to no American literary enterprise whatever, whether as regards the munificence of the publishers, editorial ability and faithfulness, or the honor reflected on a public whose ready demand and cordial appreciation it presupposed and has not found wanting.

ART. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Florence Betrayed, or the Last Days of the Republic.* Translated from the Italian of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, by a Lady. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1856. 12mo. pp. 529.

IT is strange that the most noted work of the most variously gifted of living Italian scholars has waited so long for a translator. It is fifteen years since the announcement in Milan of a fresh historical romance by the son-in-law of Manzoni suggested anew the Scripture story of Elijah and Elisha. Already the heir of a noble name had gained notable triumphs on the field of art. His pictures, the fruit of patient study in the galleries of Rome, had been exhibited with high praise in the galleries of Turin and Paris, and D'Azeglio seemed likely to be for Italy what Lessing is for Germany and Vernét for France. His masterpiece, "The Beginning of the Sforzas," has been excelled by few historical pictures of this century. His acquaintance with Grossi and his relation to Manzoni, however, changed somewhat the direction of his ambition. He took up the pen instead of the pencil, and gave himself, in his sketches of the past of Italy, to the inspiring task of awakening and guiding the national spirit by examples from history. His first romance was received with immense enthusiasm, which was increased by the appearance of the work which we notice. Events hastened more rapidly than his hope. Five years later, the painter, the scholar, the novelist, the musician (for music, too, is one of D'Azeglio's accomplishments), appeared as a political writer, in a work which attracted wide regard, and was translated into several tongues. The tract on the "Recent Affairs of Rome" was followed by numerous other political papers, in which liberal views were advocated with great ability. At the breaking out of the war of 1848, the patriotic nobleman was found in the army of his native province, and was wounded severely in the battle of Vicenza. With the restoration of peace, his position as a statesman was assured. He became the virtual ruler of Sardinia, holding the office of President of the Council of Ministers, and in the late negotiations at Paris his name is classed with that of the English and Russian plenipotentiaries. There is no living statesman who has achieved fame in so many walks.

His most popular production is that which has just been given to American readers with a changed title. We cannot quite appreciate the translator's reasons for dropping the musical Italian names, "I Palleschi é I Piagnoni," and substituting the prosaic "Florence Betrayed."

The sale of a book depends more upon the name of its author than upon its title, and an obscure title is often a help, rather than an injury. The translation is, on the whole, extremely well done, into good idiomatic English. The Italian exclamations have been very successfully rendered by English equivalents, and the temptation to use words of Latin derivation, which sorely besets one who translates Spanish or Italian, has been quite avoided. The translation is fully as good as that of the "Promessi Sposi." It has evidently been prepared with great care and with conscientious fidelity. We can only regret that it has not been enriched by more notes of explanation, which to an American reader are very necessary, and by a map of Florence and its environs, which would exhibit to the eye the movements of the parties which the story so minutely describes.

The romance itself is a work of extraordinary power, both in the painting of scenes and in the drawing of character. Its subject is the last fruitless struggle of the "Beautiful" city to maintain its liberties against Papal cunning and Imperial rapacity. Though the time is that fatal year 1529 – 30, the author skilfully manages, in the person of old Niccolo da Lapi, to bind to the story the earlier heroic times of Cosmo, Lorenzo, and Savonarola, and gathers up in the life of this gray-haired patriot the glory of all the former days. The story begins at the last act of a splendid drama, of which it is the tragic consummation. And it holds, too, the secret burden of prophecy, showing in every part that the author believes in a future for Italy, and means to keep in the memory of his countrymen the prayers and the predictions of their ancient patriots and prophets. It has so much of this prophetic spirit, that under the present *régime* it would be impossible to circulate it beyond the Sardinian states.

Every variety of Florentine life in the sixteenth century is described. We have the selfish and dissolute nobleman, the avaricious official, the wealthy merchant, the poor mechanic, the peasant, and the outcast; the monk of "San Marco," the great general, and the reckless adventurer; a wedding and a funeral; a battle on land and a battle at sea, a night attack, and a popular outbreak; home and camp; palace and prison; street and cloister, — all brought before us in distinct and lifelike pictures. The avenues, the squares, the churches, the gates, of Florence; the hills and villas and ravines around it; the mists of the autumn evening and the warm sun of midday, — all that gives enchantment to that fascinating region the author has marked and remembered. While the description has the charm of poetry, it has the severe fidelity of history. The characters are real characters, and the interest of the narrative is quite as much historical as romantic. Unlike some of their French

and English contemporaries, the Italian writers of romance leave upon our minds a profound conviction that they give the truth of history. The brilliant feuilletons of M. Dumas and the ponderous delineations of Mr. James have added very little to correct knowledge of France and its people in the middle centuries. But an American reader may get from "The Betrothed" and from "Florence Betrayed" a more exact idea of Italian life and manners than he will derive from any other source.

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2. — *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.* By Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army. With an Introduction by Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 492.

If a novel subject, a graceful style, graphic descriptions of scenery, faithful delineations of life and manners, adorned by various learning and infused with refined humor, can give merit and attractiveness to a volume of travels, the volume before us will be entitled to the highest rank. Its subject is not only novel, but unique. But one traveller within the memory of the living has anticipated Lieutenant Burton in a narrative of pilgrimage to the holy cities of Islam; and the work of Burckhardt, published forty years ago, has long been out of print, and is found in few libraries. Mr. Burton's account is substantially the first, as it is certainly the best, account of the Hejaz and its cities that has appeared in an English dress. It does for Arabia what Dr. Barth's book does for the interior of Africa, and Huc's book for Thibet and China, — opens to our familiar knowledge a prohibited region. After reading this narrative, we seem to be as well acquainted with the Moslem Canaan as with that Jewish and Christian Sacred Land which dozens of new itineraries annually illustrate. There seems to be nothing omitted in the story, nothing left for future travellers to tell.

Only a successful issue could justify such a daring adventure as this which Mr. Burton relates. For a Christian to assume a Moslem disguise, and to pass himself off as a believer in the Prophet, is as difficult as for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots. Not one man in a myriad would be equal to such an elaborate and complicated stratagem. The deception must be all but a change of nature. Dress, language, posture, movement, temperament, tastes, must all be altered. The method of walking, of drinking, of talking and listening,

of performing the simplest offices, must be carefully attended to. A slight mistake in returning a salutation might destroy the whole scheme. A blunder in some religious prostration might spoil the disguise. The chances against success were a thousand to one. And in case of discovery, the chances of instant death were almost in the same proportion. It was an immense risk for any man to run, requiring an ingenuity, a patience, a fertility of invention, and an abundance of resources, which very few men in the world are fortunate enough to possess.

Mr. Burton is one of those few. His habits, his associations, his physical peculiarities, and his rare ability, gave him a presumption of success. He had lived long enough in India to acquire the knowledge of several Oriental tongues, Arabic with the rest, and to learn the religious doctrines and legends of that land. He had travelled enough to submit to disasters, to bear fatigues, and to be ready for emergencies. His voyage to Egypt in an Oriental dress had proved that he was enough of a Persian to baffle the scrutiny of brother Englishmen; and before he left Cairo with the train of "Haji" he had established a good believer's character. The narrative of this process of making an orthodox Moslem out of a cunning English officer is very entertaining. It will not, however, entice many to a similar experiment. The probation is worse than a conventual novitiate. Life in the "Wakálah," and duty in the mosque, are a trifle worse than the hardest Carmelite austerities. The ardor for pilgrimage will be dampened by the preliminaries at Alexandria and Cairo. And the imitator of Mr. Burton, detected at El Ashar in some false quantity or some infidel gesture, will curse his hard luck, tear off his borrowed robes, and take a donkey to "Shepherd's," hiding there his mortification in a cloud of Latakia with a glass of English ale. Mr. Burton himself advises against the expedition which he by a lucky chance carried through. Yet we have no doubt that his book will set many enthusiasts on the route for Meccah, just as every narrative of whaling or discovery sends boys to sea.

So complete was Mr. Burton's disguise, that he was only once suspected of being an impostor, and then his wit instantly silenced the suspicion. A harder ordeal never man had to pass. The trial of a voyage down the Red Sea without chart or compass in that wretched shallop, with those piles of filthy and villanous fanatics, crowding, fighting, swearing, must have been appalling in the last degree. The comforts of a residence at Shaykh Hamed's house at El Medinah were balanced by the constant danger of detection. Hard fare was safer than good living. But Mr. Burton went through it all, saw everything, joined in everything, performed all the pious and some of the profane

work, and has made such a statement of it as no future adventurer will surpass. Mr. Taylor says that "we could have desired more ample pictures of the scenery through which he passed." We submit that Mr. Taylor in none of his travels has given more truthful pictures of scenery than those of this volume. The fancy of an imaginative writer sometimes "amplifies." Mr. Burton states facts and realities as he *saw* them, not as he imagined them.

Even where he treats of topics which other writers have treated, his superior observation and skill are manifest. No writer has described Cairo so faithfully. No writer has given such a daguerreotype of desert life. The chapter on the "Bedouins of El Hejaz" is a masterpiece of acute and original remark. The picture of the caravan on its march is a splendid piece of word-painting. The erudition of the notes, which draw us somewhat too frequently off from the text, is most curious and copious. And throughout the volume there is a tone of honesty and candor, and a spirit of scientific enthusiasm, which make us forget that it is a story of trickery and fraud.

We ought to add, that the American reprint is elegantly executed.

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3. — *A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism.* By WILLIAM R. GORDON, D. D. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

DR. GORDON'S book is earnest in its spirit, ingenious in its argument, and clear in its style. Its literary faults are those of too frequent repetition and the multiplication of needless details. It might be abridged one half, without injury to its logic, and much to the comfort of its readers. We go for the homœopathic practice in "spiritual" matters, and dread, above all things, large doses of "spiritual" bitters. Dr. Gordon has sinned in this regard, though his purpose is benevolent. He has treated us to more nonsense than an ordinary digestion can bear; and many, before they have finished his first test, will throw down the book in satiety of disgust.

Dr. Gordon's theory of the heterogeneous phenomena which are raked and piled together under the general name of "spiritualism," is that they are caused, barring a respectable share of imposture, by *real spirits*, genuine, disembodied, intelligent agents; and so far he agrees with Messrs. Hare, Edmonds, Tallmadge, and the host of minor apostles of the new gospel. But he takes deadly issue with these gentlemen in affirming those spirits to be *demons*, imps of Satan, inveterate liars, malignant fiends. He is not the first who has

broached this theory. It has been ably maintained by several Swedenborgian writers. But his book, we believe, is the first elaborate work which has taken this view. His reasons for adopting it appear to us insufficient. His conclusion (if conclusion that can be called which seems to have been reached before the facts were examined) is far too hasty, and no just heed is given to theories already promulgated. In this respect, the work of Dr. Mahan is to be much more highly commended. We cannot resist the impression that Dr. Gordon's Biblical prejudices suggested his theory, and that he is rather pleased to verify by modern facts the literal stories of demons and their work which are contained in the Jewish Scriptures. Having accepted this theory, Dr. Gordon, like a sound divine, proceeds to give the Devil his due, and to belabor him most unmercifully with all the weapons he can bring to bear. The three tests which he applies are, first, *his own experience;* second, the character of the communications; and third, the relation of these communications to the Bible. The results of the first test he gives us in an account of fifteen "sittings," with their questions mentally asked and the answers rapped out. These sittings must have been dismally tedious, and the sum total of their scientific and religious value bears a small proportion to their pecuniary outlay. The Yankee instinct, which craves always an equivalent for money spent, is sorely tried in spiritual inquiries, — not to mention the incidental annoyances of bad grammar and bad spelling. Dr. Gordon is entitled to honorable mention among patient men. He is fit to join an African voyage of discovery. An ordinary investigator would have broken down at the third sitting, and dismissed the whole thing as a humbug.

Dr. Gordon's second test, the nature of the communications, is very satisfactory as proving a negative. He shows beyond all question that it is morally impossible for good spirits, wise spirits, spirits having any claim to respectability, to utter the inane drivel which makes the staple of the most dignified communications. We have dipped extensively, in the few past years, into the records of these wonderful utterances, in the hope of finding something worth preserving; but the search has been like the search for Captain Kidd's treasure. Any single specimen is bad enough, but the mass is monstrous. The offence is rank and universal, — an offence against rhetoric, logic, syntax, and orthography, not less than against history, common sense, reverence, and decency. If it be heaven where these spirits dwell, such a heaven would be no better than a Bedlam of fools. We regret that we cannot say of Dr. Gordon's facts that they prove his affirmative, since it were very desirable to acquit all human and earthly agencies of any share in such

rigmarole. It is sadly true that the brains of men are adequate to its production, and that equal offences are perpetrated by the new school of poets, orators, and philosophers in their normal and uninspired condition. The devils have enough to bear without this heavy load. "Nec *dæmon* intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus."

The third test, the Bible, is applied quite skilfully to show that the utterances of modern mediums differ from those of the sacred oracles as Satan differs from God, and that they are identical with those which Scripture condemns as emanating from the Devil. There is a leaven of Scripture language in the outpourings of the "spirits," but it is vilely used, and floats on a weak flood of tasteless metaphor. So far as they are critics, they are rationalists, and seek to weaken the authority of the Bible, to throw doubt upon the miracles of Jesus, and to invalidate his superhuman holiness. The cautions and appeals of Dr. Gordon to Christians are honest and timely. It is certain that no Christian will be assisted in his faith by this help, and there is danger that many may lose intelligent belief, bewildered by its pretentious rhapsodies. Spiritualism is rapidly peopling our insane hospitals, while it adds none to the number of active Christians.

Our own view of the causes of these phenomena was expressed at length in a former number of this journal. Additional facts have only confirmed that opinion, and we are persuaded that, if not the true view, it is at least an approximation to the true view,— in the direction of the truth. As a branch of science, spiritualism is more strange than profitable, and morally, it is worse than useless.

4.— *The Poetry of the East.* By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 16mo. pp. 288.

Mr. Alger has essayed in this volume a difficult task. To preserve the characteristics of Oriental verse, its luxuriant imagery, its epigrammatic humor, its dreamy languor, even in a direct version, is almost impossible. Much more is the attempt bold, when the version is indirect, a translation of a translation, and the writer has to learn through a Western tongue the spirit of Eastern thought and the flow of Eastern melody. It is higher success to succeed with such a disadvantage. We have not been able to compare the translations with their German originals, and so cannot vouch for their fidelity; but we are able to pronounce the volume, as a volume of English verse, to be very attractive and charming. It has the flavor of the East on all its

pages. We have legend and apologue, proverb and riddle, mysticism and shrewdness, faith-songs, love-songs, and wine-songs, mingled in due proportions, and in delicious variety. It is natural that an enthusiast in Oriental studies should see beauties in what may seem commonplaces to an untrained reader, and some of the selections which Mr. Alger has made will perhaps be passed as hardly worthy of their place. But enough will remain to justify most fully the publication of the volume. It is the kind of book which one wants to have at hand for leisure moments, to occupy indolent seasons, — to start reverie, or to suggest musings. The volume, moreover, will have practical value as a storehouse of poetical quotations. It is very convenient to have such a storehouse to draw from, instead of hunting through the Cyclopædias for suitable couplets. He deserves our thanks, who can make Eastern thought and sentiment accessible in so compact a form. What most readers of the volume, however, will regard as its best part, is the historical Introduction, of ninety pages, in which Mr. Alger has given an admirable account of the various literature of the Eastern nations, with specimens of the great writers of India, Arabia, and Persia, and the characteristics of their poetry. This Introduction affords proof at once of the acuteness and the extent of his studies, and is a fair example of his ornate and glowing style; better, we think, than the translations, where the trammels of rhyme and rhythm seem at times to hamper his freedom. The fault that we have to find with his prose is that it is too poetical. Consistency with the theme, indeed, requires a metaphorical diction, and this is never so redundant as to obscure the writer's meaning. We know not where else to find in English so instructive a discourse in so short a compass, on this obscure subject. Especially remarkable is the luscious description of Persian lyric poetry, and the careful criticism of the Súfite sentimental mysticism. "The Súfi's brain," says Mr. Alger, "is a magazine of transcendent mysteries and prodigious conceits, his faith an ocean of dusky bliss, his illuminated tenderness a beacon of the Infinite Light."

Mr. Alger in this volume has opened a new vein which he can mine with profit, and which we trust he will continue to work. He has won already an honorable name as a scholar, and we are glad to expect by and by from his pen an elaborate treatise of religious science. This volume is the lighter fruit of his researches. May we have more as pleasant, and in a setting as exquisite as the beautiful paper and type in which the publishers have clothed the fragments which we have imperfectly noticed.

5. — BLAIR'S *Chronological Tables, Revised and Enlarged, comprehending the Chronology and History of the World from the Earliest Times, to the Russian Treaty of Peace, April*, 1856. By J. WILLOUGHBY ROSSE. London: H. G. Bohn. 1856. 12mo. pp. 785.

IT is somewhat more than a century since the first edition of Blair's Chronological Tables appeared. The history of the world from the creation down to the year 1753 was delineated in a series of fifty-six catalogues, four being devoted to the ages before the first Olympiad, and one to each half-century subsequent to that epoch. The ability and thoroughness of the work gave to its author a fame hardly less than that which others of his name achieved in that century in the walks of science and letters. He was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society of London, and furnished with honorable charges near members of the royal family. A second edition was published in 1768, enlarged by fourteen charts; and after the death of the author, several revised editions appeared. The latest, we believe, was issued in 1815. These editions were in folio, too ponderous and inconvenient for general use. They were, moreover, not free from important errors, which later researches have exposed.

The present edition, retaining the name and the general method of Blair, is in other respects a new work. While its materials are increased, its dimensions are reduced, and its size is but little more than that of a pocket manual. The credit of its preparation is about equally divided between the compiler, Mr. J. Willoughby Rosse, and the publisher, Mr. Henry G. Bohn. The verification of the immense mass of facts has been made by the former, and the novelties in the arrangement are the invention of the latter. The sources of information concerning facts, particularly in modern history, are much more numerous now than they were in the last century, particularly to a Scotch writer. In France and Germany "Chronology" has been ranked and treated as a science; and the helps of foreign writers, while they have increased Mr. Rosse's labor, have assisted him to be accurate. So far as we have examined the work, we have discovered no error, either of fact or typography, which is not corrected in the table of errata. The work is brought down to April of the last year. Of course, many things, in such a compilation, must be omitted, and an American will look in vain for numerous events in the history of his own country which are vastly more significant than many that are catalogued from English annals. We read of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, but nothing of the outrages in Kansas; of the death of obscure earls

and gentlemen, but not a word of some of the most eminent citizens of our republic. It is not, however, worth while to quarrel with a good thing, because there is not more of it. The Index, which is necessary to the completeness and comfortable use of the work, is soon to follow, in a separate volume.

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6. — *Charicles. A Dramatic Poem.* By the Author of "Lyteria." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 106.

The same purity of style, chasteness of imagery, and graceful flow of rhythm, which we had occasion to notice and praise in "Lyteria," are conspicuous in this second effort of a young author. The classic model is again successfully imitated, and the classic spirit finely caught. The verse is elaborately finished, and the story, short and simple, is most skilfully wrought into dramatic form. If we take any exception to the poem, it is in the choice of the subject. There is nothing attractive in the last hours of such a capricious and sensual tyrant as the third Cæsar, and even the contrast of such a noble character as that of Charicles cannot reconcile us to so revolting a conception. We say *conception*, not *spectacle*, — for the poem itself softens the hideousness of the scene which it suggests, and relieves the imagination by passages of placid beauty and sober thought. Yet we cannot help thinking that many events of Roman history might have answered the moral purpose of the writer better than the death of Tiberius.

The action of the poem is finished in a single night. The scene is before the villa of Lucullus on the Bay of Naples. The characters are only six, and so far as the end of the drama is concerned, only four, Charicles, Tiberius, Caligula, and Ennia. The division into three "Acts" is a departure from strict unity of form, but is no practical hinderance to the effect. The story of fate and retribution goes on with unbroken steadiness, and with the grave dignity of a tragedy of Sophocles. The characters are distinctly drawn, with dramatic consistency, if not with historic accuracy in all particulars. Perhaps Charicles is too much of a Christian for a Pagan in the early days of the Empire. His style of manhood is not one to be created by Stoic maxims, and is rarely found in the annals of Rome. But it is more noble than the manhood of Cato or Brutus, and we may commend the artistic sense which made it the foil to a despot's impotent madness and a usurper's hot eagerness for power.

We can make but a single extract to justify our praise of the poem, though it abounds, not less than Lyteria, in passages of eloquent reflec-

tion. Few poems of such a length and such a kind give us more to quote than these little works of Mr. Quincy. May his next adventure be bolder, and on a larger field.

> "Strength to conceive the thing we may not gain
> Shall bless or curse us, at our proper choice.
> To strive for good, — not to abide in good,
> Is destiny most noble. We are palled
> In our vexed youth to find the thing we love
> Melt from our grasp; — then, waking, we perceive
> That the hot hope that struggled in the mind
> Repelled the sober blessing nature pours
> Most tenderly on all. Bosomed in peace,
> We prison our own souls, and torture them
> With petty toys Fate dances in the air,
> Which, touched, must fade and turn to bitterness." — pp. 54, 55.

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7. — *Brazil and La Plata. The Personal Record of a Cruise.* By C. S. Stewart, A. M., U. S. N. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1856. 12mo. pp. 428.

Mr. Stewart gives on the title-page the names of various other books of travel of which he is the author. His future fame will rest upon them rather than on the volume before us. Long before reaching the end of this cruise of four hundred pages, the impatient reader will ask why it was necessary to publish such a series of monotonous descriptions and tiresome experiences. These letters and journals were no doubt very interesting to the writer's family and friends; but the great public is less concerned to know of Mr. Stewart's antecedents, acquaintances, and emotions, than to get valuable information concerning the countries that he visited, — which, we are compelled to say, his book does not abound in. Brazil is a large country, and is not to be comprised in the story of walks and rides in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro and Desterro, or of visits to the house of "my friend" Mr. A. or Mr. B., or of marriages at which it was Mr. Stewart's privilege frequently to officiate. The wars of Rosas and Urquiza, though very exciting to an eyewitness, do not exhaust all that may be said about the region which the La Plata waters. Our author's narrative is only that of a constant going to and fro along the short coast from Rio to Buenos Ayres, for a term of some two and a half years, — varied by very few remarkable incidents. It seems to have been written rather to while away the time, than because he had anything in particular to tell.

Mr. Stewart's style is correct and flowing, without picturesqueness or graphic force. It describes, but does not paint. In taste it is unexceptionable, yet it lacks the quality which makes narratives of travel fascinating. The poetical quotations are not always in place, and the conversation introduced is sometimes too professional.

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8. — *A Physician's Vacation; or a Summer in Europe.* By WALTER CHANNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 564.

THIS is, in several respects, a remarkable book of travels. Covering only four months of time, it goes over ground that would have been to most travellers a year's journey. Avoiding many of the common topics of tourists, it is redundant in its details, and contains information on an amazing variety of themes. Though there are constant digressions and disquisitions, the narrative is interesting from beginning to end. The style and the views are alike original. There are no criticisms borrowed from guide-books, and no second-hand observations; but the author is responsible for all the opinions, as he is for the spirited and peculiar rhetoric. He is not trammelled by any artificial rules. He says just what he thinks, and in the way that comes most natural. The result is a book which would distress Blair and Murray, but which amuses and instructs a reader far more than most "Travels."

Dr. Channing visited England, travelled in Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, and Spain, and finished his tour by a few days in Scotland. He did not, in these countries, "see everything," but what he saw, he saw accurately, and to some profit. The manners, dress, customs, condition of the common people, the houses, the markets, the roads, the public conveyances, the sanitary and police arrangements, hospitals, hotels, the tillage and trade, the most striking features of the landscape, — these common things he describes with a fidelity and an enthusiasm which are very charming. His pictures are all off-hand sketches, but they are reliable.

We are obliged, however, to mention and to regret that a book so fresh and honest, and so full of useful matter, was not revised with due care before publication. We cannot believe that a learned Professor is willing to have such a jerking, broken, and fantastic rhetoric pass as a specimen of good English style. It is barely tolerable in familiar private letters; but it gives to a published book rather too strong a flavor of gossip, and has a slight hint of defiance to public opinion and taste. Not to mention graver faults, the carelessness in the use of com-

mon words is very annoying. Why, for instance, should "St. Gotthard" be repeatedly written "St. Goatherd," and "Styria" be changed to "Stiria," and "gesticulation" to "jesticulation," and "monstrous" to "mounstrous," and "Alexandrine" to "Alexandrian"? Such blunders are more than slips of the compositor. Why write the Orleans palace "Palais Royale," oblivious of gender, and the civic palace of Paris "Hotel D'Ville," oblivious of proper elision? Why call St. Giles of Germany "St. Gilden," instead of "St. Gilgen," — the name by which all know him? This carelessness of style leads sometimes to obscurity of statement. When it is said, "Breakfast was for seven," was it meant for *seven persons*, or at *seven o'clock?* And it causes frequent repetitions of the same statement. We are told the same thing two or three times over, and almost in the same words. Sometimes the mistakes, though trifling, are extraordinary, as where the Dresden Madonna of Raphael is said to be "*five hundred years*" old; and the "*Meerschaum*," "a great heavy thing," to be the universal pipe of Germany; and *Ravenna* to have been encroached upon by the "Mediterranean." These slight defects might easily have been remedied by a proper supervision. Some portions of the book, indeed, seem to have been especially prepared for it, and not to have belonged to the original journal. The dissertations upon American affairs are very well written.

But it is ungracious to find fault with what is so sincere, and has given us so much pleasure. This fruit of a short summer vacation is not on the whole unworthy of the long and honorable professional fame of its author.

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9. — *The History of Manchester, formerly Derryfield, in New Hampshire, including that of Ancient Amoskeag, or the Middle Merrimack Valley.* By C. E. Potter, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Manchester: C. E. Potter. 1856. pp. 764.

The volume before us is one of extraordinary interest. Although not faultless in a literary aspect, yet the scope of the work is so broad, and the research so extensive, that we have read the whole with unusual satisfaction. The growth of that new city of the Merrimack at the Amoskeag Falls has been so rapid, that the main body of the history has been devoted to the old town of Derryfield, and to the great Indian settlement, where Passaconnaway lived and John Eliot preached. Judge Potter has begun, not, Knickerbocker-like, with the creation of the world, but only back at the year 1000, with the North-

men's discovery of America; he has given us a long chapter upon the various early settlements, for some reason which we cannot discover; but when he at length arrives at the Indian settlements in the Merrimack valley, he narrates the lives of the Sagamores with rare fluency, recounts the habits of the aborigines with evident relish, and delights the reader with much curious lore relating to the corruption of Indian names, and the spots which the savages loved to frequent. He is a firm believer in the Indian character, and of the tribes of the Merrimack valley he has established this general truth, — that they *never* dealt severely with the whites except in retaliation for injustice and insult to themselves.

The readers of our national history will find much that will interest them in this volume. A full account of Stark, the gallant chieftain of the Revolution, is given, and the whole part which New Hampshire took in that war is recounted with a pleasing fulness. There is very little of distinctive interest to the citizen of Manchester, except the closing chapters. Judge Potter has devoted his life to the study of Indian antiquities; a more complete and authentic account of the great Passaconnaway and his successors is nowhere to be found, and all who are interested in the early inhabitants of the Merrimack valley will find in his work much that is new and entertaining.

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10. — *Studies in the Field and Forest.* By WILSON FLAGG. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 330.

WRITERS for magazines and reviews are apt to persuade themselves that the world will be glad to give their productions a second reading when presented in a readable shape. The world and the writer may not always be agreed on this point, and it is more than an even chance that it all ends in cumbering the shelves of the publisher with an unsalable book. We believe, however, that the present is one of the exceptional cases, and that the public will be grateful to Mr. Flagg for this collection of his delightful papers, which are worthy of a wider circulation than they received in the journals that first contained them.

They are precisely what they purport to be, — studies in the field and forest, not in the closet. Though perfectly correct in all the science of his subject, yet the writer's materials are drawn, not from books, but from personal observations frequently and carefully made, with the eye of an artist as well as of a naturalist, and a heart open to all the refining and elevating influences of nature. The trees, the flowers, the birds, are to him not merely so many different species having each a name and

place in a scientific classification, but old and cherished acquaintances, endeared to him by long familiarity with their forms, and by a host of pleasing associations. His descriptions possess a charm unknown to those of the mere naturalist or the casual observer, because they are not a dry enumeration of particulars, nor a collection of vague, indefinite impressions, but pictures from life, whose originals any one may see for himself. He discerns beauty and grace and fitness in every arrangement, and though he probably never handled a brush in his life, yet his æsthetic views are those of the true artist who has studied in the same school. He is fond of regarding nature in its subjective aspects, and every phenomenon furnishes some new proof of its exquisite adaptation to the wants of the human soul. He philosophizes with a clearness of conception and a simplicity of expression not very like the inexplicable utterances that characterize much of what passes under the name of philosophy at the present time. All his moods are eminently healthy, and the weary, jaded spirit will find repose in his cheerful pages. His language is singularly correct and pure, and his style is marked by a certain elegant simplicity, peculiarly pleasing in sketches of this kind. His descriptions glow with the freshness of morning, and call up the very field and forest in which one has loved to ramble, filled with those objects which ought to be as familiar to every mind as household words.

Those who read for the sake of a sensation will think but lightly of Mr. Flagg's book; but we doubt not that, among those whose sympathies with nature have not been utterly overlaid by the cares and allurements of the world, it will find many a grateful and admiring reader.

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11. — *Plays and Poems.* By GEORGE H. BOKER. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

THE frank admission that we have hitherto boasted of no very decided success in the department of the drama reflects no peculiar discredit upon American letters. During the period in which we have had anything like a national literature, the same remark will hold good of that of England. The reason appears to be identical in both cases, — that the spread of information among the people at large has rendered the drama, and its elder sister, the ballad, no longer necessary as a means of popular instruction. Political novels, historical romances, moral tales, and sketches of society in every form, throng daily from the press; and he who, two centuries ago, would have repaired to the Globe or the Rose, "the Cocke-pit, or the Red-Bull in St. Johns

Streete," to obtain a pleasure none the less enjoyed because not purely intellectual, now sits quietly down at home to the perusal of the freshest farrago of truth or falsehood that recommends itself to his mental palate. But the relish for dramatic compositions has not therefore died away; nor is it probable that it ever will. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that, in the progress of civilization and refinement, the stage will regain a power that in these days it hardly dreams of. And when there occasionally appears among the crowd a man of genius, whose bent of mind is plainly of a nature which delights in that peculiar combination of causes and effects which gives their whole character to ballads and to the drama, he is sure to be listened to with interest, and rewarded wi h approbation. In our own day, such writers as Dean Milman and Mr. Boker, the authors of Fazio and of Calaynos, exemplify the truth of this remark. In alluding to the recent appearance of an edition of the collected works of Mr. Boker, however, we do not design to enter here into an extended criticism of their merits. In a separate form, they have been long before the public, and have been greeted with a reception not unworthy of their real worth. When the voice of audiences on both sides of the ocean is found to be in perfect accordance with the more measured language of critical observation, we may well conclude that the subject of their applause is of no ignoble nature. The plays of Calaynos, of The Betrothal, and, above all, of Francesca da Rimini, are productions calculated to reflect credit not only upon the literature of any land, but upon the public taste which has pronounced so decisively in their favor. Nor are the minor poems in these volumes of less merit. The ballad of Sir John Franklin, written in the true vein of the art, and on a theme whose interest is confined to no latitude or clime, will continue to find admirers wherever its tongue is known; and in several other of his poetical pieces, particularly in the series of sonnets, Mr. Boker has displayed powers of a very high order. We trust that he will not depend for all his laurels upon the success of these handsome volumes. The American public has a right to demand, of one who manifestly has the necessary faculties, a still further exhibition of skill in an art in which an approach to perfection is vouchsafed to so very few.

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12. — *Notes on the Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches.* By Francis Wayland. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856.

It is pleasant to think of this ripe scholar and able teacher, now that he has withdrawn from his position at the head of one of our principal

colleges, giving himself to the work of instructing and benefiting a yet larger number of pupils, through the press. We hail this book as the first-fruits of the leisure consequent upon President Wayland's retirement, to which we trust many volumes may yet be added. His name is a sufficient guaranty, whatever the theme, that what is written is worthy of being read.

The title of the present work is unpretending, as we should anticipate it would be, if the author selected it. But there is a special reason for this title in the origin of the work, as explained in the brief Preface. It is but the bringing together into a permanent form of a series of articles which were written for "The Examiner," a weekly religious paper published in the city of New York. The title under which the articles originally appeared has been retained for the book.

The first and larger portion of the work has a special adaptation to the denomination of which the author is so bright an ornament, and for whom especially he writes. It is an attempt to recall his brethren to "principles and practices" of their fathers, from which, in his opinion, they have departed to their hurt; and throughout the volume he wishes to be considered as a Baptist writing for Baptists. But the last ten or twelve chapters are on topics in which the Christian reader of every denomination, and especially the Christian minister, may find interest and profit. The closing chapters are devoted to hints and practical suggestions on preaching, designed for those who have entered or are entering the ministry without the advantages of the schools, but which could hardly fail to be read with profit by any clergyman, whatever his culture. We do not remember to have met anywhere, in the same space, with so much practical wisdom on sermon-making, on the delivery of sermons, and on the manners of the pulpit, as is condensed into the last fifty pages of this book. In the following quotations are suggestions which, if thoughtfully regarded and acted upon, would do much to drive drowsiness from the pews.

"The vice of preaching at present, in most of our pulpits, is that we do not aim correctly. We strive to please the few, and not the many, and the result is that the conscience of both parties is unmoved. The pulpit is dying of the proprieties. We dare not introduce an anecdote into a sermon. We shrink from an illustration, unless we can account it classical. We are averse even to the delineation of character, lest we should detract from the dignity of the pulpit. When a man is afraid of losing his dignity by attending to his own business, we generally think that he has very little to lose. We fear that the pulpit is liable to create a similar impression."

"And once more, we deceive ourselves in our estimate of what thoughtful and intellectual men want. I have known a few eminent men in the several professions. They have told me that they do not want this sort of aliment. They have enough of the intellectual in their daily work. They want discourses directed to the conscience, that shall make them feel their moral obligations, and render the Sabbath

something very different from all the other days of the week. Our intellectual discourses in general have about as much religion as would be suitable for a sober lecture before an Athenæum, or an article in a respectable Review. I have frequently listened to discourses from the pulpit which I certainly would not have read on the Sabbath, for the simple reason that I should have considered them too secular for the holy day."

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13. — *Daisy's Necklace: and What Came of It.* (A Literary Record.) By T. B. ALDRICH. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 225.

WE noticed a year or two ago a volume of poems by Mr. Aldrich as foretokening a high order of literary excellence. The promise is more than fulfilled. Daisy's Necklace is a poem, though in prose; and while the story is in itself skilfully planned and developed, a still higher interest attaches to its brilliant imagery and rich sentiment, — to the perpetual play of an exuberant fancy, that throws its sunlight and rose-hues over every character and incident. Seldom have we read a chapter of so highly yet so chastely wrought delineation as the opening chapter of this book; and though the scene soon changes from a vine-embowered family mansion by the sea-shore to the dingy and dusty localities of the great metropolis, the same golden vein threads the streets, penetrates the gloomy counting-room, and gleams in the cells of the Tombs. Mr. Aldrich has won for himself by this book a deservedly high place among those to whom the coming generation is to look for the fair fame of American literature.

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14. — *Compositions in Outline, by* FELIX O. C. DARLEY, *from* JUDD'S *Margaret.* Engraved by KONRAD HUBER. New York: Redfield. 1856. Plates 30.

WE have for our April number the promise of a review of this superb work, by a contributor who can do ample justice to the genius both of the author and the artist. To our eye it is the masterpiece of American art; nor can we conceive of it as capable of being excelled in its own kind. No modern fiction presents richer materials for such a work than Margaret, with its characters and situations at once so grotesque and so natural, so unique, and yet so manifestly copied, and hardly intensified, from life and fact. The artist has entered with clear insight and profound sympathy into the conceptions of the author, and,

it seems to us, has produced just such a series of delineations as Mr. Judd would have drawn, if his hand could have sketched for the outward vision the forms which his word-pictures placed before the inward eye. We have never before been so impressed with the capacity of this one department of the pictorial art. We are reminded of Paganini's performing the most complex symphonies on a violin with but two whole strings. Outline drawing excludes coloring and shading; and yet so perfect is the execution in this volume, that the lines are made to suggest every variety of color, and to produce the effect of nicely attempered light and shadow. Thus, in the sketch of "Tony Washington," the mere outlines of his countenance not only mark him as an African, but express even his blackness; so that any child, at the first glance, would pronounce it a negro's face. We seem thus to see the entire effect of painting produced by what corresponds only to its preliminary processes. The work rises into even national importance, when we consider that it is the most truly indigenous of our American fictions that has offered scope for equal and kindred talent in an allied department of imaginative art.

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15. — *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Vols. I. and II. *Trinitarian Congregational.* New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 723, 778.

Of this work also we are compelled to postpone our intended review; but we cannot suffer so important and unique a contribution to American history and biography to remain wholly unnoticed. We have here the first-fruits of the patient and well-directed labor of many years. Dr. Sprague's plan is to furnish the best attainable memoir in brief of every deceased American clergyman who has reached any distinction or eminence, however short-lived or local. His aim also is to have the story of every life told by the person or persons best fitted to do it justice. The denominations are to be arranged in an order of priority determined by the number of subjects which they respectively furnish; while the subjects afforded by each are sketched in chronological order. Only with regard to some of the earliest divines has resort been had to printed authorities. The greater part of the

biographies have been prepared expressly for this work. Our expectations of it were high; but they have been more than met. The memoirs are not only sufficiently full in details, but many of them are written with singular raciness and point. A large proportion of our old divines displayed strongly marked peculiarities of character, bore a prominent part in public transactions, and passed through experiences such as can never be repeated. A more entertaining, instructive, and impressive series of life-stories could not be compiled, than we have here; and though Dr. Sprague professes to be merely the compiler, it is evident at first blush that only by the wand of the most skilful of conjurers could so many pens have been made to work in concert, and the traces of his own taste and judgment in arranging, adapting, and supplementing the materials furnished to his hand are manifest on every page. The entire work will be one of the most voluminous (short of the dimensions of a Cyclopædia) ever issued; and, in addition to the many precious memories of pious and devoted lives that it will perpetuate, it will embody a large amount of our national history — at all times closely coincident with the history of the church — which might otherwise have been irrecoverably lost, and which will grow only more valuable with the lapse of years.

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16. — ? *The Epistle to the Galatians, in Greek and English, with an Analysis and Exegetical Commentary.* By SAMUEL H. TURNER, D. D. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 98.

2. *Notes, Practical and Expository, on the Gospels: for the Use of Bible Classes, Sunday-School Teachers, Catechists, and other Pious Laymen.* By REV. CHARLES H. HALL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 429, 400.

3. *The Last of the Epistles; a Commentary upon the Epistle of St. Jude, designed for the General Reader as well as for the Exegetical Student.* By FREDERIC GARDINER, M. A., Rector of Trinity Church, Lewiston, Me. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 275.

WE have more than once expressed our high sense of Professor Turner's merits as a Biblical critic. We can hardly conceive of a nicer mutual equilibrium than exists in his mind between reverence and learning, faith and freedom, loyalty to the voice of revelation and fearless inquiry as to what that voice actually utters and means. The Epistle to the Galatians is on many accounts the most difficult of

analysis among the Apostolic writings. The reasons why it was written, and the condition of those to whom it was addressed, are, for the most part, to be deduced from the letter itself. It is also as important as it is difficult. Historically it cut Christianity loose from Judaism, and was its virtual declaration of independence; and dogmatically it develops the subjective character of the Christian salvation with a clearness and emphasis of statement hardly approached elsewhere. It is enough to say, that Dr. Turner's analysis is such as to enable every reader to follow continuously the course of St. Paul's invective, argument, and exhortation, while his commentary discusses every exegetical question with a thoroughness seldom witnessed this side of Germany, and with a soundness of judgment scarce ever manifested there, — on almost every portion of the text presenting an interpretation consonant equally with the *prima facie* import of the Apostle's language, the train of his thought, and the analogy of his other epistles, especially that to the Romans, which offers numerous points of parallelism with that to the Galatians.

Mr. Hall's Commentary is rather safe than learned, practical than critical. He abides by the old paths, and shows hardly more sympathy with Neander than with Strauss. But his book is an excellent one for popular use, and especially for the use of lay-teachers in his own — the Protestant Episcopal — Church, abounding as it does in Scriptural illustrations of the Liturgy and the Thirty-nine Articles. Its devotional spirit is all that could be desired, and its skill in eliciting the lessons of duty and piety involved in the text renders it one of the best works of its class for family reading and for the purpose of Christian edification.

Mr. Gardiner was a pupil of Professor Turner, to whom he dedicates his work, with a delicate tribute to his preceptor's "earnest piety, untiring industry, profound scholarship, and exegetical skill." For thoroughness of treatment, clear comprehension of all the points in controversy, mastery of all subsidiary learning, and close reasoning, this monograph will bear favorable comparison with any similar work within the range of our critical reading. It is also a model work in point of arrangement and style. The Introduction disposes in order of all the preliminary questions. The Translation, founded on Lachmann's text, departs from the received version only where it is necessary for accuracy or for explicitness. The Commentary treats various readings and conflicting or alternative views with patience and candor. It is followed by two *Excursus*, one on the Agapæ, and the other on the Book of Enoch, which Mr. Gardiner supposes a forgery of the latter part of the second century, so that it cannot have been quoted by St. Jude. A

most elaborately constructed Appendix exhibits the parallelism between Jude's Epistle and the Second of Peter, establishes on satisfactory grounds the prior authorship of the former, and shows that St. Peter undoubtedly followed or adopted the train of thought which it suggested. We trust that Mr. Gardiner will find, in the favorable reception of his admirable work, encouragement to persevere in this department of study and authorship, for which no American scholar has exhibited a happier combination of the best gifts.

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17. — *The Rural Poetry of the English Language, illustrating the Seasons and Months of the Year, their Changes, Employments, Lessons, and Pleasures, Topically Paragraphed; with a Complete Index.* By JOSEPH WILLIAM JENKS, M. A., Late Professor of Language in the Urbana University, Ohio. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 544.

THE poetry in this volume is not exclusively rural; nor is there always an apparent reason for connecting any one piece with a particular month or season. But the collection brings together a large part of the best rural poetry in the English language, alike descriptive, didactic, lyric, and devotional. Many of the poems are familiar to every reader; many of them are from sources not easily accessible. We are thankful in our own behalf for our introduction to not a few pieces which we had not seen before; in behalf of the public, for embodying in an attractive form so much of our choicest literature. The volume is one of great beauty. The vignettes are tastefully designed and admirably executed. The type, though fine, is clear; and the double-columned page shows that economy of space is consistent with faultless elegance. The copious Index will commend the work to all who love to garnish their own writings with quotations from the poets.

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18. — *Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated in the Original Ternary Rhyme.* By C. B. CAYLEY, B. A. Vol. I. *Vision of Hell.* Vol. II. *The Purgatory.* Vol. III. *The Paradise.* Vol. IV. *Notes.* London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1851–55. 16mo. pp. 245, 288, 251, 408.

THIS translation has the prime merit of fidelity to the original, and the Notes show intimate familiarity with the history of Dante's age, and with all collateral sources of illustration. The verse is rarely defi-

cient in euphony. But the author is evidently much constrained by the metre, and adapts to it many unusual words, and forms either obsolete or of his own invention. He also suffers himself often to employ the same word with a wearisome frequency. We dare not estimate without counting the number of times the word *ruth* occurs in the first half-dozen cantos. On the whole, we doubt whether the English reader has at his command so genuine a representation as this of the "Divina Commedia"; but as an English poem it is entitled to a much less favorable verdict.

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19. — 1. *An Historical Atlas, with Description, Illustration, and Questions to facilitate its Use.* By J. E. WORCESTER. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1856. Charts 12. pp. 36.

2. *Manual of United States History, from* 1492 *to* 1850. By SAMUEL ELIOT, Professor of History and Literature in Trinity College. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 483.

DR. WORCESTER first made the study of history possible in our common schools. True, there were certain (so-called) manuals, through which pupils were driven in a series of formal recitations, but from which it was not expected that they should retain any idea or impression, beyond a few salient names and essential dates. Dr. Worcester rendered in this department a double service, first in the preparation of a text-book of general history, which it was a pleasure to read and therefore a privilege to study, and then in constructing a series of charts, adapted for use equally as a school manual and as a permanent reference-book. The "General History," we believe, still holds a place in the school-room, and for certain classes of pupils there is no work extant that ought to be substituted for it. The charts, originally nine, are now twelve; they are in a much enlarged form, present the record of names and events down to the year 1856, and have manifestly been subjected to the most careful revision. The arrangement of the materials is simple and natural; names, dates, and facts are put just where they belong; and the book can be consulted with as little waste of time, and as much directness and certainty, as an alphabetical dictionary. We have on our table the edition of 1826, — a date when similar tabular views and works of reference were rare everywhere, and hardly known to the American press. In the multitude of such helps now, we deem the edition of 1856 not one whit less valuable than was its precursor in the unoccupied field thirty years ago.

We have connected Professor Eliot's name with Mr. Worcester's, not because their minds or works have other than the most remote kindred, but because the one promises, though in a very different way, to perform for the coming the service rendered by the other to the passing generation, — that of adding facility and delight to the study of history. Mr. Eliot's "History of the United States" is a work entirely *sui generis*. It is constructed by no plan, on no scale, with reference to no theory. He has simply written the record of his country's lifetime as it lay in his own mind, giving prominence to those points that most interested him, passing cursorily over events and epochs to which he was comparatively indifferent, never suppressing his own opinion or judgment, and marking not alone the nation's material progress, but its growth in art and literature, in the institutions that adorn and the charities that bless the state. Because Mr. Eliot is a man of taste and culture, pure principles and generous sympathies, — a man, too, alive in the present, and with a hopeful face turned to the future, — the story lay in his mind in just the form in which we would be glad to have it transferred to the minds of our youth. The work is not ostensibly a school-book, and its most obvious destination is for the reading public; but we know of no manual of United States history, that, for a college or a high-school class, could so effectively guide the instructions of a competent, stimulate the energy of a dull, or supply the deficiencies of an inadequate teacher.

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20. — *Message of the President of the United States, communicating the Proceedings of the Commissioners for the Adjustment of Claims under the Convention of February 8th, 1853, between the United States and Great Britain.* Washington. 1856. 8vo. pp. 478.

This is by far the most important public document of the year, — we might almost say, of the age; for it records the successful installation of a new principle of international administration, — of a principle too that is full of promise for the peace of the civilized world. From the date of the treaty of Ghent, there had been an accumulation of causes of controversy between Great Britain and the United States, most of them growing out of such pecuniary claims as could be fairly decided only by a judicial process, and such as would have been promptly and satisfactorily decided, had there existed a court of competent jurisdiction. These claims were the subjects of complex and costly negotiations, were bruited in angry Parliamentary and Congressional speeches, furnished ready fuel for whatever embers of international hostility

smouldered on either hearth, and were often, by reckless demagogues and parties on the race for popular favor, represented as furnishing adequate causes for war. In fine, they were both annoying and dangerous. Mr. Secretary Everett, during his brief administration of the Department of State, suggested the appointment of a joint commission to take cognizance of these cases, and, a short time before his retirement from office, a convention to that effect was entered into between the two governments. The commission consisted of Nathaniel G. Upham, late Justice of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, on the part of the United States, and Edmund Hornby, on the part of Great Britain. They met at London on the 15th of September, 1853, and chose Joshua Bates of London as umpire in case of their disagreement. John A. Thomas appeared before them as solicitor on the part of the United States, James Hannen in behalf of Great Britain and her subjects. The claims offered for adjudication exceeded one hundred in number, and involved several millions of dollars; but in less than a year and a half the docket was cleared, and appropriations were promptly made by Parliament and by Congress for the liquidation of such claims as had been held valid. As we have intimated, this commission marks an epoch in history; it demonstrates the feasibility of what a few years ago was regarded as the fond dream of weak philanthropists, a High Court or Congress of nations; and among Mr. Everett's numerous claims upon enduring gratitude, the time will come when none will take precedence of his services in creating the commission whose labors this volume records.

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21. — *Contributions to the Early History of Perth Amboy and Adjoining Country, with Sketches of Men and Events in New Jersey during the Provincial Era.* By WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD. With Maps and Engravings. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 428.

THE title of this book conveys but a very faint idea of the interest and importance of its contents. Perth Amboy was long the seat of the Provincial government of New Jersey, and its annals were for many years virtually those of the Colony. It was the residence of several royal governors, among whom were William Burnet, Francis Bernard, and William Franklin. Mr. Whitehead has made the history of his little city the nucleus for a large and various collection of political, ecclesiastical, and biographical details, many of them of no local or brief moment. He is a zealous antiquary, an indefatigable seeker in his de-

partment of inquiry, and an accomplished writer; and it matters little what spot of earth such a man chooses to write about, — if it is not interesting, he will make it so.

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22. — *Seed-Grain for Thought and Discussion.* A Compilation by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 360, 307.

This is a series of extracts from the best writers, chosen with the purpose of stimulating thought and discussion. The compiler originally used them in her school, and her having employed this method successfully with her pupils for a series of years prepares us to receive such a work from her with the assurance that it is all that it purports to be. The work is divided into five parts, which treat respectively of holy living; the religious and moral nature; the spiritual relations and duties; the outward relations and duties; and, finally, "the power of circumstances, including inherited tendencies and gifts, the mutual influence of the moral, intellectual, and emotional parts of our nature, the culture of every part, and the variety of gifts and of characters." The arrangement is such as to impart to the fragments that make up the volumes almost the character of a continuous treatise; and within equal space it is hardly possible to find, whether at first or second hand, so much that is devout, grave, wise, suggestive, brilliant, and beautiful.

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23. — *Past Meridian.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Second Edition. Hartford: F. A. Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 344.

"Past Meridian," indeed, by the clock, but not by the still culminating sun. Mrs. Sigourney has never before written so wisely, so usefully, so beautifully, as in this volume. In saying so, we yield to none in our high appreciation of her previous literary merit; but unless we greatly mistake, this is one of the comparatively few books of our day which will be read with glistening eyes and glowing heart when all who now read it will have gone to their graves. It is written by her in the character of one who has passed the meridian of life, and addresses itself to sensations and experiences which all whose faces are turned westward can understand and feel with her. It is much more than the "De Senectute" Christianized. It is devotion, philosophy, and poetry so intertwined that each is enriched and adorned by the association.

It describes, indeed, the straitnesses and sadnesses of growing years; but sets off against them the more than preponderant immunities and felicities. It treats of the duties of the aged, and of their rights and dues at the hands of the younger. It gives biographical sketches and anecdotes of good and happy old men and women. And, above all, it blends with the serene sunset of a well-spent life the young morning beams of the never-setting day. It will carry solace to many a fireside, and will rekindle hope and gladness in many a soul that hardly dares to look into its earthly future.

Mrs. Sigourney furnishes a striking refutation of the not unusual idea that a poet's prose is none the better for the habit of metrical composition. Hers is not poetry dismembered, but chaste and modest prose, free from the intrusive licenses of verse, yet thoroughly interpenetrated with the poetic imagination which gives grace and glow alike to all forms of literature.

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24. — "*It is Never too Late to Mend.*" *A Matter of Fact Romance.* By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 423, 424.

EITHER we did injustice to Mr. Reade in our late review of his previous novels, or he did not do justice to himself in them. This exhibits a power of which they, to us at least, gave no token. Here we have a story embracing a wonderful variety of scenes, events, and characters, all so developed as to leave no obscurity, so harmonized as never to clash or become entangled, and so grouped as to bring out, without obtrusive moralizing, a manifold illustration of the maxim that forms the title, and of not a few fundamental moralities beside. A large portion of the work is given to the exposure of the abuses and enormities connected with or incidental to the so-called improvements of prison discipline, the solitary system, and the irresponsible power which it lodges in its administrators. Another large portion consists of a series of intensely graphic sketches of life in Australia; while the story opens and closes in the rural neighborhood in England which gave birth to its principal actors. The entire work is pervaded by a strong and high moral purpose; and by means of it the author has assumed and fortified his position, as that of one whose office it is not to amuse, but to instruct, reform, and elevate.

25. — *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by* WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by* WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 618, 604, 565.

THIS work comes to us just as we are going to press, and we cannot therefore give it at present the elaborate notice which else it would claim. Robertson's work is little more than what it purports to be, the story of the Emperor's *reign*. The "Life after his Abdication" is despatched in a few pages, and those contain not a few inaccuracies. Not till a very recent period have the archives which alone could furnish the needed information been thrown open to research. Since they have been accessible, a series of brilliant narratives have revealed to the world the secrets of Charles's cloister life. Mr. Prescott's narrative is drawn from the original sources, with the generous acknowledgment of aid from the labors of those who had preceded him. It bears all the characteristics of style and manner, all the tokens of elaborate research and philosophic vision, which it has been, and will, we trust, yet be our frequent privilege to record. Except for some of our younger readers, it is superfluous to say that Robertson's work, attractive in its theme, is one of the most graceful and fascinating histories ever written. In the beautiful form in which it is now issued, and with the essential supplement furnished by one second to no living historian, it will be welcomed and read with more avidity than when it first saw the light.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Acts and Resolves passed by the General Court of Massachusetts, in the Year 1856; together with the Messages, etc., etc., etc. Boston. 1856. 8vo. pp. 396.

Report of the Special Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions on the Deputation to India. New York. 1856.

Address, delivered by Request of the City Government at the Dedication of the new High School House, in Daniel Street, Portsmouth, N. H., September IV., MDCCCLVI. By Rev. Charles Burroughs, D. D. Portsmouth. 1856.

Address, delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Insane Asylum at Northampton, Massachusetts, by Edward Jarvis, M. D. Northampton. 1856.

The Uses of Astronomy. A Discourse delivered at Albany on the 28th of August, 1856, on Occasion of the Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory. By Edward Everett. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856.

Minutes of the New Hampshire Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the Year ending June, 1856. Manchester. 1856.

The Relation of Drugs to Treatment. An Introductory Lecture before the Medical Class of 1856–57 of Harvard University. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica. Boston. 1856.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, and the Medical School of Maine: Fall Term, 1856. Brunswick. 1856.

Kanzas and the Constitution. By "Cecil." Boston. 1856.

Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Benjamin Franklin, in his Native City, September 17, 1856. By Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Boston. 1856.

The True Issue, and the Duty of the Whigs. An Address before the Citizens of Cambridge, October 1, 1856. By Joel Parker. Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856.

An Address delivered at West Springfield, August 25, 1856, on Occasion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Ordination of the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D. D. By William B. Sprague, D. D., his Colleague and Successor in the Pastoral Office. Albany. 1856.

Harvard University, 1856–57. Medical Department. Announcement of

the Medical Course, commencing on the First Wednesday in November, 1856. Boston. 1856.

Harper's Story-Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 23. The Alcove. — No. 24. Dialogues for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac, for 1857. Embellished with One Hundred and Thirty Engravings. No. 3. Albany: Luther Tucker & Son. 1857. 12mo. pp. 144.

The American Missionaries in Greece. Address delivered at St. Luke's Church, in the City of Philadelphia, on the Evening of the Thirteenth of October, 1856, by Henry D. Gilpin. Philadelphia. 1856.

Transactions of the Philological Society. 1855. No. 14. On the Recent History of the Hungarian Language, by Thomas Watts, Esq. London. 1855.

The Spirit of Human Liberty, as one among the Democratic Issues of Christianity, a Sermon preached before the First Unitarian Society of Manchester, November 2, 1856, and another Sermon, preached November 9, 1856, by William Leonard Gage, Pastor of the Society. Manchester. 1856.

Proceedings on the Occasion of Laying the Corner-Stone of the Library Edifice, for the Free Public Library, of the City of New Bedford, August 28, 1856. New Bedford. 1856.

Report of the President of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, made to the Farmers' Assembly at the First Annual Meeting, held in the City of Richmond, October 28, 1856. Richmond: J. W. Randolph. 1856.

The Sphere of the Gospel: or the Freedom of the Pulpit: being a Discourse in Vindication of some recent Preaching on important Moral Questions. Delivered in the Universalist Church, in Buffalo, Sunday Morning, September 7th, 1856. By Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds. Buffalo: Wanzer, McKim, & Co. 1856.

The True Life of a Nation. An Address, delivered at the Invitation of the Erodelphian and Eccritean Societies of Miami University, the Evening preceding the Annual Commencement, July 2d, 1856. By E. D. MacMaster. New Albany. 1856.

The Transactions of the New Hampshire Medical Society, (Sixty-Sixth Anniversary,) held at Concord, June 3 and 4, 1856. Concord. 1856.

America Free or America Slave. An Address on the State of the Country. Delivered by John Jay, Esq., at Bedford, Westchester County, New York, October 8th, 1856. New York. 1856.

Justice to the South! An Address by James A. Dorr, a Member of the New York Bar, October 8, 1856. New York. 1856.

Speech of Hon. Horatio Seymour, at Springfield, Mass., July 4th, 1856. Springfield. 1856.

The Democratic Demonstration at Poughkeepsie. Speech of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia. New York. 1856.

Sermon preached before the 210th Provincial Assembly, at Liverpool, June 21, 1855. By the Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter, B. A. Liverpool. 1855.

Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, August 28, 1856. Albany. 1856.

Religious Bearings of Man's Creation. A Discourse delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, on Sabbath Morning, August 24, 1856. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology in the same Institution. Albany. 1856.

Science and Religion. A Sermon delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, on Sabbath Afternoon, August 24, 1856, by Mark Hopkins, D. D., President of Williams College. 1856.

The Relations of Science and Religion. A Discourse delivered at the Request of the Local Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 14th after Trinity, August 24th, 1856. By John H. Hopkins, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont. Albany. 1856.

Obituary Addresses on the Occasion of the Death of Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware. In the United States Senate, December 3, 1856. Washington. 1856.

Biblical Researches in Palestine, and in the Adjacent Regions. A Journal of Travels in the Year 1838. By E. Robinson and E. Smith. Drawn up from the Original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations, by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. With New Maps and Plans. In 2 vols. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856. pp. 614, 600.

Later Biblical Researches. A Journal of Travels in the Year 1852, by E. Robinson, E. Smith, and others. Drawn up by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856. pp. 664.

Four Maps to accompany the Biblical Researches in Palestine of E. Robinson and E. Smith. Drawn by Heinrich Kiepert, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856.

The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations, by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vols. I. and X. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. pp. 684, 519.

The Puritan Commonwealth. An Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts in its Civil and Ecclesiastical Relations from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. Together with some General Reflections on the English Colonial Policy and on the Character of Puritanism. By the late Peter Oliver, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. pp. 502.

History of Texas from its First Settlement in 1685 to its Annexation to the United States in 1846. By H. Yoakum, Esq. In 2 vols. New York: Redfield. 1856. 8vo. pp. 482, 576.

Early History of the University of Virginia, as contained in the Letters of Thomas Jefferson and Joseph C. Cabell, hitherto unpublished; with an Ap-

pendix, consisting of Mr. Jefferson's Bill for a Complete System of Education, and other Illustrative Documents; and an Introduction, containing a Brief Historical Sketch of the University, and a Biographical Notice of Joseph C. Cabell. Richmond: J. W. Randolph. 1856. 8vo. pp. 528.

Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress. By E. L. Magoon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

A Memoir of His Honor Samuel Phillips, LL. D. By Rev. John L. Taylor, Andover, Mass. Boston. 1856. pp. 391.

Julian; or, Scenes in Judea. By William Ware. Two volumes in one. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 271, 270.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens ("Boz"). With Thirty-eight Illustrations, from Designs by H. K. Browne. In 2 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 16mo. pp. 962.

Handbook of Inorganic Chemistry; for the Use of Students. By William Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E. Fourth American from the Third English Edition. To which is added, The Physics of Chemistry, by J. Milton Sanders, M. D., LL. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 426.

An Elementary Course of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, for the Use of High Schools and Academies, in which the Principles of the Physical Sciences are familiarly explained and illustrated by numerous Experiments and Diagrams. By T. Tate, F. R. A. S., of Kneller Training College, England. American Edition, revised and improved, by C. S. Cartée, A. M. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 528.

Principles of Chemistry; embracing the most recent Discoveries in the Science, and the Outlines of its Application to Agriculture and the Arts. Illustrated by numerous Experiments, newly adapted to the Simplest Apparatus. By John A. Porter, M. A., M. D., Professor of Agricultural and Organic Chemistry in Yale College. New York: A. S. Barnes. 1856. 12mo. pp. 477.

The American Poulterer's Companion. A Practical Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of various Species of Domestic Poultry. Illustrated with Portraits of Fowls mostly taken from Life; Poultry-houses, Coops, Nests, Feeding-hoppers, &c., &c., &c. A New Edition, enlarged and improved. By C. N. Bement. With 120 Illustrations on Wood and Stone. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 304.

Widdifield's New Cook-Book; or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. By Hannah Widdifield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 16mo. pp. 410.

First Lessons in Philosophy; or, The Science of Familiar Things; in which the Principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy are systematically developed from the Properties and Uses of Familiar Things. By Thomas Tate, F. R. S. A. American Edition, revised and improved, by C. S. Cartée, A. M. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 252.

An Atlas of Classical Geography. Constructed by William Hughes, and edited by George Long. With a Sketch of Ancient Geography, and other Additions, by the American Editor. Containing Fifty-two Maps and Plans

on Twenty-six Plates, with an Index of Places. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1856.

Scriptural and Statistical Views in Favor of Slavery, by Thornton Stringfellow, D. D. Fourth Edition, with Additions. Richmond: J. W. Randolph. 1856. 12mo. pp. 149.

Hints concerning Church Music, the Liturgy, and kindred Subjects. Prepared by James M. Hewins. Boston: Ide & Dutton. 1856.

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner. In 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 307, 311.

Audubon, the Naturalist of the New World. His Adventures and Discoveries. By Mrs. Horace St. John. Revised and corrected, with Additions, and illustrated with Engravings by J. W. Orr, from Original Designs. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 311.

Poems by William W. Story. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 307.

Oriental Acquaintance; or, Letters from Syria. By J. W. De Forest. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 285.

The Age of Progress; or, A Panorama of Time. In Four Visions. By David A. Moore. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 321.

History of Greece. By George Grote, Esq. Vol. XII. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

Races of Mankind; with Travels in Grubland. By Cephas Broadluck. Cincinnati: Longley Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

Introductory Lessons on Morals, and Christian Evidences. By Richard Whately, D. D., LL. D. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1856. 12mo. pp. 330.

The Hills of the Shatemuc. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 516.

The Constitution a Pro-Slavery Compact: or, Extracts from the Madison Papers, etc. Selected by Wendell Phillips. Third Edition, enlarged. New York. 1856. 12mo. pp. 208.

California, In-doors and Out; or, How we Farm, Mine, and Live generally in the Golden State. By Eliza W. Farnham. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 508.

Harper's School History. Narrative of the General Course of History from the Earliest Periods to the Establishment of the American Constitution. Prepared with Questions for the Use of Schools, and illustrated with 150 Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 450.

The Conquest of Kansas by Missouri and her Allies. A History of the Troubles in Kansas, from the Passage of the Organic Act until the Close of July, 1856. By William Phillips, Special Correspondent of the New York Tribune. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 414.

The Golden Dagon; or, Up and Down the Irrawaddi. Being Passages of Adventure in the Burman Empire. By an American. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 311.

Marrying too Late. A Tale. By George Wood. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

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